Dec. 21, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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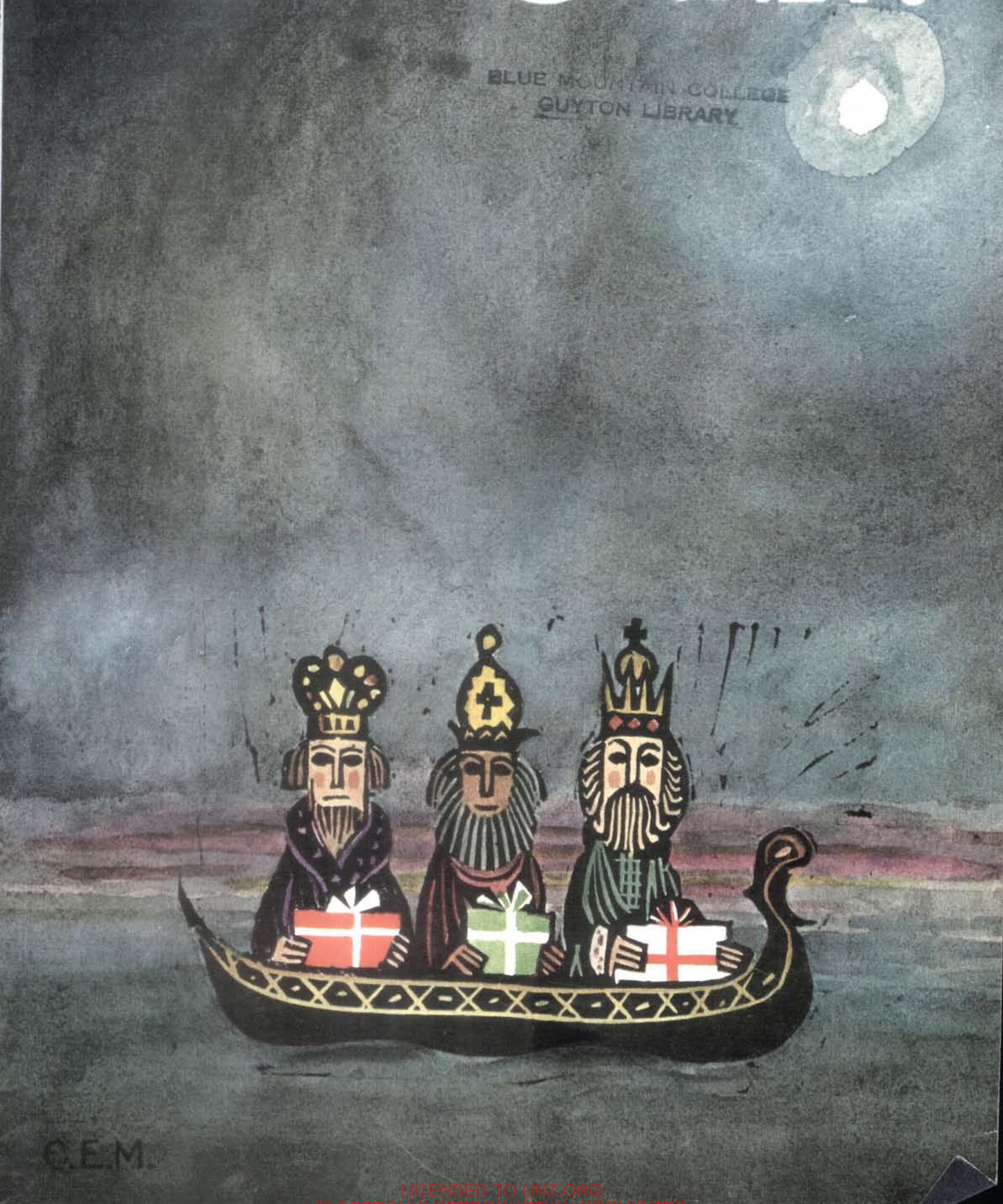

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vandernoot

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Molière's **THE MISANTHROPE** (Richard Wilbur's adaptation): Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 23-24, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, all at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ T. S. Eliot's **THE COCKTAIL PARTY**: Sunday, Dec. 22, at 2:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Autograph Hound—The collective title of a double bill by James Prideaux. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Beclch—A play by Rochelle Owens. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Big Time Buck White—A play by Joseph Dolan Tuotti. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forty Carats—Julie Harris in a comedy adapted by Jay Allen from a French original by Pierre Barillet and Jean Pierre Gredy. Directed by Abe Burrows. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Dec. 24-25. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 26. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fourth Wall—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. The company (of five) is young, bright, and relatively new to show business. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Christmas, at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—Rochelle Owens' farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 4.)

"God Is a (Guess What?)"—A play by Ray McIver, the first in this season's series of five offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 12.)

The Great White Hope—James Earl Jones gives a superb performance in this long, noisy, pageant-like play, loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Huui, Huui—A dreary synthetic about the woes of an extremely neurotic young man. In the leading role, Barry Primus at least prevents the bogus hero from becoming a bore, and Margaret Linn and Sharon Laughlin do well, too, as a pair of ladies in his life. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 29.)

Jimmy Shine—A ramshackle comedy by Murray Schisgal about a wistful little loser who keeps on losing. Dustin Hoffman is the whole show. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Living Theatre—Performances Tuesday through Sunday, Dec. 24-29, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, all at 8:30. (Poe Forum, Jerome Ave. at 167th St., Bronx. For tickets, call 777-7703.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Minnesota Theatre Company—A three-week repertory of "The House of Atreus," adapted by John Lewin from the "Oresteia" of Aeschylus and directed by Tyrone Guthrie, and Bertolt Brecht's "The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui," translated by George Tabori and directed by Edward Payson Call. **THE RESISTIBLE RISE OF ARTURO UI**: Previews Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 8:30. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 22, at 6:45. Other performances Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 24-25, at 8:30; Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8:30. . . . **THE HOUSE OF ATREUS**: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

Morning, Noon, and Night—Three plays so slight that even to be irritated by them seems an exaggerated response. The authors are Israel Horovitz, Terrence McNally, and Leonard Melfi. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Shakespeare's **KING LEAR**, with Lee J. Cobb: Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 19-21, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 7:30; Wednesday, Dec. 25, at 8; and Thursday, Dec. 26, and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2. . . . William Gibson's **A CRY OF PLAYERS**, with Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella: Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 21-22, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.) . . . ¶ *At the Forum* (362-7618) in the same building—John White's **BANANAS**: Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 19-21, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 7:30; Wednesday, Dec. 25, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2. . . . Charles Dizenzo's **AN EVENING FOR MERLIN FINCH**: Previews Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 21-22, at 2. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8. Other performances Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, at 8.

The Sudden and Accidental Re-education of Horse Johnson—A comedy by Douglas Taylor, with Jack Klugman, Kathleen Maguire, and Mitchell Ryan. George Morrison is the director. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sweet Eros and **Witness**—A pair of satiric and sporadically effective one-acters by Terrence McNally. The first amounts to the monologue of a self-designated poet delivered to a young woman he has kidnapped, stripped, and tied up. In the second, another young nut, this one with assassination in mind, plays host to a small assortment of people, among them a loquacious window-washer. The company does well. Robert Drivas and Joe Ponazecki are very good as the two young men, and James Coco is truly funny as the window-washer. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. Good performances by John Tillinger, David Ford, Valerie French, and June Emery. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Trainer, Dean, Liepolt, and Company—Plays by David Trainer, Phillip Dean, and Werner Liepolt. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

We Bombed in New Haven—*An ambitious*, unsuccessful play that makes a poorer case against war than war deserves. By Joseph Heller, and starring Jason Robards and Diana Sands. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:40; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2:40 and 8:40; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3; Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 8:40; Christmas at 2:30; Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30 and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 27, at 8:40;

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Phil Mazzurco

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:40 and 8:40; and final performance Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3.)

Long Runs—**PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE PRICE:** Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, Kate Reid, and David Burns carry on a long conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. The playwright is Arthur Miller. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. With Eddie Bracken, Michaele Myers, and Robert Elston. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Ballad for a Firing Squad—A musical with a book by Jerome Coopersmith, music by Edward Thomas, and lyrics by Martin Charnin. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, except Christmas, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

Carnival!—A four-week holiday revival presented by the City Center Light Opera Company, with Leon Bibb, Victoria Mallory, Pierre Olaf, Karen Morrow, and Richard France. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 21-22, at 2:30 and 8; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 24-26, at 2:30; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, at 2:30 and 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

Dames at Sea—A musical with book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller, and music by Jim Wise. Preview Thursday, Dec. 19. Opens officially on Friday, Dec. 20, at 7. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fig Leaves Are Falling—A musical with a cast headed by Barry Nelson and Dorothy Loudon; Allan Sherman wrote the book and lyrics, and Albert Hague the score. George Abbott is the director. Previews through Thursday, Dec. 26. Opens officially on Friday, Dec. 27. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

George M!—A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Steal an Election—This cheerful little revue about politics aims at satire and misses, but it provides some entertainment along the way. Oscar Brand's songs are especially bright. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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22	23	24	25	26	27	28

Maggie Flynn—A musical about the Civil War draft riots here, full of good black orphans, wicked Confederates, drunken Irishmen, and forgettable songs. With Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy, who do splendidly. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara may spend the next twenty years in this jaunty adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

Zorba—*An old-fashioned, all-purpose musical,* which pretends to be Greek but whose true country is Broadway. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. Book by Joseph Stein, music by John Kander, and lyrics by Fred Ebb. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Dec. 26, at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays and Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec are among those in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinées Tuesday, Dec. 24, and Thursday, Dec. 26.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GOLDEN RAINBOW:** Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. Reopens Monday, Dec. 23, after a week's vacation. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)... **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Jane Morgan is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Christmas, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Robert Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 6:15; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 1:15 and 5:15; Monday, Dec. 23, at 4:15 and 8:15; Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 4:15; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 1:15 and 5:15; and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

American Ballet Theatre—Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30: "Danses Concertantes," "Miss Julie," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2:30: "Les Sylphides," "Billy the Kid," and "Concerto."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:30: "Pulcinella Variations," "Pillar of Fire," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 22, at 1:30 and 7:30: "Harbinger" and "Giselle."... ¶ "Coppélia": Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 2 (company première); Wednesday, Dec. 25, at 2; Thursday, Dec. 26, at 4; Friday, Dec. 27, at 3 and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2:30. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Through Sunday, Jan. 5.)

MISCELLANY

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Two performances of Mozart's opera **THE MAGIC FLUTE.** (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

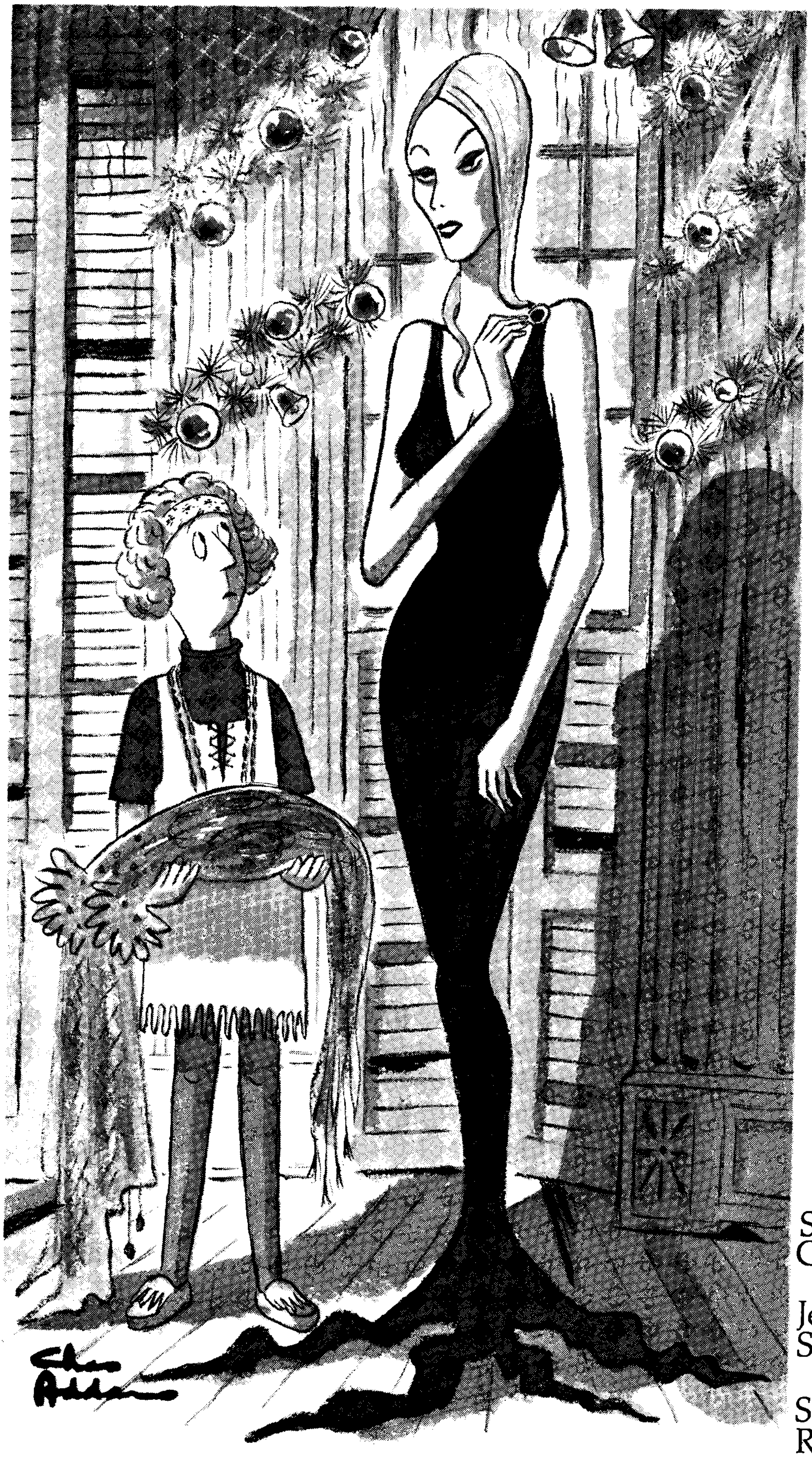
Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Folk singer Tom Paxton leads the current show. On Christmas, Janis Ian will succeed him. Shows begin at nine-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, congenial, *echt*. Starting Friday, Dec. 20, comic Larry Rankin will share the stage with Tim Hardin, who has a voice and a bluesy folk sensibility that make him one of the most unusual singers and composers around. Performances at eight and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot. A quintet led by Roy Eldridge and Richie Ka-

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."



Season's
Greetings
from
Jerry
Silverman
and
Shannon
Rodgers

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

muca is on the bandstand (which is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor). On Tuesday, Dec. 24, Zoot Sims and Al Cohn will take over. Sidemen for both quintets are Ross Tompkins, piano, Bill Takas, bass, and Gus Johnson, drums. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays and Christmas.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—Freddy Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top-Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free. Closed Christmas Eve.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The Jackie McLean quintet is playing nightly. On Tuesday, Dec. 24, the Pharoah Sanders quintet, with singer Leon Thomas, will move in. On Saturday, Dec. 21, from five to nine, a sextet involving three tenor saxes (Sam Rivers, Bill Barron, and Benny Maupin) will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, Dec. 22, the Frank Foster Concert Ensemble will do the same. Mondays, from nine-thirty to four, are turned over to various jazz groups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs you can drink or dine while listening to the Ahmad Jamal trio. On Mondays, the regulars are off, and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, the Modern Jazz Quartet will alternate with the baritone voice of Arthur Prysock. Beginning Thursday, Dec. 26, Herbie Mann's octet will take turns with a blues band led by B. B. King. Mondays, from eight-thirty, are conglomerate evenings devoted to a variety of soul and rock musicians.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box in which music stays near the van. The Bill Evans trio is playing some intricate, generally pleasant stuff. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, singer Novella Nelson will also be around. On Tuesday, Dec. 24, the Herbie Hancock sextet will replace the Evans outfit. Mondays are reserved for the loud sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. At eight-thirty every night but Monday, the DMZ, an incisive political cabaret, precedes the music, which begins at about ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, a Dixieland band plays before the evening fun begins. Closed Christmas Eve.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who

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like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to the rampant live sound of the Epitomé. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 7 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, Teutonic chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Wow. Lights flash, flicker, and run, and clownish acrobats do unnerving, skillful feats while the customers groove on the elaborately gyro-undulating scene. Rook-hope Rhyde alternates with records over a potent system. On Tuesday, Dec. 24, Deep Purple will arrive. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—The alter ego of the Penthouse Club, which at ten ceases to be a restaurant and becomes a discothèque, complete with a Day-Glo floor, strobe lights, and recorded music that owes much of its vitality to Stax-Volt. Snacks are served. The view is magnificent. Things run till three or four each night.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (good grief!) the Danube. Between record sets, an octet known as the Cal Roberts Swingers does some singing and playing. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from seven to three or four. It sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. The Pumpkins alternate with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. On Tuesday, Dec. 24, E Pluribus Unum will replace the Pumpkins. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty, with reservations a good idea on weekends, when standees wait patiently at the door. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Kingdom Come, and all in modern dress, is what happens every single night in the royal Café Pierre. The jaunty music is supplied by Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, by Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets. . . . **El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Beneath the current frippery, beneath the zebra-striped sea, one may discern the outlines of earlier civilizations—Nineveh, Tyre, Little Old New York. The music plays on, of course, for auld lang syne—some of it people music, some of it pre-packed. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): The music is always live, and often it's livid when Count Basie and his commandos take charge. The Countdown begins at eight; other musicians begin at six-thirty; all quiet arrives at one-thirty. Marlena Shaw's voice provides the Basie obbligatos. No music Sunday nights. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The surroundings, ample enough, are in general Spartan, but the social life is Early American—made up wholly of historical society, whose interest is preservation of such art forms as foxtrot and two-step. Argueso's Latin crew is spelled by a pair of North American units; all are on view every night but Monday. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at 3:30 P.M.; Christmas from two-thirty until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Life ends at nine-thirty or ten for Jackie Vernon, for at one of those hours he appears, every night but Sunday, to narrate his own sad obituary. Bert Convy, once Our Hero of "Cabaret," does the singing. Both performers contribute a midnight reprise.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—The seacoast of the eastern Mediterranean is turned into the seacoast of Bohemia when the cast starts barking and bantering. That cast: Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, jokers; Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; George Mgrdichian, oudist; and a girl dancer with an undulant midriff. One may dine as the Israelis do. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay" is the small boy-and-girl revue that goes its way twice a night, except on Sunday. Some of it does nicely; sometimes the involved Jacks and Jills just come tumbling down the hill.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In her dinner and supper sessions in the Royal Box, Ella Fitzgerald shows herself to be a Woman for All Seasons, since her songs date back from today's rock to our bop and romance eras, and she is as at home in each period as if she had invented it. The Tommy Flanagan threesome is her backfield; the estimable orchestra of Lee Evans is a phoenix much more frequent. Saturday, Dec. 21, is the last night of her reign; the Box reopens on Friday, Dec. 27, to receive Godfrey Cambridge (humor), as well as Anthony and the Imperials (roll). The Evans crew will be there, too.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—It's the lighter side of life that José Greco's ballet troupe portrays, but aren't we entitled once in a while? The troupe, making its only stand of the season in New York, is swift, swashbuckling, and swarming

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(twenty-two strong), and its practically peerless leader gets special help from such as Luis Rivera, Maria Sota, and the pair yclept Carmen and Justo Quintero. The stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, life goes on, too, on a no-nights-off basis, enhanced with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty. Neither of them stops until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Martha Reeves and the Vandellas; i.e., the sound and the sight of Motown—rampant rhythm and coruscating choreography. *And* David Frye, whose impersonations of the world's famous and infamous have a wry rightness. No nights off. . . . ¶ The street-level bar pulsates, after ten o'clock, to the slinky sight-and-sound you'd find in one of the more acceptable Vegas lounges.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—This enterprise is planning to revive itself on Thursday, Dec. 26, with a gallimaufry entitled "Sugar and Spice" and involving Lili St. Cyr. Twice a night, every night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The noble Persian Room converts itself into a variety hall when, during dinner and supper, it offers up Hines, Hines & Dad, who, considering their patent-leather routines, could as well be named Pat, Mike & Dad. The orchestras of Burt Farber and of Mark Monte, which fill in the rest of the evening, are in very good fettle. Everything quiet on Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** curfew arrives on Sunday, Dec. 22, thus scattering Dizzy Gillespie's wily and knowing band to the wintry winds. Mousie Alexander's dance threesome disappears at the same time. On Thursday, Dec. 26, the Alexandrine metre will again prevail, and the justly named Newport Jazz All-Stars will arrive—Red Norvo, George Wein, Ruby Braff, Jake Hanna, and Barney Kessel. Rifle practice always begins at eight. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room lives up to *its* name by including, seven to nine, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano, every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Palm Court, a spaceship of unabashed grandeur, begins with the Marcu teatime duets from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and then, at eight, becomes a Viennese patisserie of likewise unabashed g. every night but Sunday and Christmas, to the tune of (almost always) Gunnar Hansen, whose violin speaks with authority (and affection) of Continental lush life.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The New Christy Minstrels (boys and girls on their best behavior and in their best voice) make it Village Green at Commencement Time when, at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty (eight-thirty and eleven on Sundays), they trill their roundelays. Joe Cabot's amiable dance band reports at seven, and homegoing does not arrive until two.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, that fine old academy of music, is making itself into a forum for the new generation—specifically, at the moment, for Dick Kallman, who is singing during dinner and supper. Before and in between, George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's Latinos declaim from the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of La Boite, across the way from the Maisonette. Ernest Schoen's Mitteleuropa fiddle and Jules Kuti's piano are paired off in calm interludes of music. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The uptown branch of Louis Golson Hawkins' general store in Fort Deposit, Alabama. Southern comfort and Northern gossip are dispensed, along with piano that goes four-hand and furious around about midnight. Mr. H.'s aide in comforting and pianoing is, naturally, Wayne Sanders. Seven until four, if the shoppers are willing. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): For a stirrup cup, or a night Cap d'Antibes, there's always Bobby Short, that Riviera rover, and his Rover Boys (Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer). Mr. Short's piano and songs—in celebration of high life and in denigration of practically everything else—are probably unjust but forever *mot juste*. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Treasure Island as it is today, without pirates but still with a bottle of rum and some yo-ho-ho, this last accomplished by one or another perambulatory West Indian singer. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays and Christmas; no music Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The fish-and-game laws are rigidly enforced, because many of the denizens are barely old enough to be out without their mothers. Dan Ruskin's eminently suitable piano is distributed until late at night. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas; no music Sundays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The Embankment a block away should be on the Thames, not the East River. Which would make an expatriate of Lynn Richards, who sings, loud and clear, at her piano in the bar from nine until two, except on Sundays or Mondays. Closed Christmas. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Lautrec may have designed Rita Dimitri, the franglaised soubrette à la grecque who sings at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. There is dance music, too, quite subdued, from eight o'clock on in her salon. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Christmas. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Act I, Scene I of a Hungarian operetta in rehearsal. Tibor Rakossy is host, tenor, and local nobleman; Béla Babai's band is thoroughly Hungarian. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti, yes, implies the sort of menu and wine card, but La Scala at audition time is the attitude of the irrepressible waiters. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIER 52,** 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): The officers' quarters of this extremely well-done seashell (crab cakes Maryland and such) is outfitted with a bar and the piano of George Taylor, a night owl whose songs are Broadway and boulevardier. Nine until two, except Sundays, is his watch. . . . **WALDORF-ASTORIA,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): In Peacock Alley, a rather industrious (almost industrial) trio issues dance tunes from eight until one, and dinner and supper is on the hob. This happens Tuesday through Saturday each week; a piano works out in the bar from four through eight every night but Saturday and Sunday. Christmas, though, is Early On—piano from eleven until three for lunch, then dance music until eight.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. Within, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the weary traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome by night indeed, though not in a Gray Line bus. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, lap up the evening with soft Lydian airs. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The bar, where a piano gets to perform from six to midnight, except Sundays, is quite New York, but the great outback has become a villa in the Alban Hills. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.*, and what goes with it, is how the bar-restaurant operates. Piano every night, five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Architectural piano of high degree, all the work of Ray Hartley—the flying buttresses and winding staircases of baroque palaces. He sits in from five-thirty until one, though never on Sunday or Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): If you get a table on the piazza, you will see Herman Honigsberg and his rout of musicians out for an evening's stroll, and they may stop by for a custom-made serenade. Closed Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Is this upstairs suite Ottoman Empire, a hanging garden of Babylon, or just plain Camp (both High and Kill Kare)? The piano music in one room is American for sure, though. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Yes, Milord; yes, Milady. George Feyer, whose manner is pillar of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, is at the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, neat and as expansive as the playing fields of Eton, affords well-put-together piano by Bob Kail from six-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Far from the madding crowd, and therefore lost (but not least) in calm and contentment, Joe Miles conducts the piano from nine-thirty until one. He has Sundays and Mondays to himself. . . . **FOUR SEASONS,** 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300): After the captains and the kings of commerce have departed, the temple becomes an at-ease conservatory in which Joel Shulman, piano and electronic harpsichord at his fingers' tips, turns out a pleasing modernist nocturne that runs from ten to one every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Time is measured here in Roman numerals, and the architecture is Roman candles. In the midst of it all, Franco Pagani serves as ambient and articulate minstrel, from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas. Some, as indicated, will be closed Tuesday, Dec. 24, and some are likely to close early on that day. . . . ¶ During the holiday season, many galleries, with an eye on the Christmas tree, will be exhibiting special selections of works in various mediums.)

GALLERIES

Lee Adler—Paintings inspired by machines and mechanical drawings; through Dec. 31. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jo Baer and Alfred Leslie—Abstract paintings by the former and detailed nudes by the latter; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by one of Germany's

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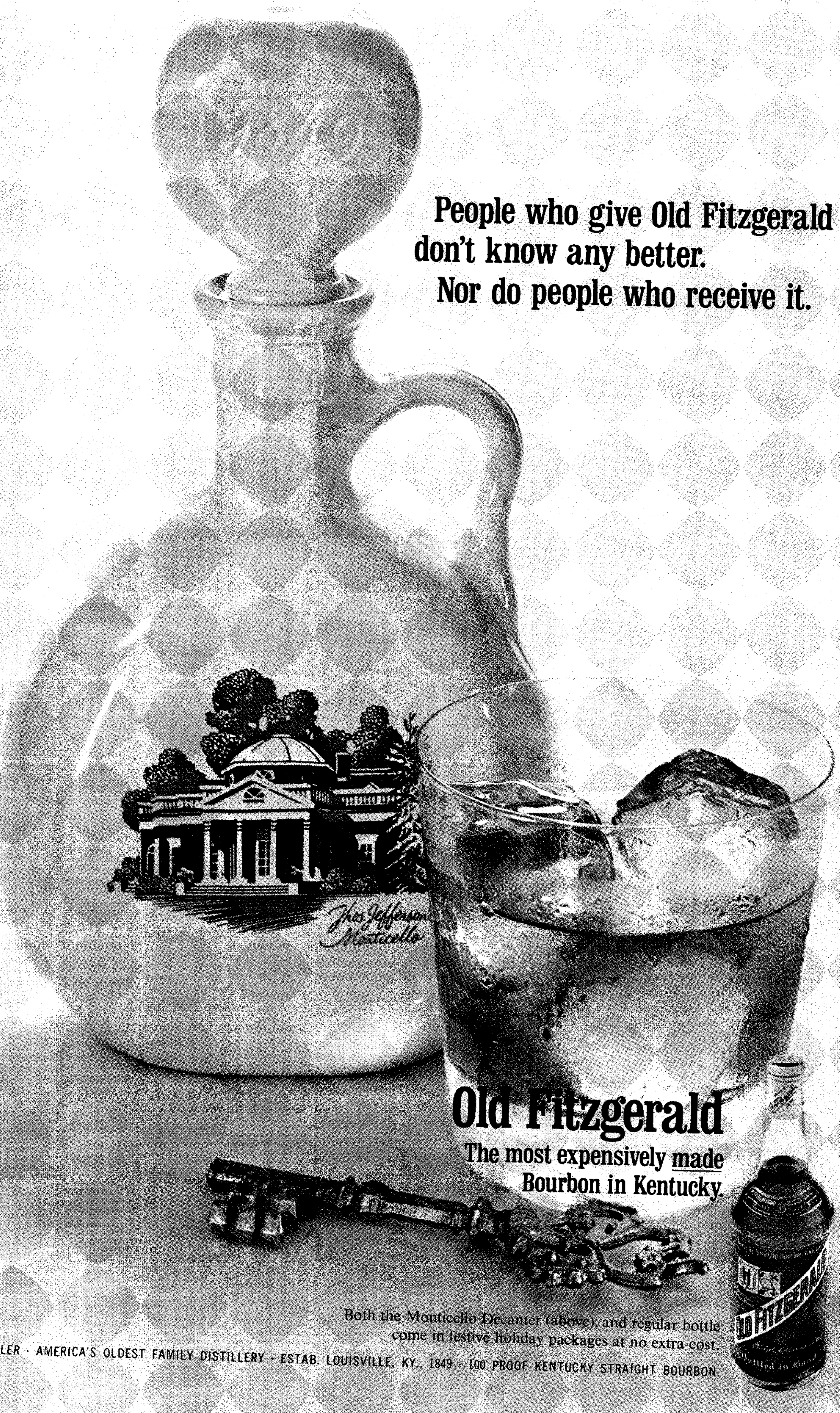
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outstanding twentieth-century artists; through Jan. 4. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexandre N. Benois (1870-1960)—Watercolors of landscapes, monuments, and interiors by an artist who is associated with ballet and was a friend of Diaghilev; through Friday, Dec. 20. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

Thomas Hart Benton—Paintings and drawings, primarily of the twenties through the forties, by one of the leaders of American art of that period; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Bishop—Paintings composed of geometric shapes with slightly irregular edges; through Dec. 31. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Check Boterf—Shaped canvases; through Jan. 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carmen Cicero—Semi-abstract paintings of figures; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Calvert Coggeshall—Non-objective paintings; through Jan. 4. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

Jacob Drachler—Modular constructions and boxes containing geometric shapes by a sculptor who in the dim past was an Abstract Expressionist painter; through Jan. 3. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Ernst—Graphics and sculptures from various periods; through Friday, Dec. 20. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gertrude Fiske (1878-1961)—Figure and landscape paintings in the Impressionist mode by a New Englander; through Jan. 2. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Charles Hawthorne (1872-1930)—Oils and watercolors, mostly of Cape Cod personalities, by an artist long associated with the Cape; through Dec. 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

Erwin Heerich—A German artist presents forty-two cardboard constructions; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kyohei Inukai—Simple designs in bright colors suggesting biological processes; through Jan. 4. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

William King—Sculptures in wood, aluminum, and linen in a satirical and whimsical vein; through Jan. 4. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

William Kortlander—Figure paintings; through Jan. 4. (Sachs, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—Watercolors and drawings of the human figure by an organizer of the Armory Show; through Jan. 4. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

June Leaf—Constructions and drawings representing life in New York, for an imaginary theatre; through Jan. 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Oils by the French modernist; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Leonid—Drawings done during the last thirty years by a romantic realist known for his water-view subjects; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

René Magritte—Thirty-five paintings, plus gouaches, drawings, and two sculptures, dating from 1928 to 1966; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

John McCracken—A sculptor known for his colored planks fills the gallery with a piece consisting of fourteen painted plywood units; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

Reginald Neal—Plastic boxes with colored plastic enclosures producing optical effects; through Jan. 4. (Sachs, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

Isamu Noguchi—One of America's leading artist-designers offers adaptations of Japanese lanterns as light sculptures; through Jan. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

William Pachner—Landscapes combined with human anatomy; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Picasso—Graphics, mostly aquatints, executed in 1966; through Jan. 11. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 25-27.)

Joseph Raffael—Paintings with a psychedelic cast; through Jan. 9. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sophy Regensburg—Still-lifes and landscapes; through Friday, Dec. 20. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

George Segal—A prominent Pop sculptor's lifelike plaster figures in everyday situations, plus pastels; through Jan. 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Julian Stanczak—Paintings of straight lines and overlapping planes; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cy Twombly—This artist's characteristic scribbles in oil, pencil, and crayon, on neutral backgrounds; through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

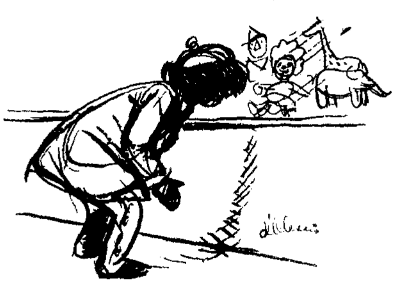
York Wilson—Paintings composed of striped planes; through Dec. 31. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 24.)

William Zorach—Fifty sculptures and twenty watercolors by an artist who is also having an exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Pre-Columbian Art—Ceramics, metal work, and textiles from Peru; through Jan. 9. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures—Pieces in many mediums emphasizing "structure" by seven artists, most of them former students of Josef Albers; through Friday, Dec. 20. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 63 E. 57th St.: Over seventy artists, covering a wide range (from Avery through Bellows, Gropper, Rivers, and Pascin), paint portraits of their wives; through Jan. 4. . . . **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, Marden, Van Buren, and Gourfain; through Jan. 2. (Closed Mondays.). . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Paintings by turn-of-the-century artists, all but one of them members of the National Academy; through Dec. 31. . . . **LANDAU-ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Works from the nineteenth century to the present emphasizing illusionism in American art; through Tuesday, Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Four prominent academics exhibit watercolors; through Jan. 4. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Inness, Metcalf, Moran, and Sargent are some of the artists represented in a show of paintings by Americans who worked and travelled in Europe after 1850; through Dec. 31. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings by twentieth-century Americans, such as Gropper, Marsh, Sloan, Shinn, and Henri, on the theme of the theatre; through Jan. 11. (Closed Mondays.)



Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of a wide variety of works, from primitive to Picasso, following no particular concept of selection; through Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Optical specialists, including Agam and Le Parc, supply tricks with lights and mirrors; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 12 E. 57th St.: About fifty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Italian Futurists, among them Carra, Severini, and Balla; through Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Pechstein, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through Jan. 18. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show, assembled by the Fogg Art Museum, of seventy masterpieces of the seventeenth century (by Rembrandt, Rubens, Poussin, Fragonard, Tiepolo, and others—many of the works shown in New York for the first time), which interpret scenes and modes of classical antiquity; through Jan. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An extensive collection of etchings and drawings by the seventeenth-century printmaker Stefano della Bella; through Dec. 29. . . . ¶ Mayan art from Guatemala, covering that civilization from about 500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. and featuring a stela airlifted from the jungle, plus other stelae, stone sculptures, ceramics, jewelry, and flint and obsidian votive offerings; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

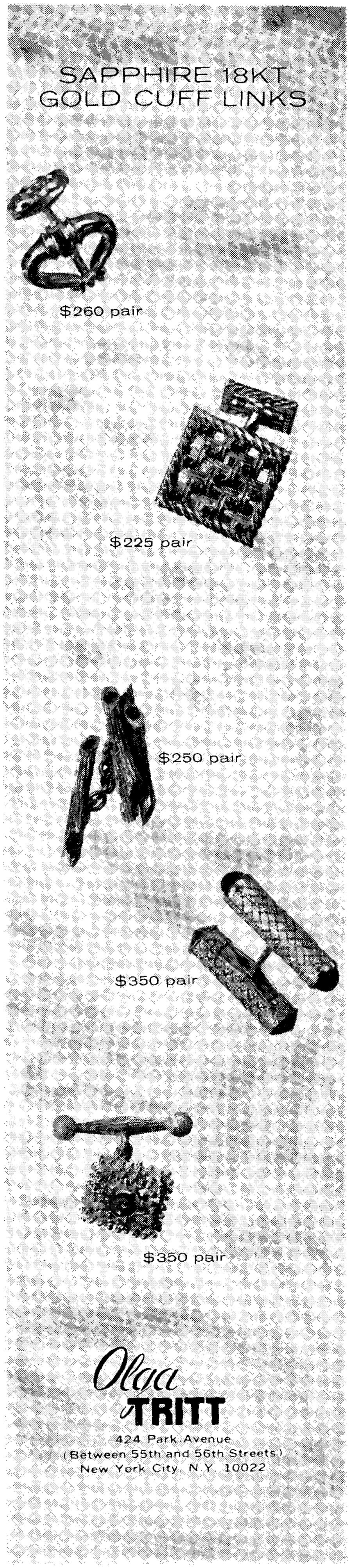
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and objects on the theme of "The Machine as Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age." Through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ A thirty-six-foot-long, eight-foot-high, four-and-a-half-foot-deep Plexiglas panel construction by Robert Rauschenberg, in which arrangements of wooden chairs can be seen by the flicker of lights set off electronically in response to whatever sounds ("Wow!" "Jeepers!") emanate from the audience; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Twenty-five posters made during the student revolt in Paris last May; through Jan. 12. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Closes Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D., containing ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings by Wassily Kandinsky taken from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The annual survey of American art, this year devoted to sculpture, exhibits a hundred and thirty-seven works by as many artists, thirty-seven of whom are appearing at the Whitney for the first time; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Ten murals by Rufus Porter (1792-1884), a newly rediscovered nineteenth-century landscapist who was also an inventor and science editor; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and thirty-seven works, many of them animated and "environmental," exemplifying current collaborations between artists and engineers; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Little-known oils, watercolors, and drawings done from 1911 to 1922 by William Zorach, a leading American sculptor who died in 1966; through Jan. 16. Except on Mondays, admission is fifty cents. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) A good complement to the Zorach exhibition is his show of sculptures and watercolors at the Danenberg Gallery, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.

American Museum of Natural History, Central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Park W. at 79th St.—The hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Fifty-seven works in various modes by such artists as Rosemarie Beck, Robert Gwathmey, John Hultberg, Waldo Peirce, and Doris Rosenthal, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Sunday, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Paintings by members of the Institute; through Sunday, Dec. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese jade from neolithic times through the nineteenth century, and comprising tomb objects, daggers, beads, jewelry, votive carvings, and amulets; through Jan. 26. (Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings and sculptures of the female figure by contemporaries, known and less known; among the former are Marisol, Oldenburg, D'Arcangelo, de Kooning, Katz, and Thiebaud. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century drawings on the theme of "The Story of Christmas;" through Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A selection of fifty-four paintings and three sculptures done since 1950 by Charles Alston, a black artist concerned with social problems; through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Numerous bronzes and some stone carvings, drawings, and watercolors, and one oil painting by the late Jacob Epstein, celebrated for his portrait busts; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Two hundred and thirty ritual and ceremonial objects, covering three thousand years, and ranging from a chalice of the time of Jeremiah to gold glass from the Roman catacombs and a shofar from Ethiopia, borrowed from public institutions in New York; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A "pond" by Robert Whitman contrived of sheets of plastic mirrors, activated images and sound, strobe lights, and lenses that reflect the spectator; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Posters created by students during the Paris demonstrations last spring and by Czechs during the Russian occupation in August; through Jan. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Scenic and costume designs, scripts, caricatures, posters, and maquettes by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, Ming Cho Lee, Noguchi, Al Hirschfeld, Karinska, and other artists who have contributed to City Center productions over the past twenty-five years; through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Islamic Painting," a hundred miniatures and manuscripts showing the influence and place of the Herat school in the history of Islamic painting; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Books, handsome indeed, designed and hand set by the eminent Dr. Giovanni Mardersteig at his Officina Bodoni, in Verona, Italy; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A splendid thread of figure drawings from the fifteenth century to the twentieth; through Jan. 11. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Folk arts and crafts of the early Pennsylvania settlers, offering such items as dolls, animal carvings, needlework, furniture, ironwork, toolbox lids from Conestoga wagons, and forty illuminated manuscripts; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Diverse items from the Museum's collection: costumes, paintings and prints, photographs, toys, and theatre memorabilia (the most memorable being Gypsy Rose Lee's garter belt and sets of false teeth [Mr. Hyde's] once used by Fredric March); through March 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions—sculptures from Africa, gold pieces from Mexico, dance masks from Melanesia, and other items; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New School, 66 W. 12th St.—Forty-eight posters by well-known contemporaries, such as Motherwell, Chagall, Segal, Warhol, and Rivers, commissioned under a program to stimulate this medium; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3. Closed Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 25-27.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Approximately three hundred of the Society's original watercolor drawings of "The Birds of America" by, but of course, John James Audubon. No recorded birdsong accompaniment, to our regret. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5. Closed Christmas.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The John Quinn Memorial Collection, composed of correspondence with members of the Irish Literary Revival, the artists of the Paris School, and English and American writers whose work he advanced. Books, manuscripts (one being T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land"), and photographs are also to be seen. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 9 to 5.). . . ¶ Prints from the fifteenth century to the present, having in common the subject of urban life, by Canaletto, Hogarth, Reginald Marsh, Will Barnet, and others; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 10.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibition of works by "black artists of the thirties" protesting their lack of representation in the Whitney Museum's show entitled "The 1930's: Painting and Sculpture in America;" through Jan. 5. (Mondays and Wednesdays, except Christmas, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Mirella Freni, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Martina Arroyo, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Raskin, Cesare Siepi, Peter Schreier, Geraint Evans, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Colette Boky, John Alexander, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Jean Fenn, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, Ezio Flagello, Karl Dönch, and Loren Driscoll. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Martina Arroyo, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, Geraint Evans, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 8: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, and Justino Diaz. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, George Shirley, Frank Guarrera, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Mary Ellen Pracht, Frank Guarrera, and Richard Tucker. (A non-subscription performance.). . .

¶ Friday, Dec. 27, at 8: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Colette Boky, John Alexander, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 28, at 1: "Die Meistersinger," with Jean Fenn, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, Ezio Flagello, Karl Dönch, and Loren Driscoll. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8: "La Bohème," with Milka Stojanovic, Clarice Carson, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Robert Goodloe. (A non-subscription performance.)

THE PLAY OF DANIEL and **THE PLAY OF HEROD**—Performances of two twelfth-century musical dramas presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast includes singers, players, and actors. "The Play of Daniel": Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 19-21, at 7 and 9:15. . . . ¶ "The Play of Herod": Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 7 and 9:15. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46th St. For information about tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call 874-7713.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Carlo Maria Giulini conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 20, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.) After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Monday, Dec. 30.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30, with Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:30, with Claude Frank, piano.)

SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK—Joseph Eger conducting the first concert by this new orchestra, with Mary Hinkson and Arthur Mitchell, dancers. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski directing, with the Camerata Singers. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 23, at 8:30.)

CHRISTMAS EVE AND HOLIDAY CONCERTS—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra—Tuesday, Dec. 24, at midnight: A Schubert-Dvořák program. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 27, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3: Two all-Bach programs, with Agnes Giebel, soprano; Ruth Laredo, Richard Goode, and Murray Perahia, piano; Paula Sylvester, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; and the conductor, violin.

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—Tamara Knell directing a Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing Handel's "Messiah." (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 22, and Friday, Dec. 27, both at 8.)

HAMILTON COLLEGE CHOIR AND HAMILTON BRASS CHOIR—A joint concert, with James Fankhauser and Stephen Bonta directing. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA CONCERT ENSEMBLE—A program of music by fourteenth- and fifteenth-century masters. (Fuentidueña Chapel, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR AMERICAN COMPOSERS AND CONDUCTORS—A program of music by various composers, among them Vaclav Nelhybel and Henry Hadley, performed by the Manhattan Chorus, directed by Hugh Ross; Rose Raymond, piano; and others. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

LEONIDAS LIPOVETSKY—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

FESTIVAL WINDS—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:40.)

JANOS STARKER AND MENAHEM PRESSLER—Cello and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS—An all-Handel concert. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

Claude Frank—Piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Creedence Clearwater Revival, Deep Purple, and James Cotton Blues Band—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, at 8 and 11:30.

Judy Collins—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.

Ars Nova, The Good Earth, American Brass Quintet, New York Rock and Roll Ensemble, and New York Electric String Ensemble—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 26, and Monday, Dec. 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Fillmore East. Sunday, Dec. 29, at 8 and 11:30.

Butterfield Blues Band, Crazy World of Arthur Brown, and Sweetwater—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Mike Bloomfield and Al Kooper, Butterfield Blues Band, and Moby Grape—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 27 (plus Fleetwood Mac), and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center—Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Seattle. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 25, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden Center—Sunday, Dec. 22, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Minnesota. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 26, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Oakland.

Racing—At Laurel, Md.: Weekdays, except Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 23-25, at 12:30; last day Saturday, Jan. 4.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 22. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin at about 10. No tickets necessary. Women admitted only after noon.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—Gene Forrell conducting the Master Virtuosi of New York. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 11:30 and 2:30.)

Magicworld—Milbourne Christopher presenting a magic show and the Stockholm Theatre of Fantasy presenting "Hansel and Gretel," a puppet show. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Dec. 21, through Tuesday, Dec. 31. Weekdays, except Tuesday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, at 11:30 and 2:30, and Sundays at 12:30 and 3:30.)

Stage Shows—By **BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Friday, Dec. 20, at 3:30 and 7:30, plus Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 21-22, and Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 24-28, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM:** "The Little Juggler of Notre Dame." (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 3.) . . . **HUCKLEBERRY COMPANY:** "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30, plus Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 1:30.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **NEW THEATRE:** "The Mad Show." (154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 12:30 and 3:30; Sunday, Dec. 22, at noon; Monday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 8:30; Tuesday, Dec. 24, and Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, at 12:30 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Mother Goose on the Loose." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 11 and 2, plus Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 22-24, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 2.) . . . **SALZBURG MARIONETTE THEATRE:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Thursday through Monday, Dec. 26-30, at 11:30 and 2.) . . . **SYROTIAK MARIONETTES:** "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 1:30.) . . . **THEATRE OF THE LITTLE HAND:** "The Juggler of Notre Dame." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 1:30.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Greensleeves," Thursday, Dec. 26, at 1. . . . ¶ "Cinderella," Friday, Dec. 27, at 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is "Stars of Christmas Past." (Special holiday schedule: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Monday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 3:30; Tuesday, Dec. 24, at 1, 2:30, and 4; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," with Debbie Reynolds. A benefit performance. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Thursday, Dec. 26, at 10.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 24-25, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions on Christmas and Thursday, Dec. 26. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except Tuesday, Dec. 24, and Christmas.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Thursday, Dec. 19, at 10:15: Oriental art, comprising pottery and porcelain, sculptures, and early ritual bronzes; collected by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bechhoefer and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 19, at 1:45: Continental and other furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Dec. 19 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (1941), with Robert Montgomery and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Cover Girl" (1944), with Rita Hayworth and Gene Kelly. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 11:30: "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), with W. C. Fields and Jack Oakie. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 3 and 5:30: "Gilda" (1946), with Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "The Jolson Story" (1946), with Larry Parks and Evelyn Keyes. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Dead Reckoning" (1947), with Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 2: "Shockproof" (1949), with Cornel Wilde. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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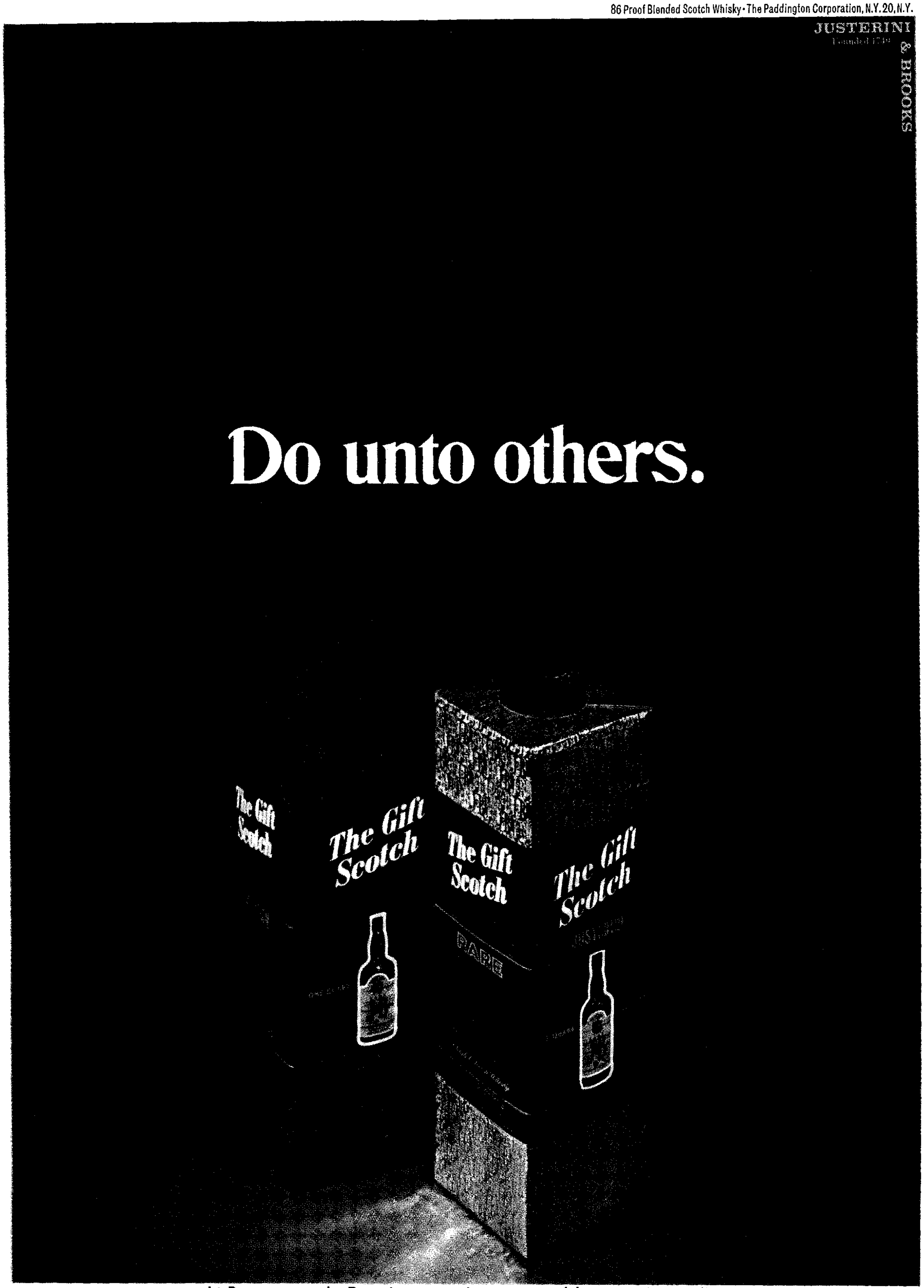
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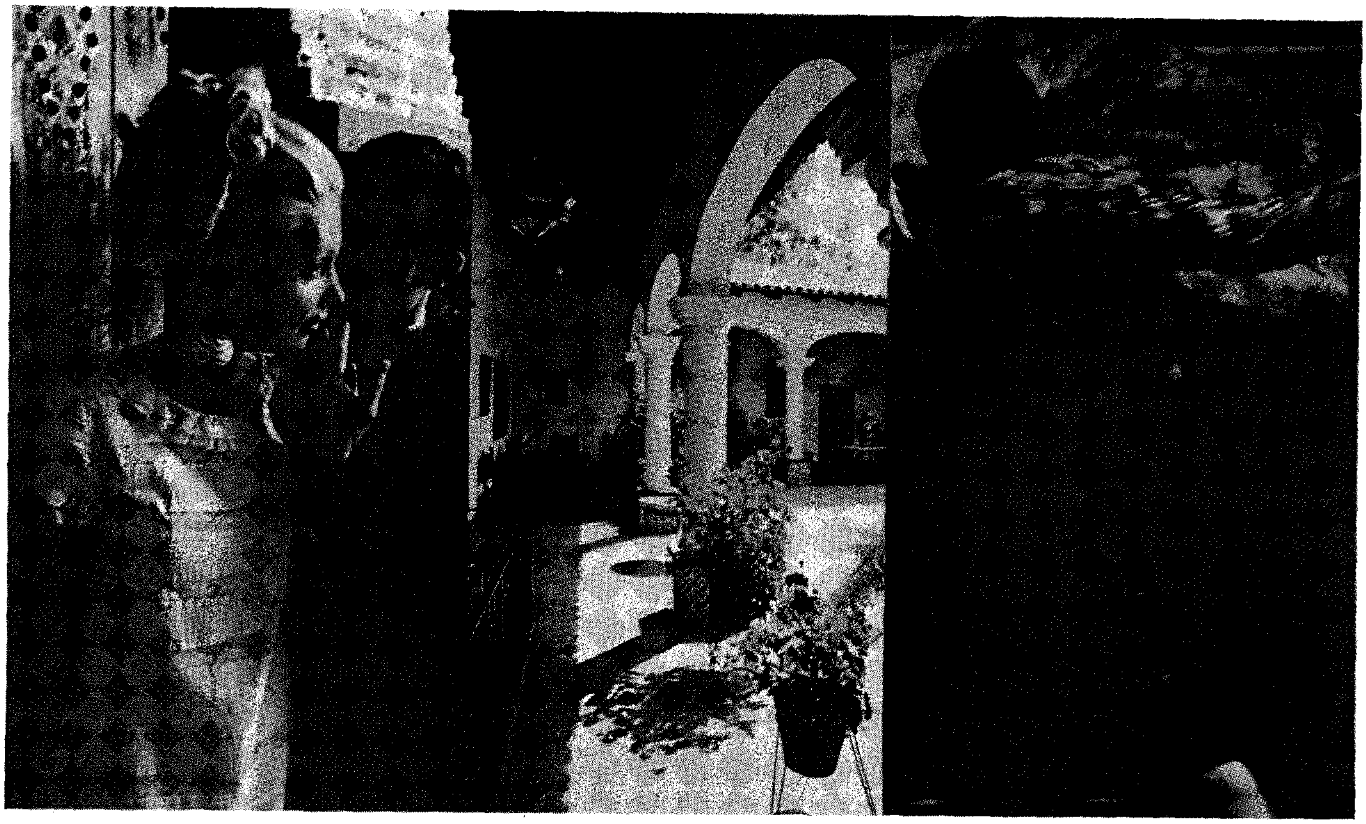

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, based on James Thurber's "The Catbird Seat." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 22-23.)

Belle de Jour—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves Saint Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy, in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 20-21.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Tony Richardson's epic-satire on Victorian folly and the horrors of war is mostly intelligent and often witty, but it's also rather cold and unsatisfying. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030; through Dec. 22.)

China Is Near (1968)—A seventeen-year-old Maoist upsets his Socialist brother's chances for political office. Written and directed by Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Dec. 24.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 24.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 25.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 22-23.)

Faces—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semi-documentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

Finian's Rainbow—This pastiche isn't totally bad, and granted the material and the overly familiar score, that's something of a triumph. Petula Clark and Al Freeman, Jr., are some of its redeeming features. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Starting Saturday, Dec. 21, matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1706. Nightly at 8:30. Starting Saturday, Dec. 21, matinées daily at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's 1925 classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Dec. 20-21.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166.)

The Graduate—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards of virtue is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050.)

Greetings—As tawdry as an exploitation film and as disorganized as an underground film, Brian De Palma's comedy about a draft evader is, nevertheless, funny and good-natured. With a whole gallery of new, young, talented performers. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

Hot Millions—An English comedy directed by Eric Till, written by Ira Wallach and Peter Ustinov. The performances by Ustinov and Maggie Smith capture something in the English character that is the opposite of the notorious languid know-all and closer to the truth. It is a very funny, modest film, in the spirit of Goofy. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through Dec. 21.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—Trivial but entertaining. The flavor of the script, the light directorial attitude of Hy Averback, and the tidy comic performances of Peter Sellers and Joyce Van Patten save this from the ugliness and sourness that threaten at every moment (and sometimes take over). (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 20.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 24-25.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:40; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 10:30, 2, and 8:40; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 2, 5:30, and 8:40; and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 23-25, at 2:30 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Shameless Old Lady (1964)—A comedy, directed by René Allio and starring Sylvie. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 20-21.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-three years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own screenplay (in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

Wait Until Dark (1967)—Audrey Hepburn, blind and alone in a Village apartment, pits herself against three murderous crooks. Terence Young directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 24.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's most complex, powerfully charged, and deeply flawed film is an extraordinary poetic satire on modern life. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 25.)

Yellow Submarine—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25			

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WEEKEND (in French).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 21: **HOT MILLIONS.**
From Dec. 22: "You Are What You Eat," a rock film.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 24: "Birds in Peru" (in French), Jean Seberg; and "The Killing Game" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel.
From Dec. 25: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 24: "The Detective," Frank Sinatra; and "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.
From Dec. 25: "Dr?? Coppelius!!," Walter Slezak.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
GREETINGS.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Dec. 24: "The Girl on a Motorcycle," Alain Delon.
From Dec. 25: "The Sergeant," Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Dec. 22: **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.**
From Dec. 23: "Shame" (in Swedish), Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 22: "The Subject Was Roses," Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson.
From Dec. 22, at 8: "The Sea Gull," James Mason, Vanessa Redgrave. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Birthday Party," Robert Shaw.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Up Tight," Raymond St. Jacques, Ruby Dee.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Inga" (in Swedish).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Dec. 19: "The High Commissioner," Rod Taylor, Christopher Plummer.
From Dec. 20: "The Horse in the Gray Flannel Suit," Dean Jones, Diane Baker.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 20: "The Ugly Ones," Thomas Milian.
From Dec. 21: "The Night They Raided Minsky's," Jason Robards, Britt Ekland.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Dec. 19: "Donovan's Reef" (1963), John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen; and "Forty Guns" (1958), Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan.
Dec. 20-21: **THE GOLD RUSH**; and "The Roaring Twenties" (1939), James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart.
Dec. 22-23: "A Star Is Born" (1954), Judy Garland, James Mason; and "Beyond the Forest" (1949), Bette Davis, Joseph Cotten.
Dec. 24: "Charge of the Light Brigade" (1936), Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland; and "War-Gods of the Deep" (1965), Vincent Price, Tab Hunter.
From Dec. 25: **DINNER AT EIGHT**; and "Anna Christie" (1930), Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 24: **CHINA IS NEAR** (in Italian); and "Murder Czech Style," a Czechoslovakian film.
From Dec. 25: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Here's Your Life" (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
GONE WITH THE WIND.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Dec. 19: "Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.
From Dec. 20: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**

FASHIONS
ANTIQUES
EE

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
THE GRADUATE.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:15; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 1:30, 5, and 8:15; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 23-24, at 2 and 8:15; and Christmas at 1:30, 5, and 8:15. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 11, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 23-24, at 11, 2:30, and 8:30; and Christmas at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
Dec. 19: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 20, at 8:30: "Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460. Thereafter Saturday, Dec. 21, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 22, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 23-24, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; and Christmas at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Star!," Julie Andrews. (Nightly at 8:30. Starting Saturday, Dec. 21, matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Doctor Dolittle" (1967), Rex Harrison, Samantha Eggar.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Impossible Years," David Niven, Lola Albright.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magus," Anthony Quinn, Michael Caine.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Dec. 19: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 20: "The Horse in the Gray Flannel Suit," Dean Jones, Diane Baker.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Dec. 24: "Les Biches" (in French).
From Dec. 25: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

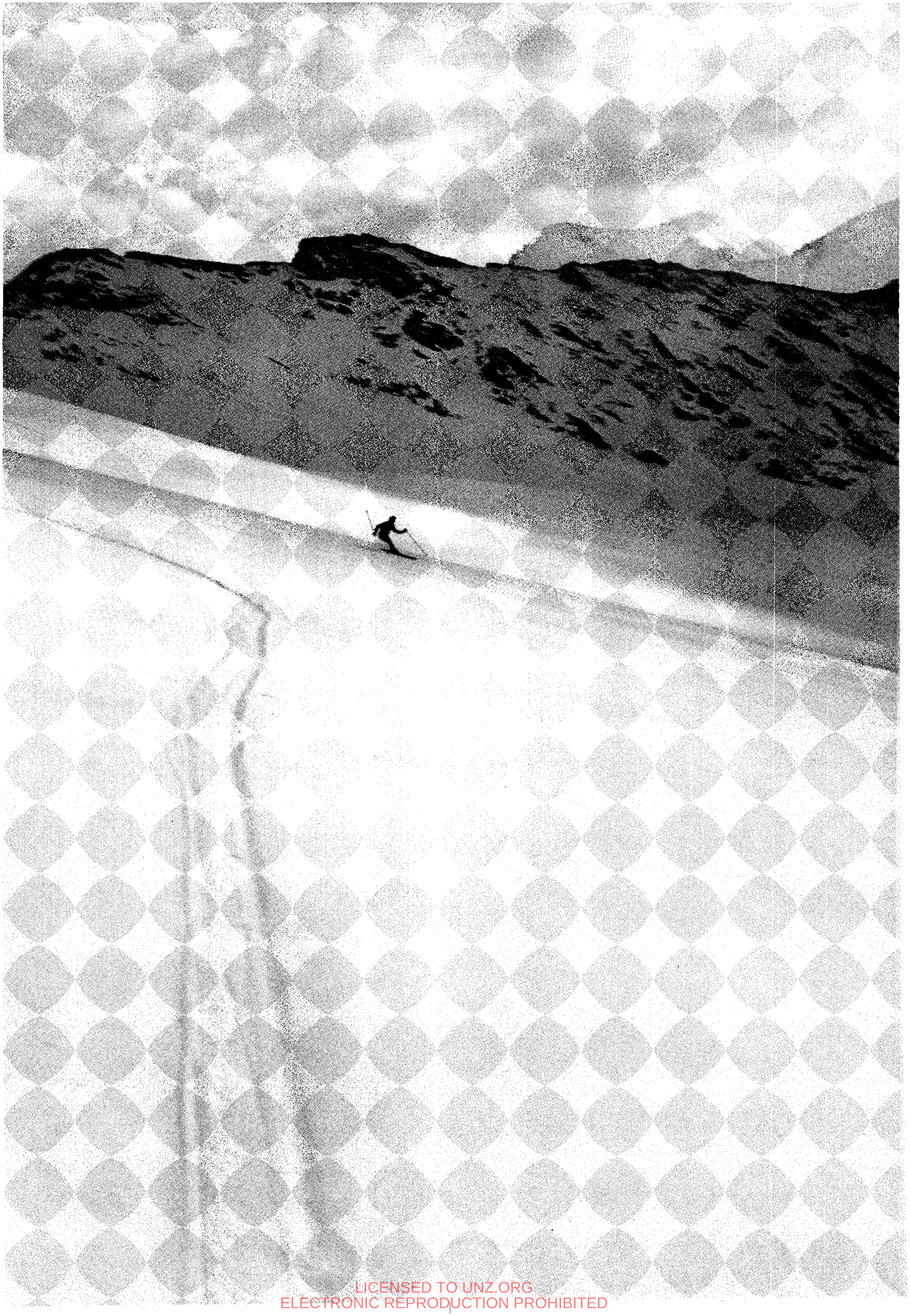
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 25: "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944), Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane; and "Village of the Damned" (1960), George Sanders.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 24: **WAIT UNTIL DARK**; and **COOL HAND LUKE.**
From Dec. 25: **WEST SIDE STORY.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 19: "The Captain from Koepenick" (1958; in German), Heinz Ruehmann; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (1957; in German), Horst Buchholz.
Dec. 20-21: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French); and **BILLY LIAR.**
Dec. 22-23: **THE ENTERTAINER**; and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.**
Dec. 24-25: **KEY LARGO**; and "All Through the Night" (1942), Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Dec. 19: "You Are What You Eat," a rock film; and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" (1966), Tatsuya Mihashi.
From Dec. 20: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**

N° 5
CHANEL



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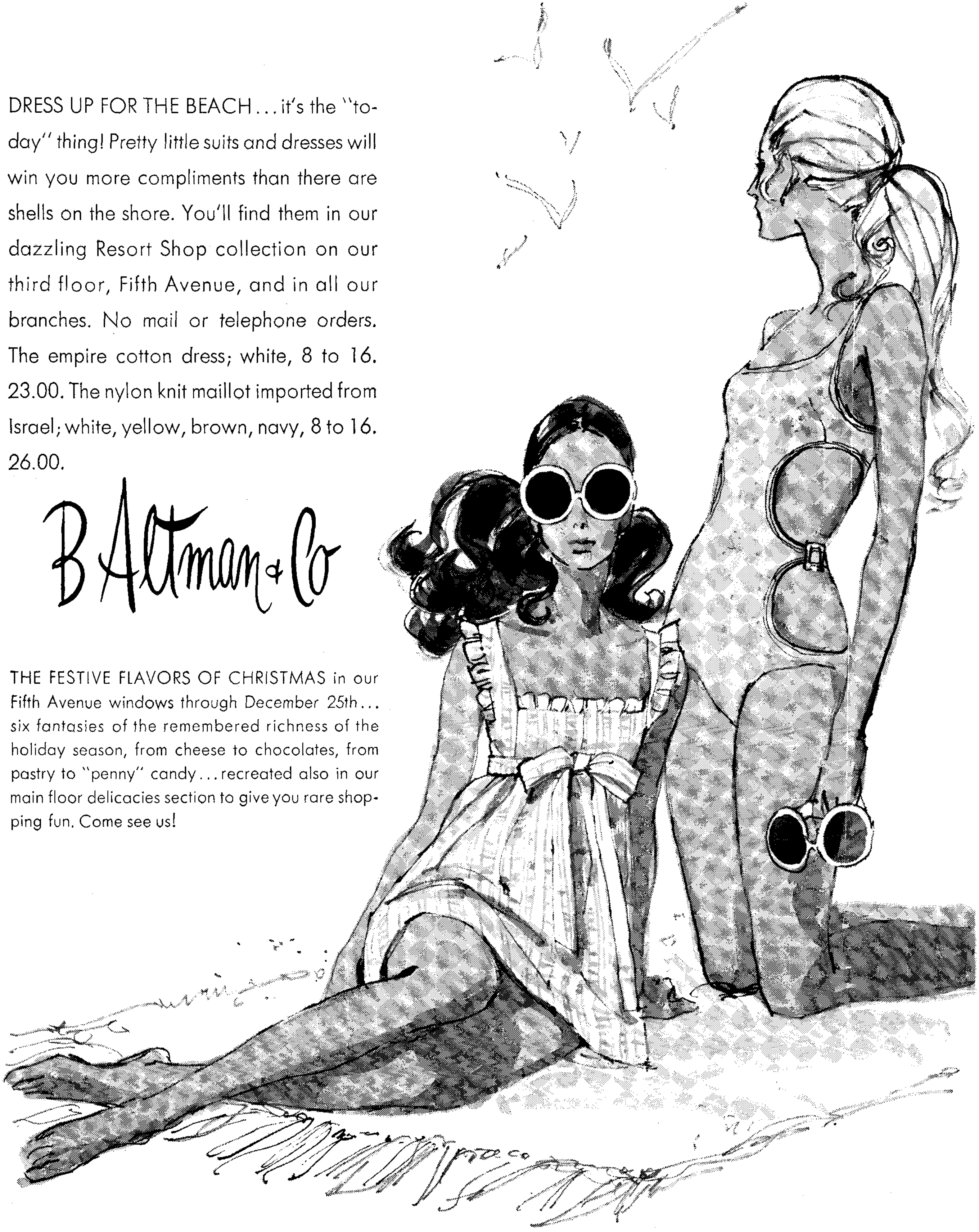

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THE NEW YORKER

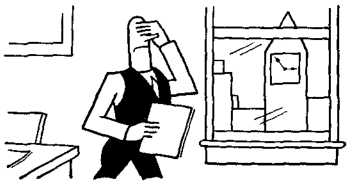
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

“ARE you getting out of town for Christmas?” a Westchester friend asked us last week. We said no, we were stuck here again, and at once we felt a familiar mid-December surge of envy for the suburbanite and his good fortune in being able to observe Christmas in simple (of a sort) and countrified (almost) surroundings. We could see his Christmas in our mind’s eye—the midnight bells bonging through the trees from St. Martin’s-in-the-Spinney; the dog racing over the frozen lawn in the morning, trailing his untied bow of red ribbon; the chickadees ripping into the filled feeder; the Armisteads, in Loden coats and après-ski boots, walking over to deliver their present and share a noontime eggnog—and we knew that this was one of the impelling visions that had caused our friend, like so many other friends, to abandon the city a few years ago. Since we met him, though, we have had further thoughts on the matter, and it occurs to us that the city mouse, in his own twitchy way, may at least be holding his own in the keeping of contemporary Christmas. For everyone now, Getting Ready is more and more an exercise in survival—surviving the stores, surviving the prices and the ill temper, surviving, most of all, the seasonal assault of commercial ugliness—and this is the game that the city resident plays best, for he must play it, in one form or another, every day of the year. Carrying no commuter ticket, no dream of evening escape, he has learned to make do, to wait and watch, to put up with, to hang loose. Caught in a taxi in a glacial traffic tangle, he meditates like a lama; crushed in the homeward subway, he relaxes like a pro quarterback disappearing under a blitz; walking through the rotten streets, he lifts his eyes to the constellations of some distant tower. His daily equanimity is contrived and patient; he waits for the urban accident and its small attendant moment—the arresting or beautiful face on the I.R.T., the wry crack by the Gristede delivery boy, the occasional sense of urgent and excited belonging—that provide the complex and comic stuff of city life. Christmas itself, it seems to us, has become an exercise in equanimity, which is perhaps best savored for its accidents and surprises. Except for those of us lucky enough to have young children in the house, the day and its rituals cannot be constructed so as to survive comparison with the past. This is exactly the suburbanite’s plan, yet his success at achieving still another perfect Christmas can only expose him to the boredom of repetition and the uneasiness of excessive comfort. Here, too, the city celebrant is armored; he will not reflect very long on the ironies and injustices of the occasion—the one-day truce in the jungles, in the schools, on the streets—for he has long since learned that only a slowed sense of indignation permits one to survive in the face of the insoluble. Christmas, unfortunately, doesn’t alter things, and we must not let it alter us too much.

On Christmas morning this year, we will probably think of our Westchester friend and almost envy him his quieter and longer day, but we look forward nonetheless to Christmas serendipities of the kind the city has brought us in the past. We recall not only our dispiriting marches from grocery store to florist to back lot in search of an overpriced and lopsided tree but also the rich, delectable smudge of pine sap on our palms after we have caused that tree to flower, miraculously, in the corner of the apartment. We recall one evening, a day or two before Christmas, when we got off the bus after dark, carrying the last load of packages, and found a crew of city woodsmen planting a swathed, frail sapling on the sidewalk just outside our front door. We remember walking down an apartment-house hall last year on the way to a Christmas Eve party, and sniffing the scent of the wreaths on the doors and, from under one door, the restless and suddenly festive aroma of pot drifting out to mingle with the balsam. And, almost best of all, the cold, snowy Christmas night two years ago, when we left our paper-strewn, gift-strewn apartment and went out for a walk in the Park. Inside the gates at Ninetieth Street, the roadway was still unplowed, and the traffic lights threw a Rothko pattern of red and green flares across the snow. A small boy trudged past us, blowing great circles of vapor and trailing a brand-new Flexible Flyer, and then we were entirely alone. We heard a sound overhead and looked up. Just visible above the bare trees, two gulls were suspended in the darkness, riding the river of winter wind.

ONE of the wilder enchantments Christmas has always held for us is the lunatic fringe that dangles, so to speak, from the tablecloth of the great commercial feast. Every year, gifts are offered for sale that nearly baffle our best attempts to conceive of a possible donor or recipient. Suppose, for example, that one has a friend who is habitually seized with a strong desire not to know what time it is. Most of us could indulge such an eccentricity with nothing more elaborate than an ordinary clock and a resolute disinclination to look at it. And yet there apparently exist people in the world who combine a zest for inaccuracy with such a precise and disciplined nature that nothing



will satisfy them but a timepiece that is certified not to keep time. We have seen advertised this year not one but two clocks whose solitary claim to distinction is their inaccuracy. One proceeds whirligig fashion, by swinging a ball on the end of a string against a pair of uprights, first forward and then widdershins, in such a way that "it just won't keep accurate time." It costs forty dollars. The other is a wall clock that "runs unreliably on water." It costs eighty dollars. The only recipient of these gifts that we have been able to imagine is a retired Army officer—a man who has become fed up with the enforced punctuality of military life but cannot rid himself entirely of the rage for orders. We picture him on Christmas Day struggling to keep the pride out of his voice as he commands his wife, in full earshot of the guests, "Darling, as long as you're going past my study, would you just take a peek at my new wall water clock and tell me the incorrect time?"

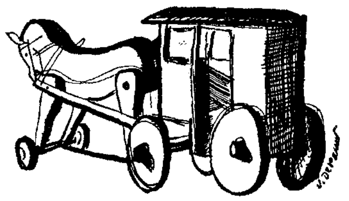
With regret, we notice the absence this year of a product that greatly enlivened our speculations last Christmas. This was an inflatable vinyl man, who was to be fitted with an old felt hat and then to be placed beside the solitary driver of an automobile, so as to discourage felons. It seemed an eminently practical invention. Certainly any hoodlum who went as far as to stab the vinyl man, only to hear him hiss "Shush!," like an outraged librarian, and then slowly disappear into his old felt hat, would be strongly motivated to lead a better life. In the absence of this plastic paragon, we can only urge all drivers everywhere to stop at some likely curb, get out, and make a real, human friend for the coming year.

The Mayor's Day

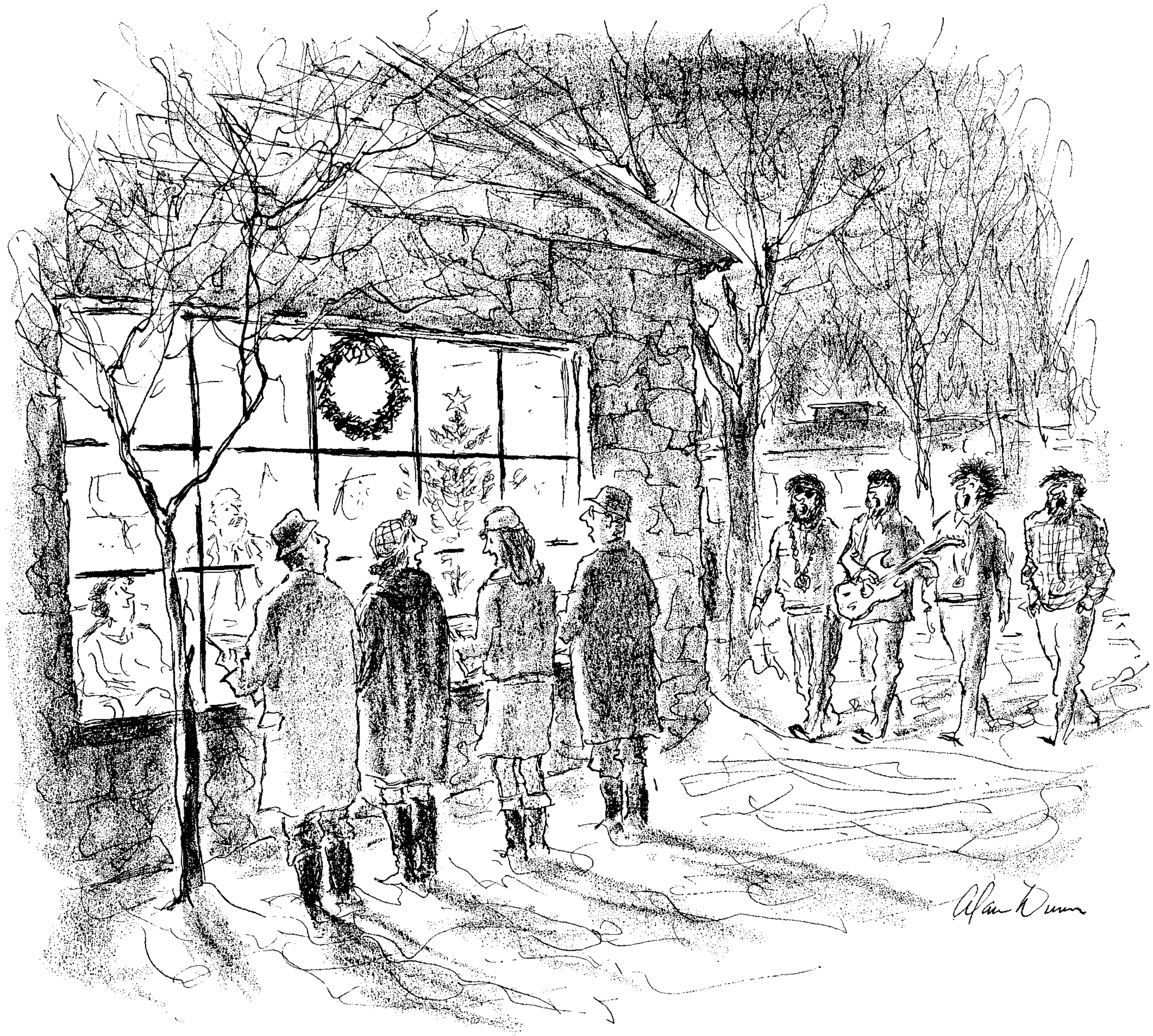
NEW YORK CITY "will, like man himself, endure and eventually prevail," Mayor Lindsay said at a ceremony we attended the other day. "It will because it is New York. There isn't anything like it. There isn't any place else." And there isn't. Crises—school closings and boycotts, strikes and air pollution—continue to bedevil us, but life and work go on, and they go on just as much for the Mayor, whose calendar these days is crowded with what everyone insists on calling confrontations, but who must still take time to conduct the city's routine business. For the past three years, one of the most pleasant, and most productive, aspects of this routine has been the luncheons that Mayor and Mrs. Lindsay have given from time to time to acknowledge outstanding contributions to our municipal life, and we were delighted last week to accept an invitation to join, as a member of the press, the Mayor and seventy-five of his guests at the latest—and largest—of these luncheons.

The Mayor hadn't arrived at Gracie Mansion when we showed up, at the scheduled time of twelve-thirty, so Mrs. Lindsay waved us into his book-lined basement study, where cocktails and canapés were being served, and introduced us to Eli Resnick, a taxi-driver, who was present because of various friendly and hospitable acts he had performed on the streets of New York, and who, Mrs. Lindsay told us, "must be the nicest man I know." After congratulating Mr. Resnick, we moved on to pay our respects to Marc Connelly, who asked if we had seen Mrs. Phyllis Cerf, the children's-book editor for Random House. (We hadn't.) "I can't imagine why I'm here," Mr. Connelly said as he started off in search of her. "Unless it's recognition for survival."

As we made our way around the room, we found that by far the most common topic of conversation among our fellow-guests—both those we recognized and those we didn't—was the recent school strike and its continuing repercussions. In one corner, Rabbi Harry Halpern, a member of the city's Human Rights Commission, was giving Dr. William A. Wexler, the national president of B'nai B'rith, an account of the Mayor's difficult meeting with some unionized teachers in October at the Rabbi's East Midwood Jewish Center. "The papers said it was a Brooklyn crowd that booed the Mayor down, but I'd never seen most of those people before," the Rabbi was saying. "They packed the temple before anybody else could get there. One woman even asked my chief usher where the Queens delegation was sitting." A few feet away, Monsignor Robert J. Fox, the coördinator in the office of Spanish Community Action of the Archdiocese of New York, was talking to Captain John Lawrence, the skipper of the Staten Island ferry John F. Kennedy. "Everybody's upset in East Harlem," Monsignor Fox said. "The I.S. 201 complex is just outside our area, and everybody's worried about what will happen if there's more trouble up there." Harold W. Tucker, the director of the Queens Borough Library, put in, "It may seem strange, but the student strike last week cut into library attendance. The kids seized on it as an excuse not to go to school, and many of them came to the libraries instead, and played around in them all day, so a lot of the adults didn't come in."



A few minutes later, the Mayor arrived from City Hall, and luncheon—onion soup, baked chicken and peas, rice with mushrooms, a white wine, and ice cream—was served at seven large tables in the ballroom of Gracie Mansion. "Nobody knows anybody else here," the Mayor said at the outset, after calling for silence with an unorthodox but highly effective whistle. "People are here from all parts of the city and they all do interesting things, and while you're eating I want you all to ask each other who you are and what it is you're doing with your lives." In the course of complying, we found that among our tablemates were Miss Patsy Grant, a secretary in the office of Bud Palmer, the Commissioner of Public Events, who was being honored for her work in arranging visits by beauty queens to local veterans' hospitals; David Ganzer, a supervisor in the crime-coding section of the Police Department, who had recently completed a revision of the coding system; Edward F. Carpenter, the headmaster of Harlem Prep School; and David Felix, a Transit Authority subway clerk who is active in a number of Spanish-community services. Meanwhile, moving about the ballroom and speaking alternately, Mayor Lindsay and Commissioner Palmer were introducing to all of us some of the guests at the other tables. Among those introduced by the Mayor were Sol Hurok ("I'm signing him up to produce the Lindsay Show") and Richard Ravitch, the president of the Citizens' Housing and Planning Council ("the first man to put housing on water"). In his turn, Commissioner Palmer thanked Frank Field, the WNBC-TV meteorologist, for the good weather that day and introduced Harry Van Arsdale, president of the Central Labor Council, who was one of the men instrumental in settling the teachers' strike. "When he negotiates," Commissioner Palmer said. Probably the largest round of applause went to a man few of the guests had met before—Maurice E. Johnson, an attendant in



"Isn't it enough for them to have spoiled the Democratic Convention?"

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Central Park who assisted in the capture of a sniper there last summer. Two guests received special recognition—J. Louis Frier, who began his municipal career in the administration of Mayor John F. Hylan, and who was retiring, after more than fifty years, as chief accountant for the New York City Department of Investigations, and Clarence Francis, who, at eighty, was retiring as president of the Economic Development Council of New York City and returning to a career as an industrial consultant. "I hear talk about crises today," Mr. Francis said. "Will you ladies and gentlemen please tell me what year we haven't gone through a crisis? But the businessmen who draw up lists of liabilities know that the balance will show that this is the greatest city in the world." Mayor Lindsay then presented Mr. Francis with a lithograph of City Hall as it appeared in 1824 ("You can tell it's 1824. Look—no pickets") and apologized for the long time the luncheon had taken ("If anyone needs a note from me . . ."). He concluded by saying, "Whether a captain of industry or a guy who drives a bus, each person here has gone out of his way to help the other fellow and to make some contribution here beyond the normal call. That's why I, as Chief Executive, thank all you people who have troubled yourselves to make this city a better place to live in."

Before we left Gracie Mansion, we asked one of the Mayor's press secretaries, Robert Laird, when the next municipal crisis might be expected. "In about an hour," Mr. Laird said equably. "The Mayor's going up to Columbia to talk informally to the students, and we expect some heckling." He invited us to go along.

It seemed to us that Mayor Lindsay's informal meeting with the students was far more formally organized and prepared for than the luncheon we had just attended. We rode up in the limousine with the Mayor and his speech writer, Jeff Greenfield, and several other aides, and found that there was little opportunity for conversation. Only once did Mr. Lindsay lift his eyes from the text that had been prepared for him. "Listen," he said to one of the aides. "I promised my kids I'd take them to the theatre tonight. Only, afterward, remind me, we have to stop in at the Ninth A.D." The speech was not the only aspect of the Mayor's visit to Columbia that had been carefully worked out in advance. The security arrangements had also been given a good deal of thought. The driver of the car—a detective—stopped at 114th Street and Broadway, and a few minutes later a youth approached the vehicle, displayed a police shield, and said, "All right, Mr. Mayor, they're waiting for you." Then the car proceeded up Broadway to the McMillin Theatre, outside which another of Mr. Lindsay's assistants, Sid Davidoff, some members of the Urban Task Force, and a sizable number of police were waiting. A crowd that had gathered was pushed back abruptly, and we found ourself being hustled along, with the Mayor's party, through a side door of the building.

The heckling that Mr. Laird had anticipated began as soon as Mr. Lindsay and Andrew Cordier, the acting president of Columbia, made their way onto the stage of the McMillin Theatre. The hecklers' first subject was the Mayor's endorsement, at the Republican Convention, of Spiro Agnew for Vice-President, and he countered with humor, which was to constitute his principal weapon that afternoon. "When you've seen one university, you've seen them all," he said. After a while, the shouts died down and the Mayor was allowed to begin his speech. (The next morning, the headline over the account of the occasion in the *Times* maintained that the Columbia hecklers were "bested" by the Mayor, but, as we saw it from the wings, if any "besting" was done, it was done by some thousand students whose disapproval—predominantly tacit disapproval—eventually subdued the noisy interruptions, which also seemed to have been carefully worked out in advance.) The Mayor began with a quotation from T. E. Lawrence that was sympathetic to student activism, but in the main his address was a warning to the campus extremists. "If there is one thing that sets much of this generation apart from earlier activist ones," the Mayor said, speaking doggedly through sporadic heckling, "it is the insistence on personal worth. . . . How is that insistence advanced by shouting down a speaker—or calling him obscene names—even if his policies are in basic disagreement with deeply held beliefs?" He concluded by saying, "So I come, I suppose, to say only this. Whatever the last year has taught us, it has taught that your effort and your energy may not be sufficient to build a better America, but it is necessary to make that effort. I do not come to promise you that all we seek will be won if you continue speaking and acting for these goals, but I do come to say that without you we cannot win. You have seen how much is at stake. You have reminded us of the work to be done. Now help us to do it."

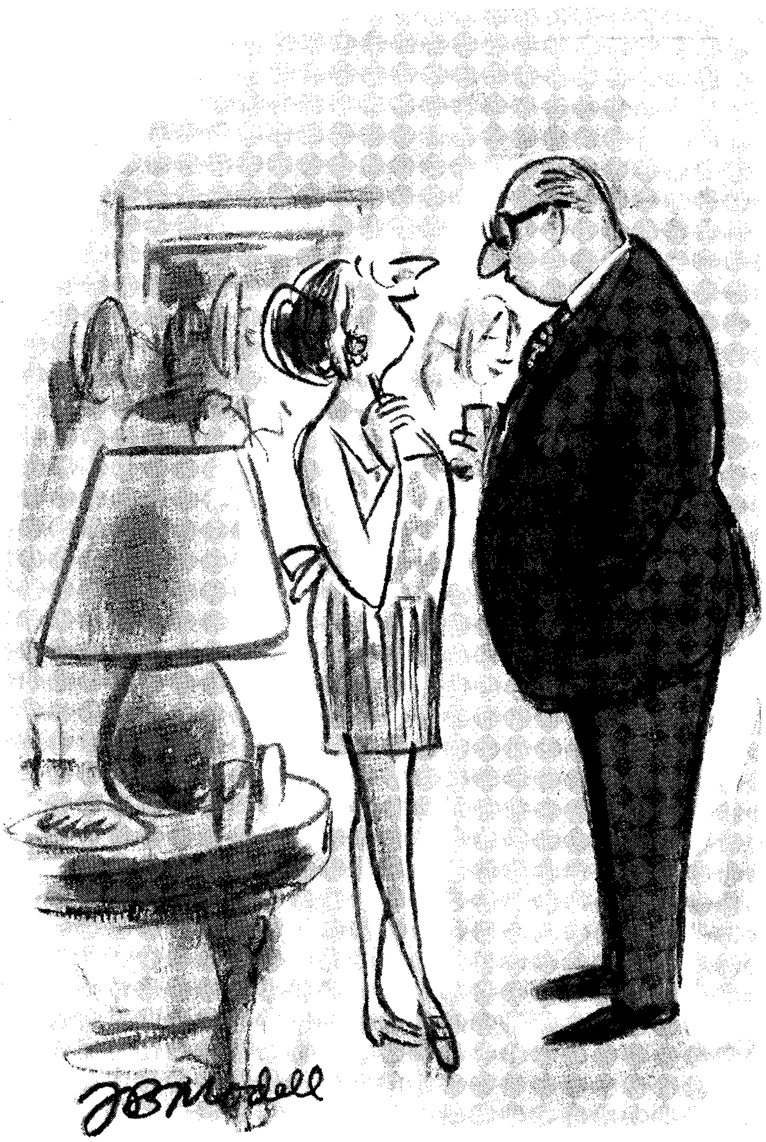
About half the students in the hall rose politely to applaud the Mayor at the end of his speech, but there was also a smattering of boos and jeers, and a rush by several of the hecklers to microphones that had been set up in the audience. Clenching his hands behind his back, the Mayor waited for the first question. Again, it concerned his endorsement of Agnew for Vice-President. "I will give you an answer you won't like and won't agree with," he said. "I have worked sometimes outside my party, sometimes inside, and most often on the fringes. I do believe in working for the party whenever I can. On this occasion, I found it entirely possible."

On his position in the school strike and the battle over decentralization—he had supported the latter but not actively enough to mollify the heckling students—he said, "Knowing the legislative process as I do, I only hope it will be possible to do something on decentralization in the legislature. I only hope that the forces of moderation have not been driven from the turf, and that the decision there will not be left to extremists." He went on to point out that, as a politician, he considered it "my business to come to accept what Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., called a rough equation between 'is-ness' and 'ought-ness.'" In conclusion, he said, "We do operate under a rule of law. If you don't agree with the law, change the damn thing, but change it by lawful processes."

"Do you think that by coming here and quoting T. E. Lawrence you will impress students?" another heckler asked.

Before Mr. Lindsay had a chance to answer this one, there came, from all over the hall, a torrent of counter-heckling and abuse directed at the boy who had asked the question. The Mayor let this go on for about thirty seconds, and then he raised his hand for silence and grinned down at his questioner. "Do you really want an answer?" he asked.

"Yes," the boy said defiantly.



"I hear you're in commodities. I used to be in notions."

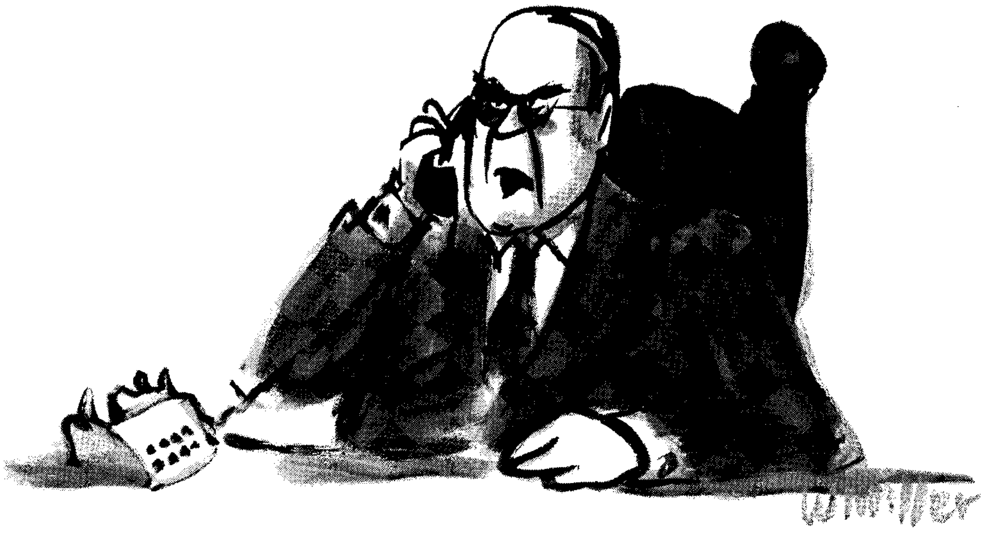
"No," said the Mayor.

Shortly afterward, his latest crisis faced and overcome, the Mayor shook hands with Acting President Cordier, left the stage, and drove back down to Gracie Mansion to take his children to the theatre.

Composer in Tartan Cap

BACK we went last week for another visit with Burt Bacharach, composer of the score for the new musical hit "Promises, Promises." We had seen him in September, when he arrived in New York with the score to start working in rehearsals, to the brink of which we accompanied him, leaving him with his producer, David Merrick; his book writer, Neil Simon; his lyrics writer, Hal David; and all the others. At the time, Mr. Bacharach—talking nostalgically about his wife and little girl back in Beverly Hills, talking affectionately about his parents, talking ambivalently about being stuck in New York and on the road for three months—had a kind of remote, persistently puzzled, and not exactly happy look, almost as though he were about to go to prison. Last week, he had a clearly happy look. He didn't look puzzled; he looked relieved and free.

"It's a wonderful time of one's life," he told us when we met him at his apartment, on East Sixty-first Street. "Four more days in New York, and then I'm going to Palm Springs with my wife and little girl for three and a half weeks. We're recording the score of the show before I leave. I got my Christmas shopping done, and it took me exactly one hour. I went on a rampage in the stores. Then it was done. Gone. Finished. The opposite of the way I work. It was very exciting to see the show evolve. But if someone came to me now and asked me to do a show, I'd say, 'Forget it!' " Mr. Bacharach did a kind of quasi-buck-and-wing and clapped the palms of his hands against each other. "This afternoon, I'm going to tape being on Johnny Carson's 'Tonight Show,' if you'd care to come along. The 'Tonight Show' is David Merrick's idea. He called me three times yesterday and said, 'Do me a favor. We've all got to work now. You've got to be on the "Tonight Show." ' He believes in letting the world *know* you've got a smash. It's a very sensible approach. He really believes you should publicize a hit. It's a good thing the show's a hit. I'd hate to toot a horn for a ship in trouble."



"Numero Uno here!"

"Well, how has it been since we left you on Labor Day, at the Riverside Plaza Hotel, starting your first rehearsal?" we asked.

"I feel it can't possibly have been three months. It feels more like half a year to a year. Just before we opened, I got a present from Neil Simon with a card saying, 'It was a great nine years!' All I know is I'm glad it's over. I got sick on the road with the show, and, of course, getting sick colors everything. The weekend after we opened in Boston, I had the worst sore throat of my life. I called in a strange doctor, which is Mistake No. 1. Never get a strange doctor if you get sick out of town. Call your own doctor and ask him if he knows anyone where you are. Anyway, I wound up with pneumonia in Massachusetts General Hospital, which is a great hospital to be in if you've got to be in one. I hadn't been in one since I was four and had my tonsils out. In the hospital, I knew there was work to be done. There were new songs to be written for the show. But I felt: The *hell* with the show. It's my *life*. I've just got to live and get out of here. Then, as soon as I got out, I wrote a new song for the show—'I'll Never Fall in Love Again,' which just might, by the way, turn out to be the biggest hit of the show. And there I was, getting the new number into the show, working with the people learning it, and everything. And that is not the way to recuperate from pneumonia."

"How do you feel now?" we asked.

"Great," said Mr. Bacharach, clapping his palms together again. "Let's go to the 'Tonight Show.' " He put on a tartan cap, a single-breasted navy cashmere coat, oversized French sunglasses, and a Dior fringed mohair plaid scarf that was twelve feet long. The last, he told us, was a present from Marlene Dietrich, with whom he had worked as accompanist on an international concert tour several years ago. "When I arrived in Poland to meet Marlene, she was waiting for me, in a snowstorm, at the airport with this scarf, so I'd be warm," he said. "I can't wear bizarre clothes. I'd never be able to put on a Nehru jacket. But anything Marlene gave me always felt sensible and right."

"What has happened to the show since Labor Day?" we asked in a taxi going to the "Tonight Show."

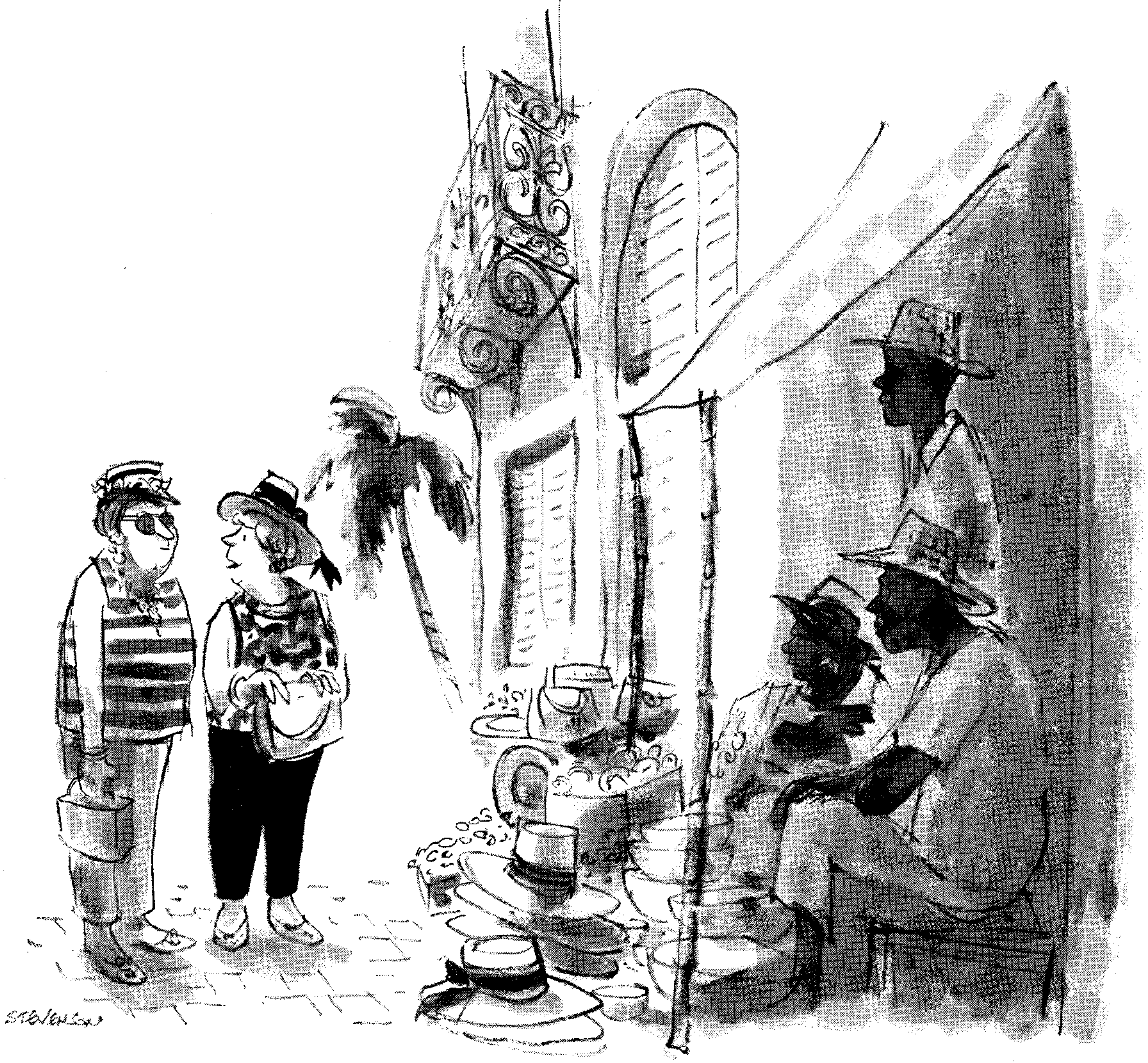
"It's tighter, funnier, shorter, and it plays better than it did when we started," Mr. Bacharach said. "In Boston, we were half an hour over what we are now. Neil really knows how to cut. He was great on the cutting."

"What about the music?" we asked.

"One song came out and stayed out," Mr. Bacharach replied. "Five songs came out and were replaced. About a third of the score, I'd say. And one great thing about this show—we all got along fine. There was none of the horror stuff I'd always heard about—about being on the road with the show and everybody hating everybody else. We were a very happy, cohesive company. As for Merrick, he leaves things quite alone. And when he doesn't, it turns out that he's right. He's more than a businessman. He's got good taste."

"Did you like writing songs for the show after getting to know the people who would sing them?" we asked Mr. Bacharach as the two of us went up in an R.C.A. Building elevator to the headquarters of the "Tonight Show."

"It was wholly satisfactory," Mr.



"Don't let's buy too much or they'll think we're silly."

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Bacharach replied. "As a matter of fact, it's a very interesting thing if you write for one particular person. Once I knew Jill O'Hara, the leading lady—once I knew her face and knew her voice—it became real life. That's the way it works. My song 'The Look of Love' came right off Ursula Andress in 'Casino Royale.' You get the personality and establish the voice, and it helps you."

We stood by as Mr. Bacharach checked in with the receptionist at the windowless inner offices of the "Tonight Show." The show's producer, Rudy Tellez, a young, nervously cheerful man wearing a knit sports shirt, came out and greeted Mr. Bacharach, shaking his hand with fervor. "When I first heard your 'Reach Out' album, I wore out four albums of the album," he told him.

"It keeps selling and selling," Mr. Bacharach said.

"Anything you do has that King Midas touch," said Mr. Tellez. "I turn you over now to John Gilroy, here." He introduced a young, cheerfully nervous man in shirtsleeves. "Thank you, and see you downstairs."

Mr. Gilroy invited us both into his office, where he consulted a number of typewritten notes about Mr. Bacharach.

"We get you into makeup at six and the show goes on at six-thirty, but you come on at seven-fifteen," Mr. Gilroy said. "You talk to Johnny first. When you first come out, Johnny should talk to you some about 'Promises, Promises.' If you want to pay tribute to Merrick, Simon, and the lot, do it up front. Then Johnny talks to you. O.K.?"

"O.K.," said Mr. Bacharach.

"We have Frankie Laine in the show. And George Segal, the actor, playing his banjo," Mr. Gilroy said, and added, "Are you here to stay?"

"Do I look all right?" Mr. Bacharach asked, taking off his scarf, cap, coat, and glasses.

"Fine," said Mr. Gilroy. "What you going to sing? When the orchestra plays 'Bond Street,' you want to sit in at the piano?"

"That might be an idea," Mr. Bacharach said. "I have reservations about singing on the show—singing one of the numbers from 'Promises, Promises,' I mean. The only time I can get away with singing is when it's a song that's already established."

"Anything you want," Mr. Gilroy said. "Now . . ." He consulted his notes. "One question people are asking: Would you change your style for Broadway? Did you think about that?"

"Oh, heavily," said Mr. Bacharach. "I don't think I compromised on anything."

Mr. Gilroy made some notes for Johnny Carson. "I understand you use a chorus in the pit. That's a first, isn't it?"

"Yes, and we've got a lot of electrical equipment in that pit," Mr. Bacharach said.

"Like a recording studio," Mr. Gilroy said. "Do you think that 'Promises, Promises' will have an effect on future Broadway musicals now that the pattern has been broken?"

"Possibly," Mr. Bacharach said. "And I have to praise Merrick for that. He spent a lot of money on the musical effects—on an echo chamber, everything. It was a gamble."

"And he won," said Mr. Gilroy. "Do you think you might do another show? A Burt Bacharach original?"

"Right now, I think I just want to go away for a vacation," said Mr. Bacharach.

"Anything else?" asked Mr. Gilroy.

"The peak thing I might mention," Mr. Bacharach said. "I got a call from Mrs. Samuel Rubin, representing the American Symphony Orchestra. She said that Leopold Stokowski wanted to commission me to write something. I told my mother about it. She cried."

"Anything else?" Mr. Gilroy asked, making some notes.

"I don't think so," Mr. Bacharach said. "I'm very happy. There's *that*."

THUNDER UNDER THE KALAHARI

OR, ALIQUID NOVI EX BOTSWANA?

> The unthinkable has happened and Botswana, the former Bechuanaland, may well be destined to see its economy enriched by the discovery of a supply of truffles in the Kalahari Desert. . . . Truffles, so intimately and more or less exclusively associated with France and Italy, grow in the Kalahari Desert and are part of the diet of the Bushmen. These primitive little people who include the raw meat of game felled by poisoned arrows as well as snakes among the delicacies they eat can produce a bucket of truffles in a half an hour or so in season.
>
> —*London Times.*

> Sir: . . . True as it is that the Bushmen have been eating them for years, the idea of systematically marketing the truffles is not new either. As long ago as 1912 two European adventurers applied to the British authorities for a truffle monopoly in the Kalahari area of Botswana. Their grandiose scheme of bottling or canning the Nabba or "Kalahari Potata" (sic) for a world market was however turned down.
>
> —*Ibid.*

THE circumstance that brought me to the Mushmouth Arms in Bexhill-on-Sea in a rainy week out of season was not at all fortuitous. In reading the short stories of Beerbohm, Maugham, Saki, W. W. Jacobs, and Stacy Aumonier, I had observed that many of them followed a classic, almost ritualistic pattern. The narrator, convalescent from a bout of flu, was immured in a dreary seaside resort, where some fellow-guest, usually eccentric, saw fit to impart a remarkable tale. The only confidences arising from a fortnight's stay in London—from barbers, cabmen, and hall porters—were too humdrum for repetition, and, determined to enrich my trip by whatever means, I seized on the convention. I slogged about in wet shoes until I caught a small but serviceable laryngitis, installed myself in the most depressing hotel I could find on the southern coast, and within hours was delivered into the hands of the very person I had envisaged.

At lunchtime, the sole occupants of the Mushmouth dining room besides Mr. Hesseltine, a spidery old party at the table next to mine, were two spinsters in knitted balaclavas and a lard-faced wraith in holy orders absorbed in his breviary. The instant I glimpsed my neighbor, I realized he was in a highly emotional state. His eyes, magnified by thick lenses, roved continually about him as if anticipating some unwelcome visitor, the cutlery rattled an obbligato on his plate as he chewed, and he started violently at the smallest untoward sound. One required no advanced degree in psychology—the man was the living embodiment of terror. Hardly had our desserts of fig-and-custard pudding arrived when he sprang up with a choked cry.

"Who's that? What's he doing?" he quavered, peering at the squat figure in white busying himself with a tray at the sideboard.

"Calm yourself, sir," I admonished him. "It's only a Pakistani busboy."

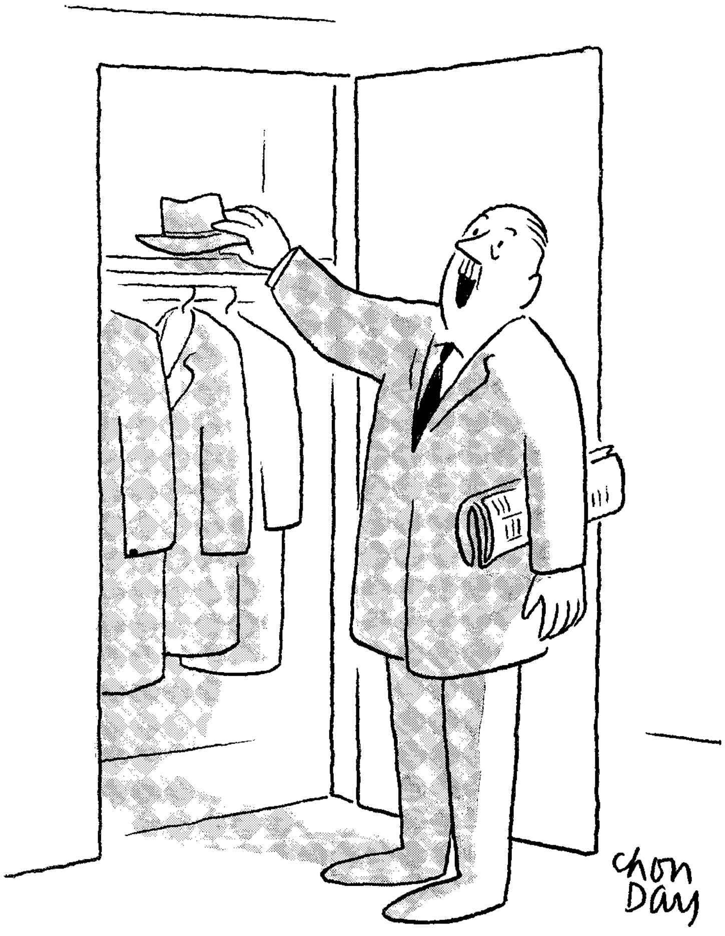
"So you say," he retorted cunningly. "How do I know that?"

I suggested asking him, and was proved right; the lad hailed from Karachi, and Hesseltine, whether from excessive relief or gratitude for what he interpreted as my concern, proposed I join him in a glass of port on the veranda. Under the influence of a second glass, he ventured a few cautious autobiographical details. A retired Foreign Office official, he had spent most of his half-century career in minor administrative posts out of England—the treaty ports of China, Kabul, Ljubljana, Beirut, Auckland, and so on. As a consequence of a long life abroad, he felt disoriented in his homeland, but, he said—and he gave his words a peculiar emphasis—a chap was much safer here. Suddenly an innocent remark of mine generated an abrupt, disquieting turn in the conversation.

"What about Africa?" I asked. "You weren't ever tempted by places like Kenya . . . the Sudan . . . Bechuanaland?"

He was on his feet again. "Why did you say that?" he demanded, quivering. "Nobody ever mentions that—that last place! You must have had a motive."

Stoutly as I disavowed one, he appeared unconvinced, and, with a suspicious glare, stamped off the veranda. By evening, however, he suffered a change of heart, cornering me in the solarium to ask indulgence for his gruffness and entreating me to dine with him. Throughout the brown Windsor soup and the halibut, Hesseltine's behavior was unexceptionable. He discoursed at length on the decline of the Empire, deplored the severance of the American colonies—which he blamed on the Hessians—and altogether conformed to the stereotype I nurtured of a retired British diplomat. And then, just as the waitress laid the main course between us and withdrew, every shred of his poise vanished with electrifying suddenness. I removed the bell and Hesseltine's gaze shifted from the biscuit he was crumbling to the cold cuts within. Immediately he was back on his feet, eyeballs distended and features overspread by a deathly pallor.



"Hi! One of the Beautiful People is home!"

"Look there!" He extended a shaking finger, his voice muted to a hoarse whisper. "Do you see it—in between the salt beef and the salami?"

"Of course," I said, wondering what the

deuce possessed him. "It's pâté—surely you're familiar with it. Those are truffles—"

The derisive laugh he essayed emerged as a croak. "They may be to you, sir," he said wildly. "To me they're a warning, and, believe me, those tiny devils will stick at nothing. They're fiends, I tell you—remorseless, horrible." He clenched his fist. "Ah, but I'll teach them," he said through his teeth. "They'll rue the day they trifled with Monk Hesseltine. . . ."

Well, I couldn't make head or tail of his ranting, and, frankly, I didn't much want to. I was getting pretty sick of Mr. Hesseltine and his assorted tremors, his half disclosures that led nowhere. I mean, thanks to Beerbohm, Maugham, et al., I'd marooned myself in an impossible situation, and what guarantee was there that this eccentric—a loathsome little roach, by any standard—would ever divulge his story? So, promptly after dinner, I packed my things, left a forwarding address in London, and cleared off. As I crossed the lounge, I beheld Hesseltine in a corner, his head buried in a newspaper, and reflected how becoming it looked; someone should advise him to wear it that way permanently. He must have spied my departure through the swing doors, because he bolted to his feet once again—a reflex I also had had a bellyful of. It was the last I saw of him, and, as subsequent events proved, almost the last anyone did.

THREE days later at Grommet's, my favorite West End hotel, I was breakfasting in the Edwardian atmosphere carefully preserved for Americans when word came that a lady wished to see me. To my undisguised gratification, she was a tall, ravishing brunette—no longer a girl, she must have been twenty-seven if a day—with wide-set violet eyes, a creamy complexion, and a figure that narrowly missed being voluptuous. At the sound of her name, I gave an involuntary start—a residue, doubtless, of my sojourn at Bexhill-on-Sea.

"Cosima Hesseltine?" I repeated. "Are you related to the man—"

She nodded gravely. "His niece," she said. "Uncle Monk wrote me that if anything happened to him I was to notify you. I'm afraid it has." She sighed in manifest perplexity. "He was murdered by a poisoned arrow night before last."

I stared at her, unable to credit my senses. "Poor old duffer, then there *was* some basis . . . I say, do they know who did it?"

IS THERE A DR. JOHNSON IN THE HOUSE?

Do you know with whom I feel a temperamental kinship? I will tell you with whom—
It is Dr. Johnson, who said, "Tomorrow I purpose to regulate my room."
That statement has a valiant sound to it,
But, being a temperamental kinsman of his, I bet he never got around to it.
Myself in a similar situation I daily find;
Tomorrow I purpose to regulate my mind.
My mind to me a refuse heap is, of odds and bodkins, of snips and snails, of scraps and shards;
It is as useful to me as a deck of fifty-one cards.
I often tend to forget my home telephone number and even my own surname, or patronymic,
Probably because I am so busy remembering that Benjamin Harrison was married first to Caroline Lavinia Scott and later to Mrs. Mary Scott Dimmick.
When I try to recall a tune that I like, my memory is dormant in Ephesus with the Seven Sleepers,
The only tunes I can remember are ones I detest, such as "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" and "Jeepers Creepers, Where'd Ya Get Those Peepers?"
I can give you the date (1689) of the Toleration Act in favor of the Dissenters, as well as the Act of Grace, because I am so knowledgeable, speaking William and Mary-wise,
But I drive blocks out of my way because I forget whether Manhattan's even-numbered streets are westbound and the odd-numbered eastbound, or contrariwise.
Coming up with useful information is a feat that my mind is less than quick at,
But as for things I'd just as soon never have known, it is so full of them that it is like the orchestra that had more musicians in it than the conductor could shake a stick at.

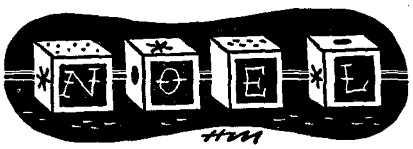
—OGDEN NASH

• •

"Not a single clue. It's like the other time, two years ago, when Daddy succumbed. That was a poisoned arrow, too. Oh, I'm so alone." She swayed, and I daresay would have fallen had I not quickly caught her in an encircling arm.

"Here, child, suppose you have a cup of tea and tell me about it," I urged. "And remember, I'll need every detail, even those you deem unimportant, if we're to get to the bottom of this."

In actual fact, Cosima's knowledge of the prior case was all too scanty, since she had been botanizing in the Hebrides at the time, but she imparted several bits of information that seemed significant. For one, Jabez Hesseltine—actually her stepfather, and quite ancient—had wandered much in Africa in his youth, where his brother, Monk, was stationed. (So that explained the latter's cryptic fear of Bechuanaland, I thought exultantly.) Furthermore, Jabez had sustained *his* mortal wound during an archery contest at a charity bazaar in Shropshire, one participant in which had been a pint-sized African who disappeared in the melee.

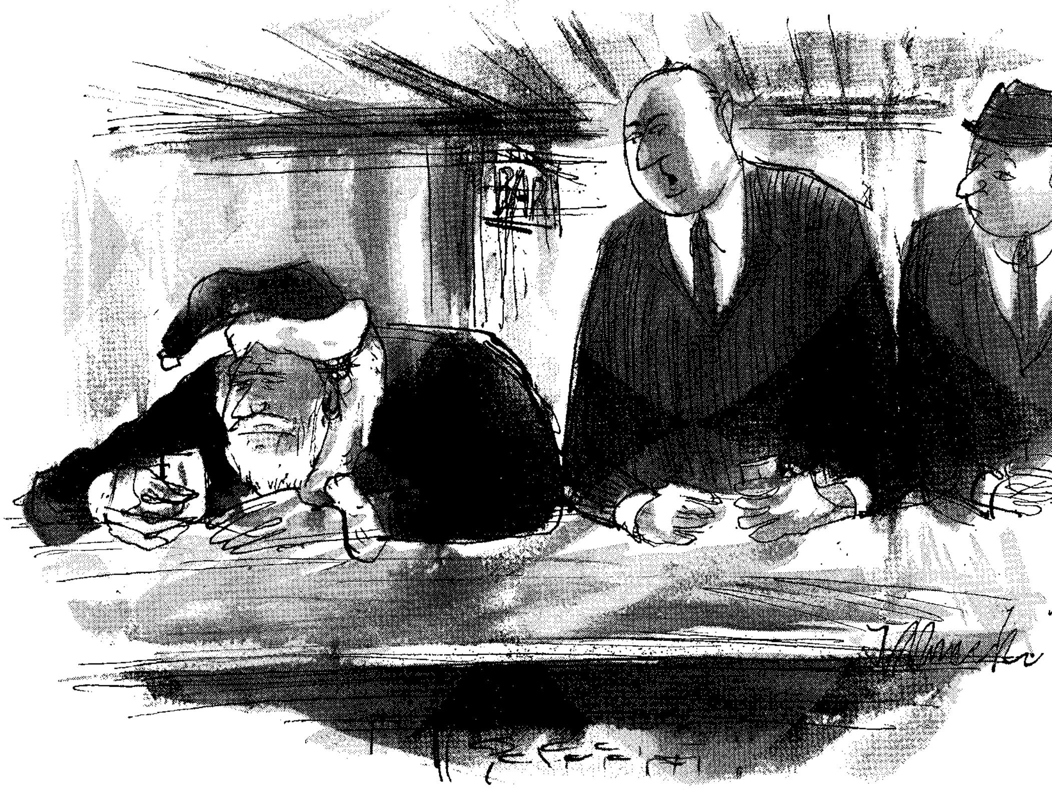


"A pure coincidence, possibly, and yet . . ." Striving to construct a hypothesis from what I knew, I had to confess myself baffled. There was, nonetheless, another element worth exploring, and I seized on it. "Miss Hesseltine, do you recall your stepfather's ever expressing aversion to any particular food? Try to remember—it may be vital."

"Let me think." She chewed her nether lip pensively, without, however, marring its lush ripeness. "He didn't fancy bangers and mash, or treacle tart, and he disliked potted shrimp— Wait a moment!" She giggled in recollection. "He utterly abhorred truffles! Flew into a passion if anyone even breathed the word."

"Capital!" I exclaimed. "I see a glimmer of light in the murk. Now, a final query, and I hope you won't consider it officious in the light of our short acquaintance. What are your financial circumstances?"

Thoroughbred that she was, she never flinched at the question; rather, womanlike, she intuitively understood that her cause was mine henceforth, our paths intermingled. Her answer,



"All right, so if something isn't done about it, reindeer will soon become extinct. Now let's talk about something else, O.K.?"

• •

though, only added fresh mystification. Twice a year following Jabez Hesseltine's demise, she had received a draft for twenty thousand francs from a Monsieur Épinard, resident in Périgueux. ("The heart of the goose-liver country," I interjected, hanging on every word.) No explanation accompanied the money, and while Cosima was sorely troubled that its source might be felonious, she had reasoned, womanlike, that it was there to be spent, and spent it freely.

"D-do you think that was terrible of me?" she asked tremulously. "After all, a girl needs clothes—she can't go around naked. . . ."

I thought the time unpropitious to argue the point, and besides I wanted an hour's solitude to puzzle things out over a pound of the best shag. I therefore packed Cosima off to her flat in Haunch of Venison Yard with the injunction not to stir, and applied myself to the problem. What with the impact of my caller and the fumes of the tobacco, it was heavy weather evolving a rationale, but when the phone shrilled and a frightened voice came over the wire, I instinctively knew the situation was no longer static.

"On the bathmat!" Cosima was well-nigh breathless. "A wee little footprint, like a pygmy's! Oh, darling, it was ghastly! I was just getting into the tub, without a stitch on—"

"Yes, yes," I broke in, vexed at the implication that I could not visualize the scene. "It might have been the charwoman's, or a chimney sweep's. Have you checked?" She had, and neither could enlighten her. A sudden inspiration struck me. "Cosima—you noticed nothing else? A piece of bowstring, perhaps? An exotic, musky odor of any kind?"

"No, but I found a scrap of cloth, of the sort aborigines wear—"

"Listen to me carefully, my dear," I said in a tone that brooked no dissent. "You are to join me in forty-five minutes at the West London Air Terminal in Cromwell Road, taking an overnight bag. Your life is in very great hazard, as is that of someone else, and pray that we arrive ahead of the nemesis stalking you both. And hurry, I implore you, if you value my love."

Five hours later, the plane that had borne us over the placid, rolling expanse of south-central France touched down at the Périgueux airport, and by dusk the two of us, albeit travel-worn, were engaged in a feverish search for Polydore Épinard, Cosima's mysterious benefactor. No trace of his whereabouts could we elicit until our zigzag course led us to Mme. Embonpoint, *patronne* of the town's leading restaurant, Le Poulet en Empois (The Chicken in Starch).

"*Bien sûr,*" she said, smoothing her bombazine reminiscently. "A valued client and an old beau, Polydore—we used to attend dinner parties together and I always bestowed my favors on heem. He dwells in a mansion at Autrefois, three leagues distant. Singularly, you are ze second gentleman who inquires for heem zis *après-midi.* A small African type—*un homme primitif*, visibly—was here not ten minutes ago . . ."

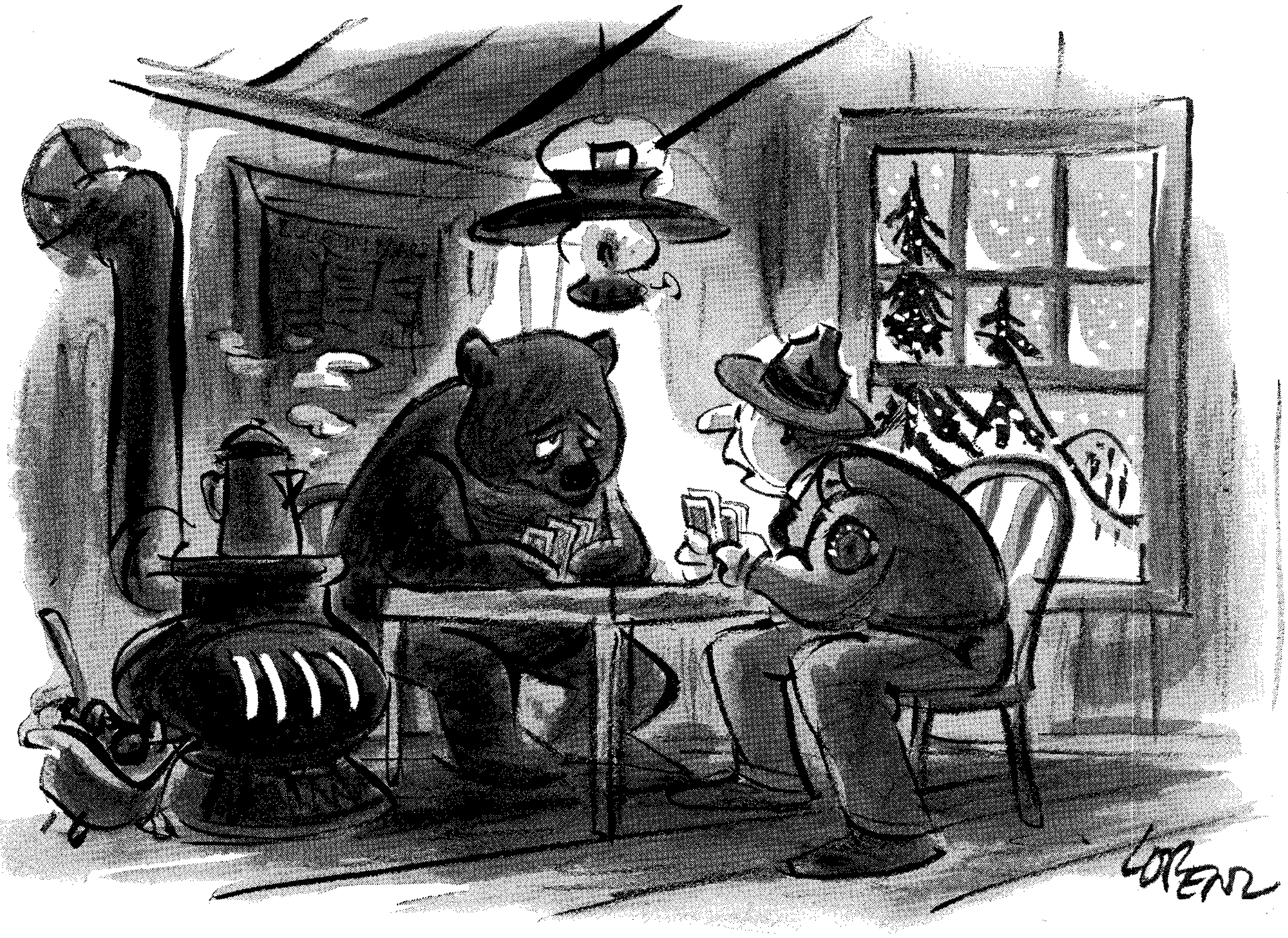
The rest of her speech was lost on us, for we were already *en voiture* speeding toward Autrefois. Épinard's villa, set in a walled enclosure barred by massive gates, looked an impenetrable fortress; not a light showed in its grim façade, nor did our repeated halloos evoke any response. Providentially, an overhanging branch offered access to the grounds, and seconds afterward we were crouched outside a ground-floor window, the catch of which had been left unfastened by some oversight. With a reassuring squeeze to bolster Cosima's courage, I flung open the sash, parted the heavy curtains, and stepped inside. In the same instant, a portly, bewhiskered gentleman whose purple nose exactly matched his dressing gown sprang from an easy chair and caught up a poker.

"Who are you, sir?" he demanded angrily. "By what right do you invade the residence of Polydore Épinard, head of the Syndicat Facultatif des Exportateurs de Truffes [Discretionary Council of Truffle Shippers] in this unprincipled manner?"

"Explanations are superfluous at the moment, Monsieur, other than to introduce Mlle. Hesseltine, a person with whom I believe you are not unacquainted," I rapped out. A look of utter stupefaction, tinged with guilt, blanched his countenance. "For the rest, I can assure you that if you wish to see tomorrow's sunrise you will obey my instructions to the letter. Have you by some chance a portrait bust of yourself?"

"As it happens, *oui,*" he vouchsafed, pointing to a nearby bookshelf. "A lifelike head presented by grateful colleagues in recognition—"

"Spare the particulars, friend. We are not compiling a biography," I in-



"Aw, come on! Just one more hand before you turn in."

terrupted. "Pose the sculpture here next to the window, and let us drape over it your smoking cap and gown for added verisimilitude. . . . There," I said briskly. "I think the shadow on that pane will lure the game we want. And now, into the shrubbery with the three of us to await developments."

They were not long in coming. Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed before a dwarfish figure, clad in a loincloth and armed with a bow, stole onto the moonlit lawn. He had taken aim at Épinard's silhouette and was about to loose his frightful missile when, at a concerted signal, his intended victim and I threw ourselves on him. How a mere homuncule could have displayed such amazing strength was beyond me, but his struggle was unavailing, and soon, trussed up like a fowl, he was en route to Périgueux in the custody of two gendarmes, a very chopfallen Bushman indeed, to answer for his misdeeds.

"A LITTLE more cognac, *mes amis*? Do, I beg of you—it has no equal in the district." We were in Épinard's study, numb with fatigue but absorbed in his history of a bizarre cabal hatched in Africa five decades earlier. "Well, as I was saying, Jabez Hesseltine and a fellow-adventurer named Hoopoe, prospecting in the Kalahari in 1912, stumbled on the truffle deposits used by the Bushmen. Playing on the credulity of the savages, they promised their chief a substantial share of the millions they foresaw, assuring him in honeyed words [*paroles de miel*] that they could secure a monopoly through Monk, then commercial attaché in the British Consulate. The quartet swore a blood oath to honor the agreement—"

"Whereupon the Hesseltines betrayed their confederates," I finished. "They sought you out and so panicked you at the impending threat to French truffle culture that you paid them a staggering bribe to abandon the enterprise."

"I confess it," Épinard admitted sheepishly, "though how on earth you arrived at it I cannot imagine."

I said that, given certain postulates, the conclusion was inescapable.

"As was Bushman vengeance," he corroborated. "They expunged innocent Hoopoe in their fury, then the Hesseltines, and had it not been for you and your fair adjutrix I might have been a *canard mort* this minute. Shall I ever be able to repay you?"

"Well, those semi-annual drafts to Cosima will help, if I read aright the promise in her eyes," I said. A blush rivalling that of a peony confirmed her readiness to have Épinard spend the rest of his life taking care of us both.

"*Alors, Monsieur*, it has been a momentous day, but now our *chemins* must diverge. *Adieu.*"

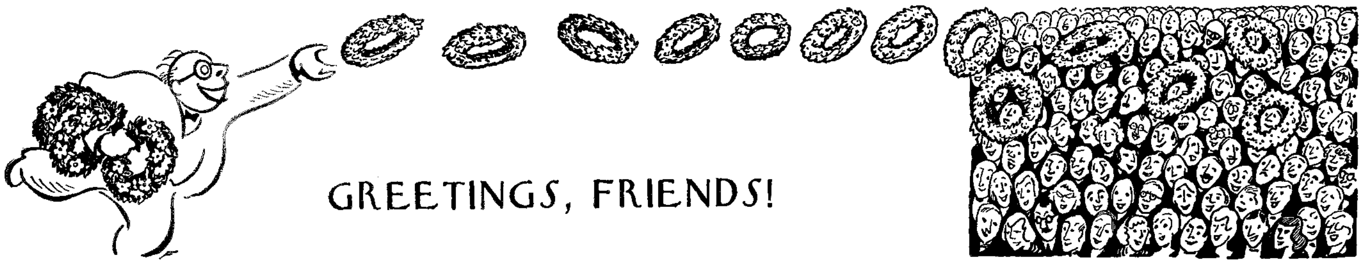
And so we left one adventure and began a second, my Cosima and I, two victims of another archer—the blind bowboy, sometimes yclept Dan Cupid. But I guess the gods—Beerbohm, Maugham, and Saki—willed otherwise. I was seated in the hairdresser's at Grommet's next morning when this eccentric—a manicurist . . .

—S. J. PERELMAN

•

There are major differences to be noted today in aerospace manufacturing from the day when "Lucky" Lindbergh put an airplane together in 1927 with "some chicken wire and a prayer" and flew across the Atlantic in 3½ hours. —*Encyclopedia of Careers and Vocational Guidance.*

What are they?



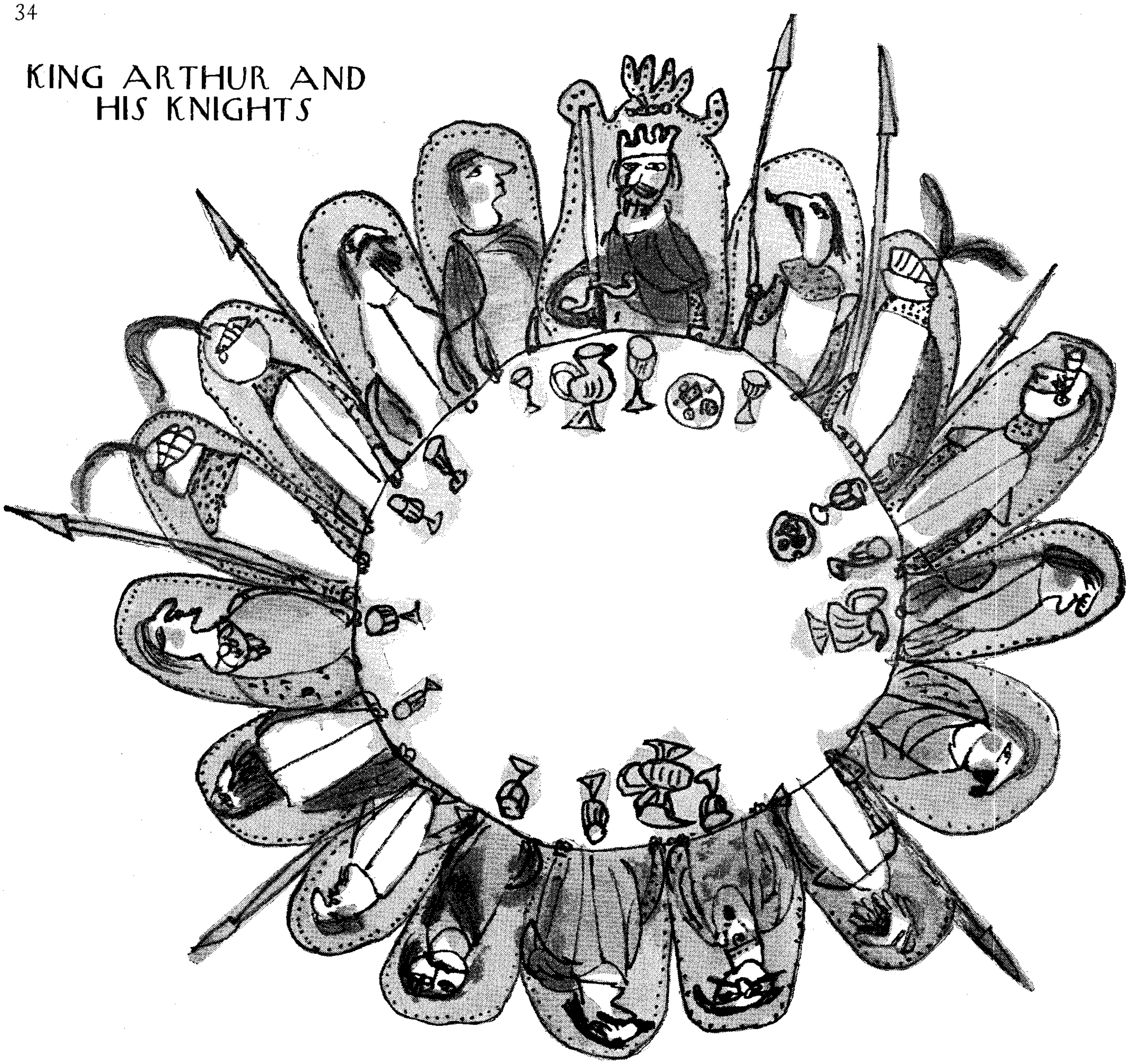
GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Believe it or not, friends, as you please,
But the world has seen worse times than these,
So what can you lose if you take a chance
And join again in our holiday dance?
Come, follow your aged Fezziwig
As he capers in a rheumatic jig
To celebrate the Christmas season
With doubtful rhyme, and not much reason.
In spite of all, we'll caterwaul
To compliment George W. Ball;
We'll shoot the jocund Christmas blarney
To gladden the spirits of Art Carney;
Dispense some well-meant holiday corn
For Archibald Cox and Marilyn Horne;
And stage a proper New Year bash
For Ross Hunter, Arthur Ashe,
John W. Gardner, Lee J. Cobb,
And Miss Lucinda Desha Robb!
Thanks be, the raucous campaign's done,
But now comes Congress 91,
So there's not much hope that coming days
Will give us a respite from clichés.
Ring out Lyndon! Ring in Dick!
Prexy-elect, we hope you click.
Wisdom to all your deliberations;
Bonne chance to the Paris conversations.
Well done, Muskie! Well fought, Hube!
Accept the cheers of this upstate rube,
Whose honeyed words at Christmastide
Go out to Eric Sevareid,
To Kenya's runners and Kenyatta,
And to Yasunari Kawabata.
We'll gladly waggle these ancient tonsils
To shout hurrah for the Dudley Bonsals,
For Colin Watson, Jacqueline Bryan,
Millen Brand, and Mitchell Ryan.
We'll ululate for America's youth,
So charming and, at times, uncouth.
We'll shower frankincense and myrrh
On Gene McCarthy and Raymond Burr;
We'll rain down lotus leaves and manna
On painter Robert Indiana.
Hark! Peals of bells for Walt Kelly,
Claude Chabrol, and Melvin Belli—
And bid the ringers they make sure
To add a welkin for Roger Moore.
Come, roast the bird and stuff it with oyster
To sate Vermont Connecticut Royster;
Fill the pudding with raisin and plum
For Judy Garland (née Frances Gumm),
And send a bushel or two of Bayer
To John, our patient, harassed Mayor.
May joy and peace be Joanne Woodward's,
And may we add a few more good words
To voice esteem for Arlene Dahl,
Nellie Nichols, and Judith DePaul?
We'll kick up our heels with Clark Clifford,
Janis Joplin, and Charlie Sifford;
We'll gyrate in a deft fandango
With Ishbel Ross, and then we'll tango
With Enid Nemy, Irene Dailey,
Marta Fitzgerald, and Pearl Bailey;
We'll cut in on the Tigers' Denny McLain
When he starts to waltz with Barbara Bain
(Denny, now you're free to dance
With the winsome Mrs. Cyrus Vance),
And then we'll startle Seymour Krim
With carols sung by Tiny Tim.
Descant now, Simon & Garfunkel,
To honor Theadora Van Runkle,
And when you're finished will you come and
Do your thing for Roscoe Drummond?
Yule is the time when we ought to be partial
To sterling chaps like E. G. Marshall;
It's also a time when we should not
Speak aught but love to George C. Scott,
Jacob Javits, Cary Grant,
Zoe Caldwell, Mary Quant,
Leonid Hambro, Daniel Bell,
The Grateful Dead, and Jiri Menzel.
Hail from the undersigned acclaimer
To the Packers' rugged Jerry Kramer!
Ave, Bill Freehan, All-Star catcher!
God rest you, Gary's Mayor Hatcher!
A cup of kindness for Donald Frame;
For the gallant Czechs, more of the same;
And beakers of well-spiced Christmas brews
For Wystan Auden and Senator Hughes.
Let's carol hymns in dulcet tones
To add to the glee of James Earl Jones,
Ben Shahn, Ed Bartnett,
And David and his partner Chet.
May we impose on you, John Doar,
To select at some expensive store
Some frills for Jacqueline du Pré,
Julia Child, and Elaine May?
Now, ladies, step to the mistletoe
With Canada's Prime, Pierre Trudeau!
We beam good will in particular
To Commodore Geoffrey Thrippleton Marr;
We beam it too at William Wyler,
Judy Carne, and Veronica Tyler,
And we'll assume that Wilfrid Sheed
Feels similar warmth for Kay Creed,
Boom Boom Geoffrion, Shirley Bassey,
John Wood, and Haile Selassie.
Huzza for the marriage of Williams and Vassar!
Peace to Israel, peace to Nasser!

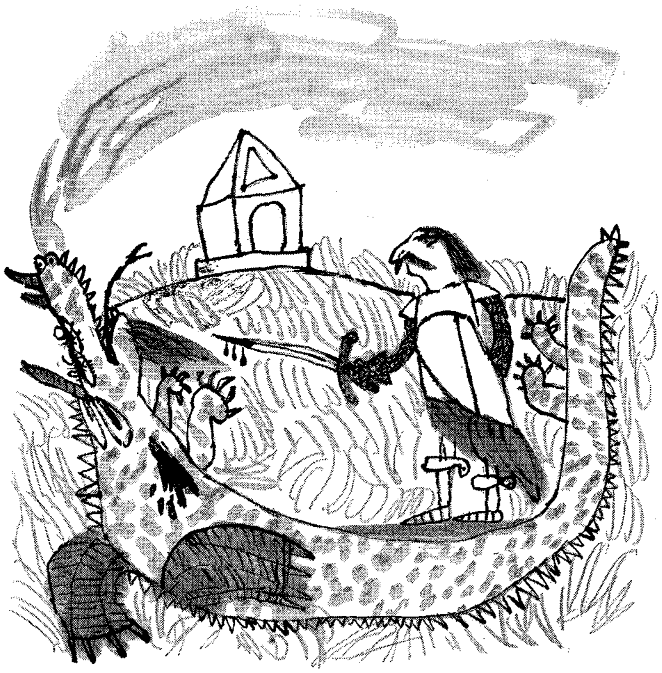
Now at the close of our doggerel
We wish you all a fond Noël:
Friends, may the Star become a sign
Of hope and sense in '69.
From war and frights at last let's pass
To peace, says your old Wenceslas.

—Frank Sullivan

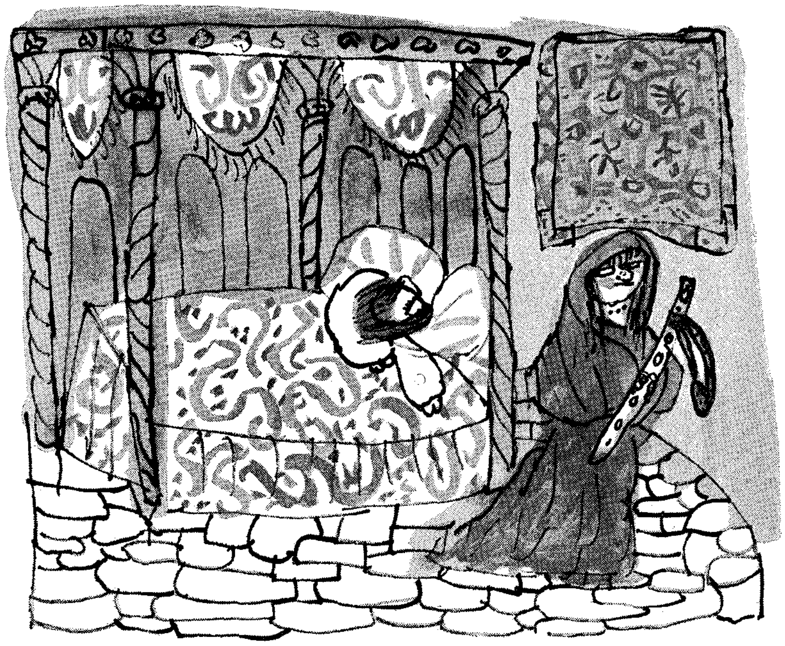
KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS



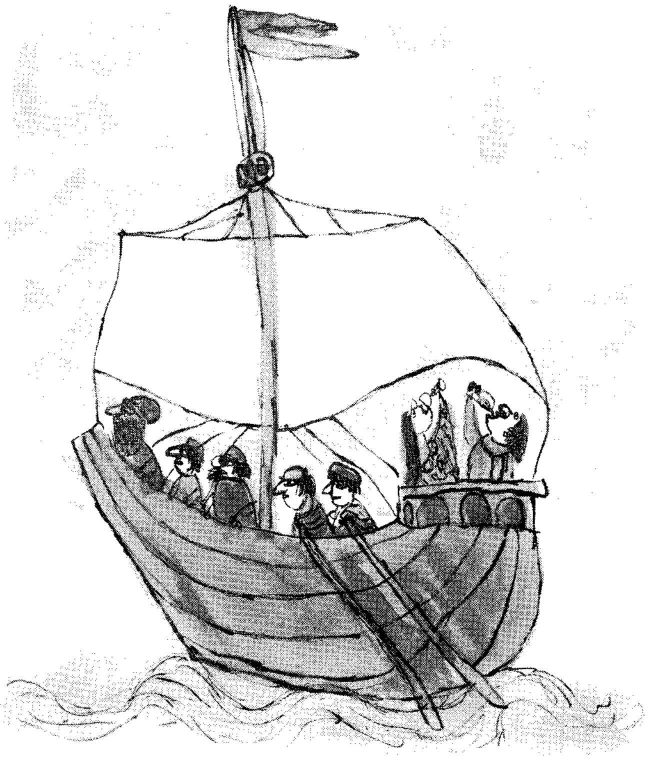
The Round Table



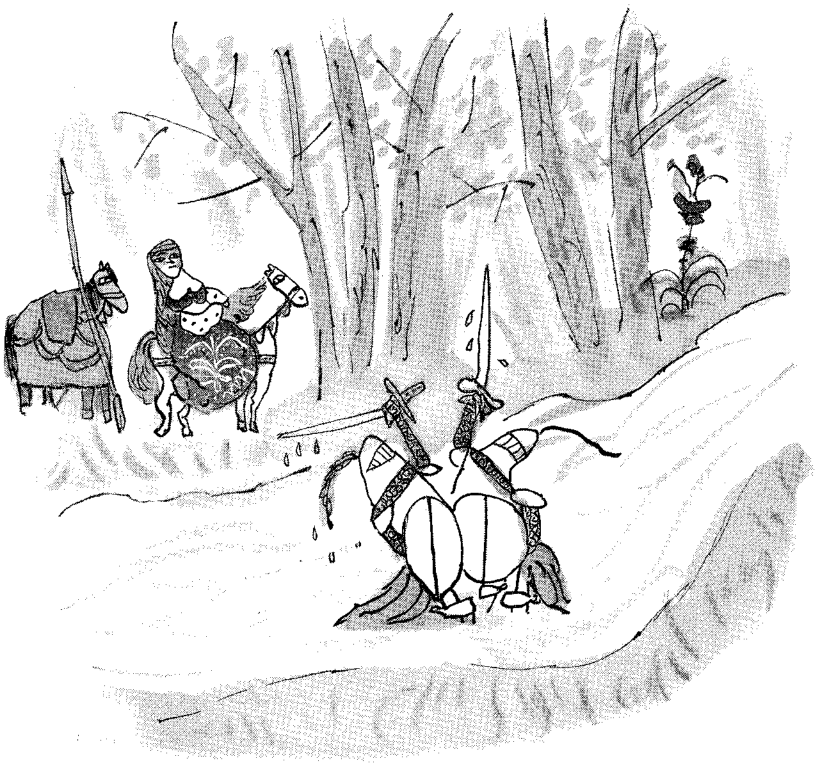
Lancelot Slays the Dragon



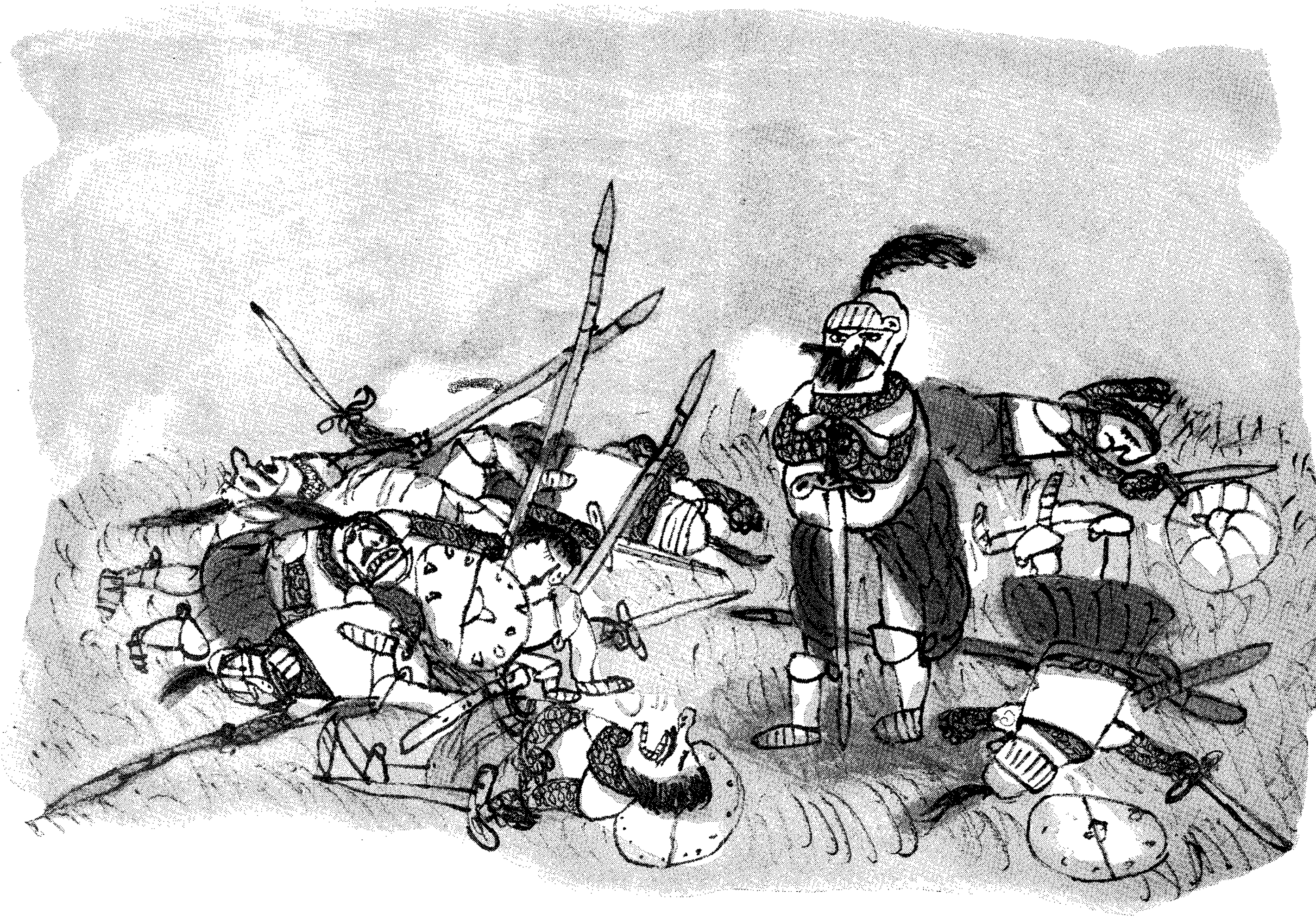
The Sword Excalibur



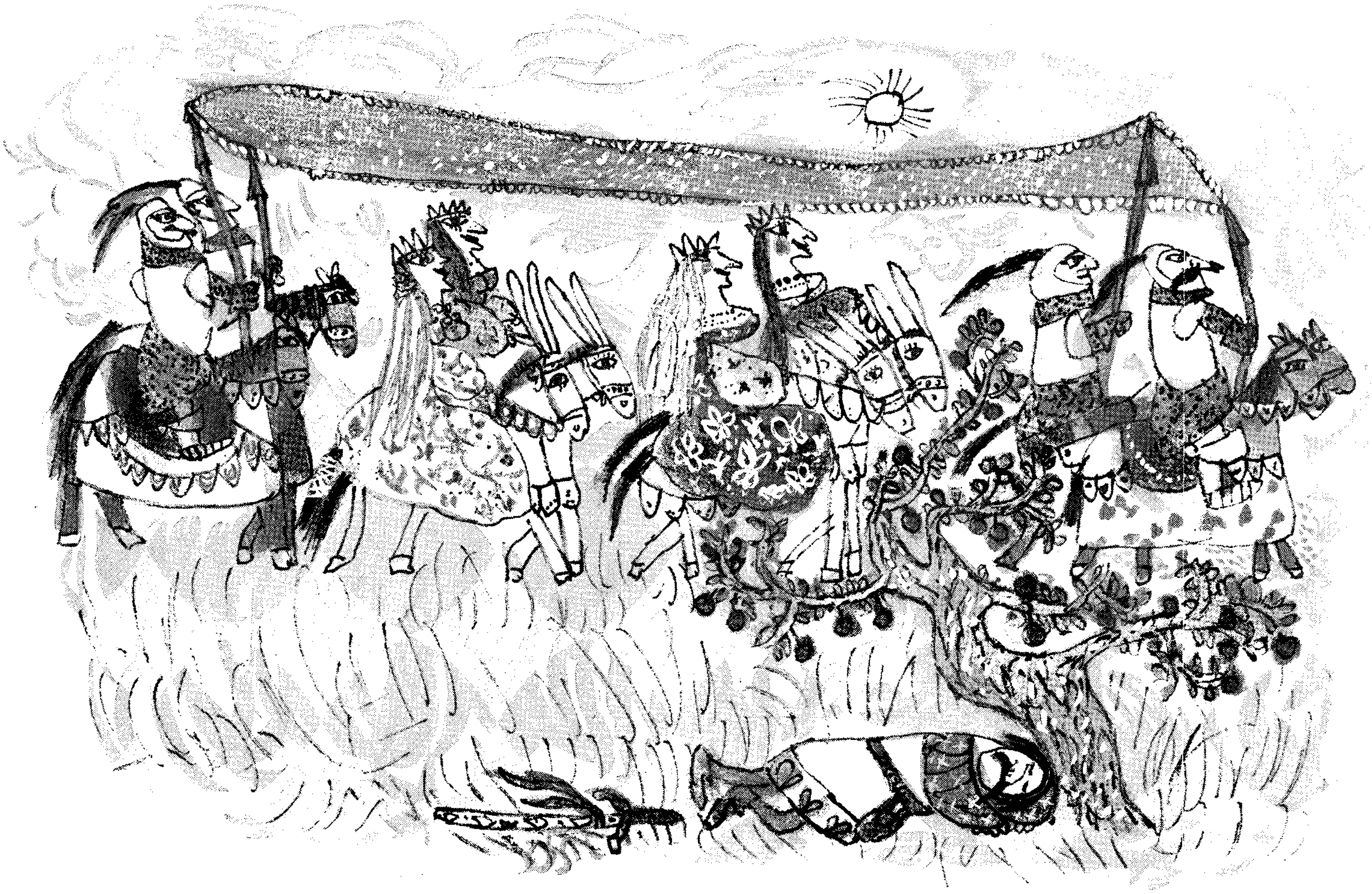
Tristram and Iseult Drink
the Magic Draught



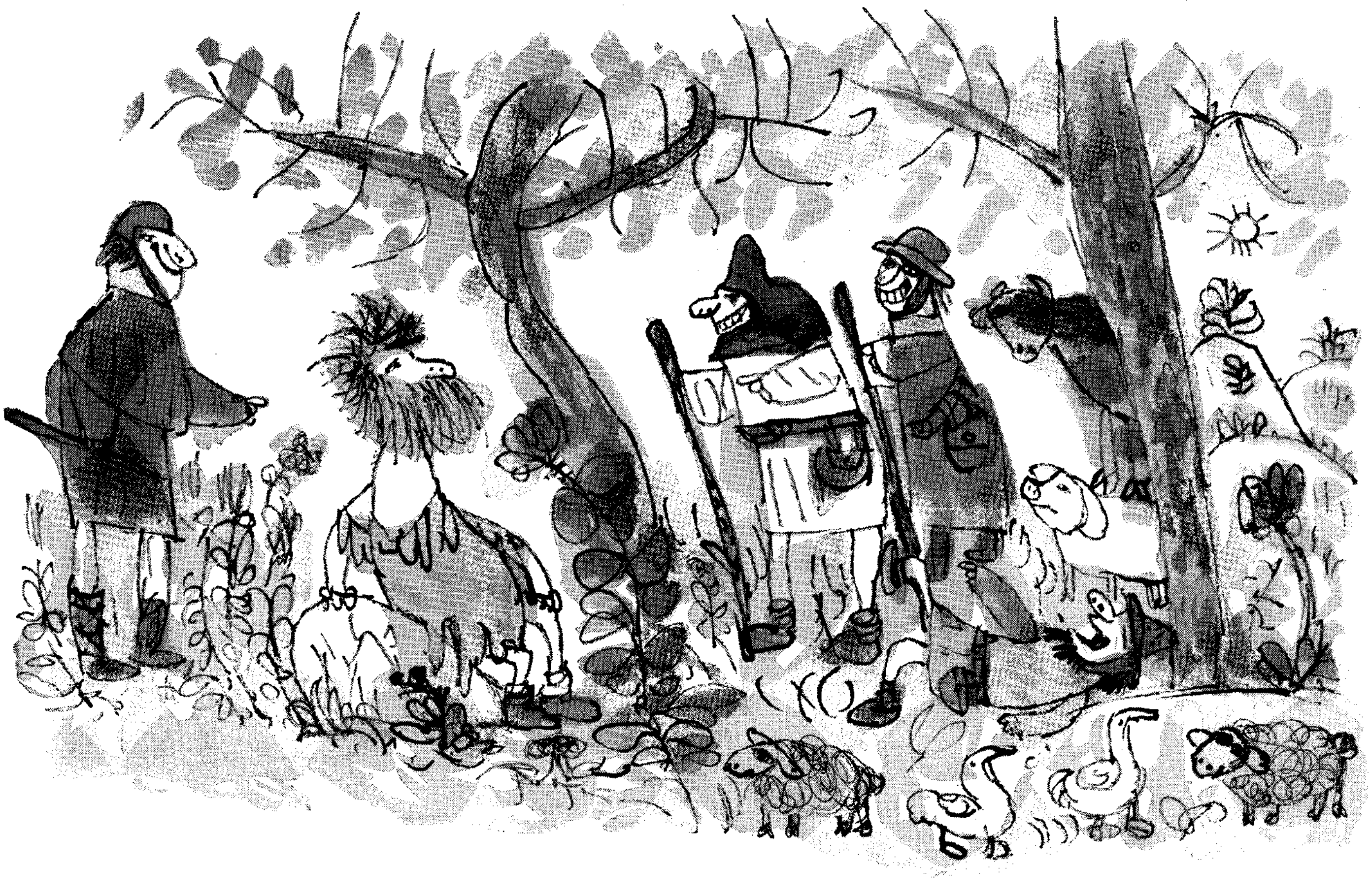
Beaumains Does Battle in the Middle of a River



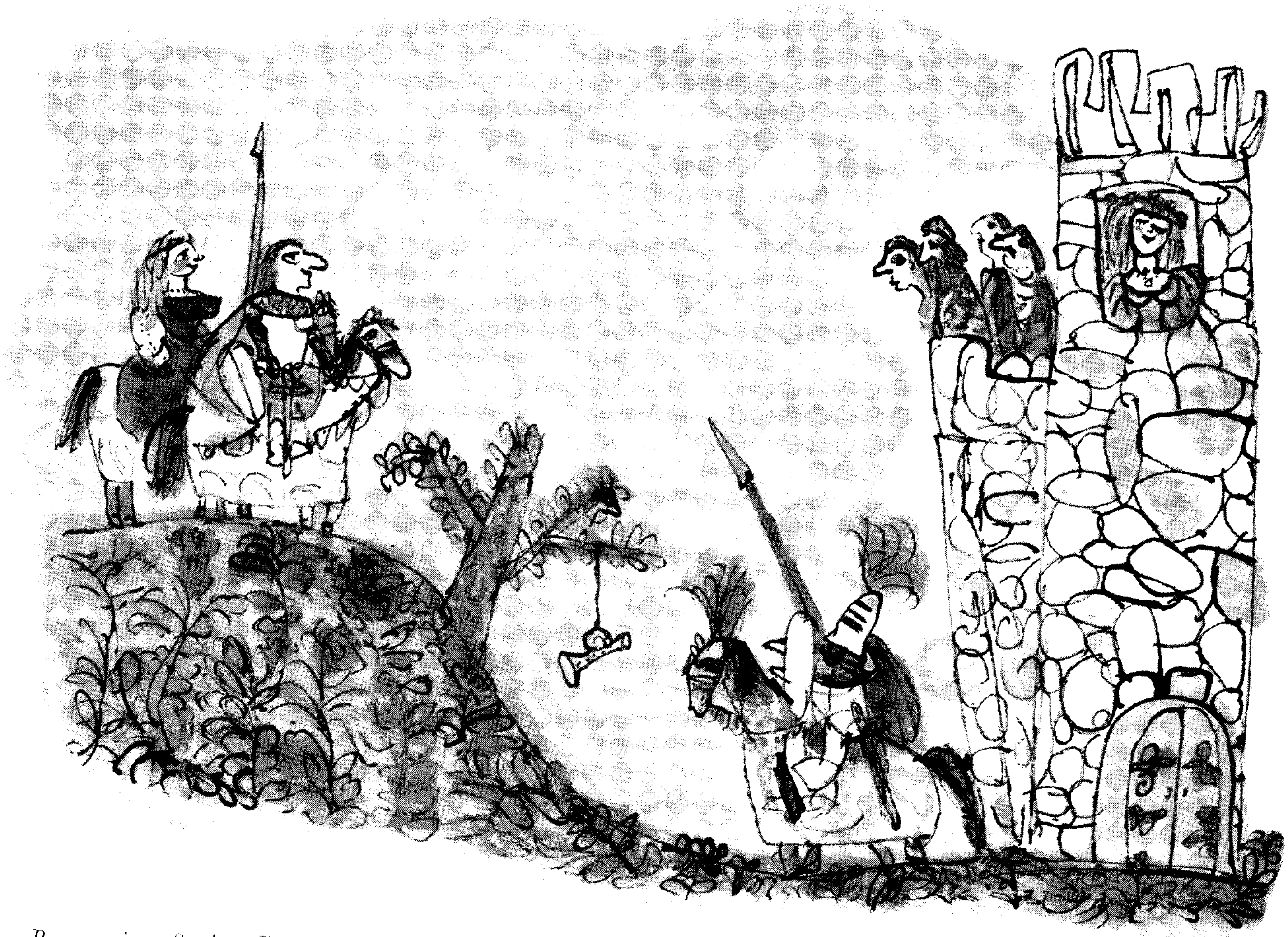
The Wicked Sir Mordred Rests on His Sword Among the Slain Knights



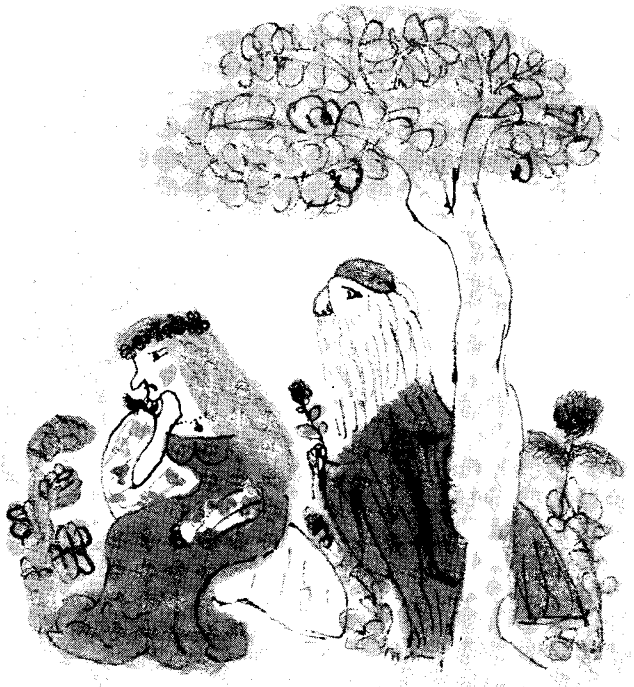
Four Queens on Four White Mules Pass the Sleeping Lancelot



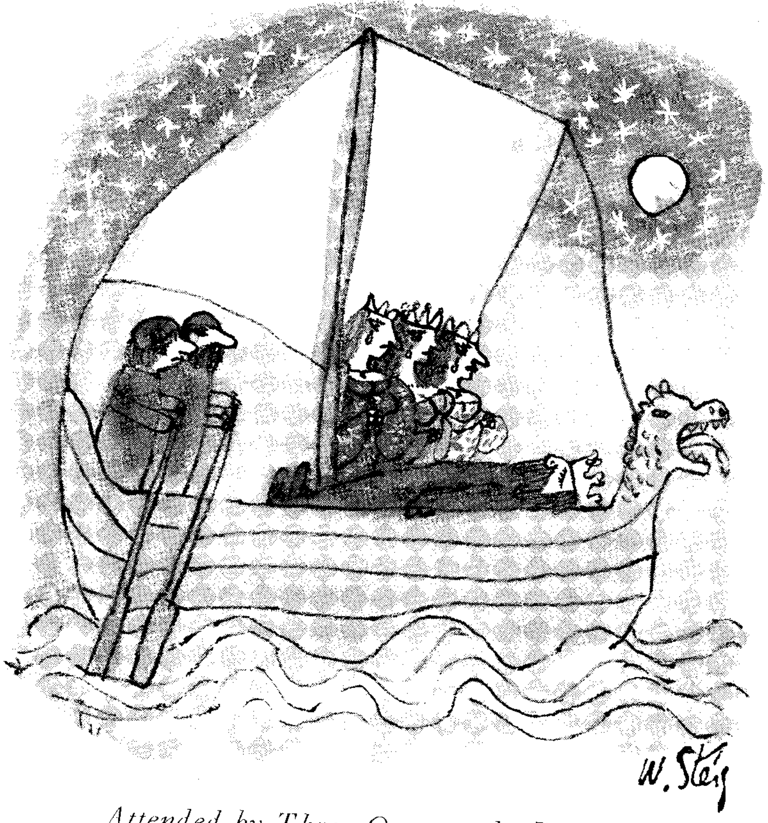
Wandering Herdsmen Make Mock of the Mad Tristram



Beaumains, Seeing Dame Liones, Swears She Is the Fairest Lady He Has Ever Looked Upon



The Lady Nimuë Grows Weary of the Doting Merlin



Attended by Three Queens, the Dying Arthur Is Borne Away

REFLECTIONS

A EUROPEAN FROM AMERICA IN EUROPE

Departure and Arrival

QUITE an uneasy feeling: I feel European, but I am no longer European. Cathedrals and Giordano Bruno, the Lorelei, Flaubert, Chopin, Buckingham Palace, and Gorgonzola still have meaning for me—a blend of sentimentalism and tender snobbery. And I am fully aware of the hidden content of Tuscan chapels and of Copenhagen's urban landscape which is missing from American chapels and the angular maps of American cities. But, events at the Sorbonne notwithstanding, European university halls and auditoriums lack something that American campuses are filled with: a special kind of involvement in mankind's tormented present—an involvement crucial for the shaping of the future.

The Realm of Things

THERE is something in the structural pattern of the American realm of things which makes an object—tree, railway, bridge, car, water tower, horizon—look different from a similar one in Europe. Certainly objects vary according to regions, and a window, a chair, or a kettle changes its form and character with each European country. Nevertheless, each form is European. After forty years of conscious European existence, I prefer the American version of the elevator, the mule cart, and the sense of privacy.

Doctrine

DOCTRINE is the essence, the nucleus, and the core of European civilization. Americans dared build a civilization upon the simple premise that it is better to make things better than to arrange them according to a doctrine. Until the end of their days as inhabitants of an independent continent, Europeans will never pardon them.

The Giant Shadow Cast Across the Ocean

EVERY European has an overwhelming awareness of America's existence, not only as a powerful political factor whose decisions can influence the historical issues but as an omnipresent entity whose heterogeneous radiation affects every sphere of experience, mental as well as material. In Europe, everyone lives *with* America. An imaginary belief that everything is better in America is somehow ingrained in the European consciousness. This is all but impossible to explain to anyone who is not a European by birth. One would do well to remember that the Argonauts were Europeans.

Sitting in a Paris Coffeehouse

WHEN one is sitting in a Paris coffeehouse—which is an ideological attitude—reading a Paris journal, watching a Paris street, one thinks of America as a stronghold of seriousness. For a whole epoch, a paper nose and a clownish straw hat symbolized America for many Europeans. I agree that there is plenty of naïveté in the American *Weltanschauung;* America's vision of life and the world, chiefly as this is mirrored in its press, often bears marks of an insupportable simplism. But America's pragmatic idealism is serious, its moral endeavor solid. In comparison, the European pretense to omniscience seems childish.

On the Paris Student Revolution

IT'S difficult and thankless to try to act like *sans-culottes* in an age of *prêt à porter* (ready-to-wear).

Introduction to Geosandwichology

THE complexities of the current geopolitical situation can be easily deduced from the difference between sandwiches. I daresay that the concept of a sandwich symbolizes the basic gap between our two continents. In Europe, they eat bread with some ham, cheese, liverwurst (whatever). In America, we eat ham, cheese, liverwurst (whatever) with just an insignificant bit—a traditional touch—of bread.

Ciudad Real

THE very heart of Spain. There is the same powerfully good smell in the streets of this provincial Castilian town as in Madrid and Toledo. It is the men who smell so good—the males. A strong smell of not always refined perfume follows them when they pass. It would be interesting to know what they distrust so. Their own hygiene? Is it the general abhorrence of the body? Their distrust may derive from the ancient traditional awareness of the filth of the flesh, a medieval conviction that man's body is the abode of the worst fetors—an attitude toward the human form easy to see in the paintings of José Ribera and Francisco de Zurbarán. In Spain, Christianity was always connected with a deep contempt for the body, unable to free itself from ugliness, deformity, faults, and abomination. In fact, the Middle Ages here were one huge stench, diffused in the churches by incense. The Church, although still very mighty, has lost some of its power of persuasion and solace. The cosmetic industry has taken its place.

Córdoba

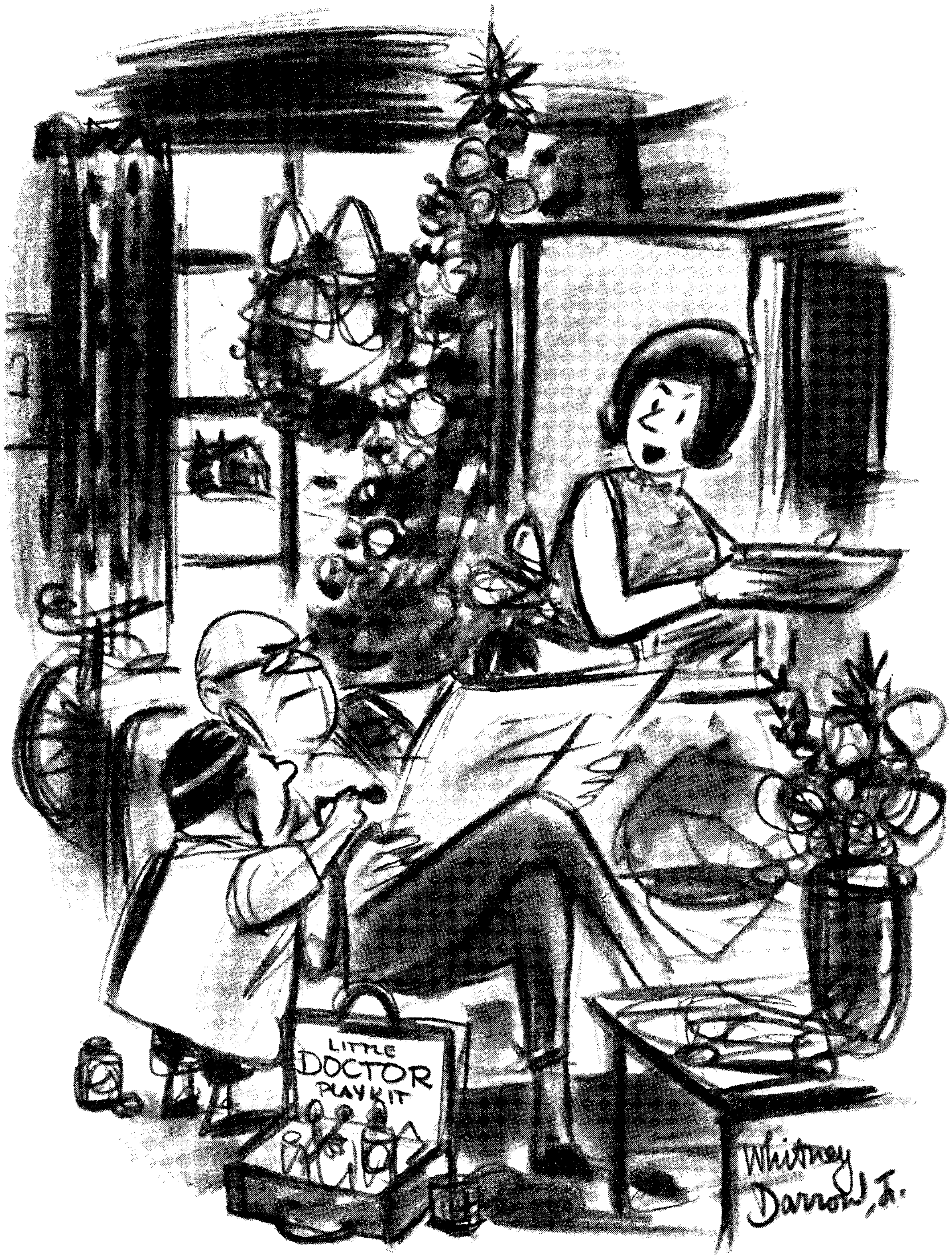
MY modest Pensión de San Luis is situated in one of the narrowest streets in Córdoba and has a shabby but clean classic eighteenth-century patio. Thick, serene summer night air wraps the patio in navy-blue cotton. The innkeeper (from Cervantes) and the local parson (from Gustave Doré) sit watching a TV broadcast of the San Fermin festivities. Hemingway wrote his brilliant description of Pamplona during San Fermin just in time. Thirty years later, he might have had difficulty selling it to a publisher. Yet Hemingway's version is a thousand times as accurate and interesting as TV's artistic illiteracy. Again I'm struck by the poverty of contemporary ways of shaping man's imagination—this precious source of our successes on this earth.

Madrid

SHINING shoes is nowhere a very honorable occupation, but in Spain any situation in which one human being must polish the shoes of another is deeply humiliating. I would be unfair if I insisted that the humiliation was chiefly a product of the one whose shoes were being polished. He does sit in the most insolent and insulating pose, lolling at the coffeehouse table, conversing, and indicating clearly by his behavior how little meaning that human rag at his feet has for the rest of the universe. But something must be said in his defense. Look at the obvious shamelessness of the one who polishes! He behaves in a strange way: he doesn't have the discreet abashment of a European shoeshine boy, or the democratic *chutzpah* and camaraderie of a little Negro from the New York streets, or the menial cringe of an Oriental. He apparently finds masochistic pleasure in his humiliation; it gives him a legitimate right to hate the loller. And justified hatred is perhaps a highly refined delight of the Spanish soul.

SEVILLA

IT is a natural birthplace for theatre. Every wall fragment, little street, square, bend, or corner is a stage setting for a dramatic plot. Each scene inspires dramatic fancy. Here, there, and everywhere in these streets Figaro might shave and Carmen dance. Only here could the myth of Don Juan have been born, conceived out of the perennial lack of erotic satisfaction among the males. For a Spaniard, it is a miraculous legend about a man who had too many women, who was free to choose among them and then toss them away. In this country, where a woman guards her chastity with fierce stubbornness and shrewdness—for if she loses it by misadventure or through passion her life ends in a sewer—women's revenge upon men is formidable. Men spend hours sitting in the coffeehouses sentimentally holding hands (exaltation of friendship, not deviation), or sublimating their sensualism at the *corridas*. But they can go to bed only with their wives, or with whores. Hence the dreams about Don Juan and his exploits. Not until Central Europe invented psychoanalysis was it declared that Don Juan was perhaps simply impotent.

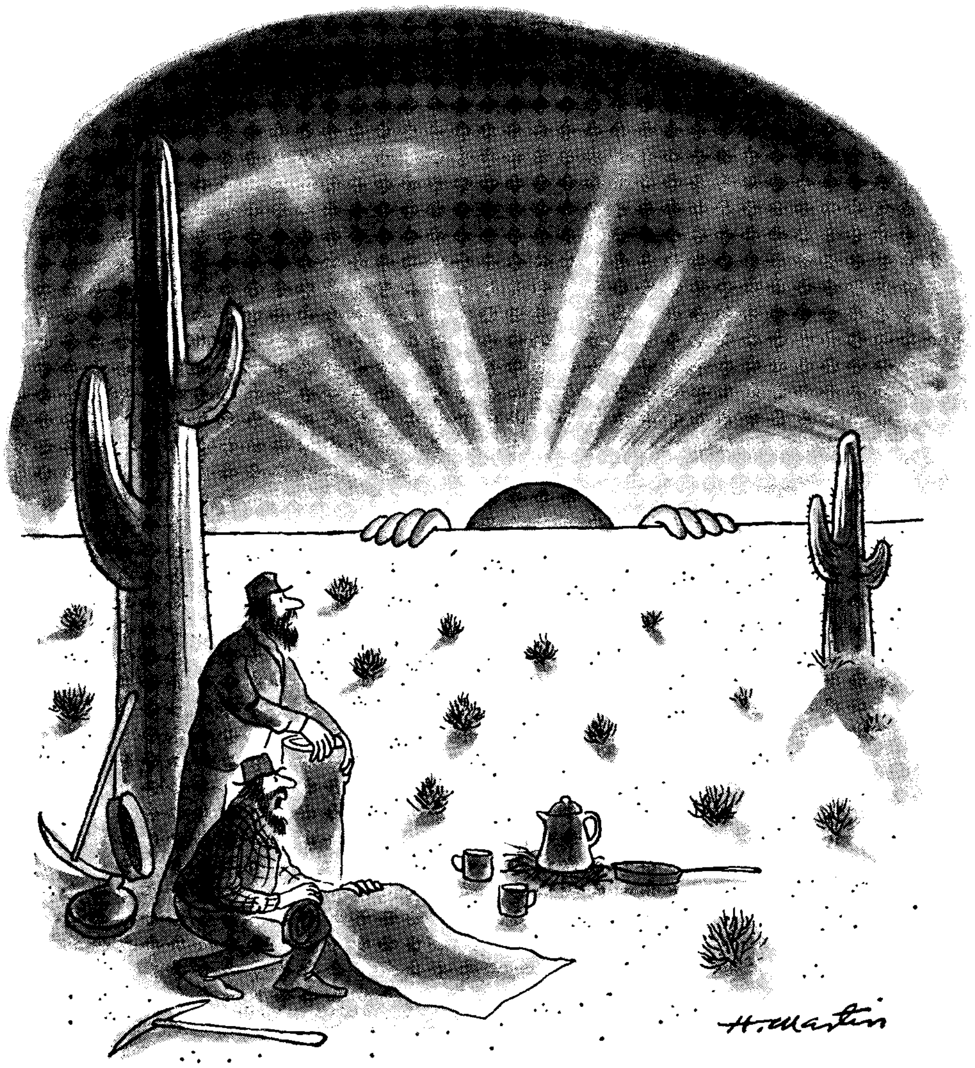


"Oh, for heaven's sake, Dad, inhale for the child!"

• •

GRANADA

I SAW my first *corrida* in Madrid. After a few minutes of initial excitement, caused by the sight and smell of blood and the general atmosphere of slaughter, I began to grow bored. An incessant series of killings and deaths finally becomes as monotonous as any repeated motif of life or art. I felt that mean, abject satisfaction of witnessing a cruel, dirty finish to natural existence which pins one's attention to the most repulsive spectacle, even when it makes one sick at one's stomach. Overcome by a sense of the grotesque, I also felt distant from what I was seeing, safe from spiritual engagement or genuine, sensual participation. Bulls jumped into the ring, filled with reckless kinetic energy, and later were dragged away by horses. In between, there was the transition from the jumping, dynamic, mindless, pulsating being to the blood-covered mass of animal matter. And what of the famous, glorified part of man in the undertaking? I had read countless descriptions of the graceful ritual ballet performed by the matadors, their mystic tradition, their liturgy of killing, their courage, and their almost religious sense of challenge. And, above all, I'd read and heard praise of their passion in risking their lives and safety at every minute of the fight. But here my opposition was born. I don't wish to sound contemptuous, or to dismiss the historical list of victims, but I think that every activity, or profession, that involves killing has to deal with the same perils. A butcher is trained to kill without inflicting harm on himself, but a nervous, unskilled butcher can easily chop his arm off. Anyone who has the slightest knowledge of boxing—primarily the art of avoiding and blocking blows—immediately recognizes the relative simplicity of the *torero's* task: a bull reminds one of a boxer who operates with an uppercut exclusively, and a skilled *torero* (who has firmly decided not to be mutilated) is able to avoid his hits endlessly. And here was the abuse, the gimmick, or the fraud. I wouldn't enjoy watching a fistfight in which one of the boxers was able to



"I just hope that's the old sun coming up."

• •

use only his uppercut while the other could swing punches from every possible angle, even if he exposed himself in an extravagant, audacious, and slightly clownish way.

I've gone to *corridas* since, in Sevilla and here in Granada, for I felt I had not found the most important and decisive reason for my rejection. I was especially puzzled that thousands of people, women and children among them (and I, too, among them), could get accustomed to violent death and agony, joking and laughing when the fumes of blood and slaughter were distinctly visible in the big animal's last breath. Children lick ice cream, mothers feed infants, married people quarrel, and I glance around for good-looking girls. Would such things be possible among people witnessing a horse's death? Could we behave the same way watching the agony of a dog, or even a chicken—we human beings, who are consciously aware of the exceptionality of the act of death? Probably plenty of these people are incapable of assisting at the drowning of kittens, not to mention the hunting of elephants by natives in Africa. Then it occurred to me. It is very simple. The bull is the only animal—or, surely, the only mammal—that dies without a protest against death. It dies like a heroic human being, ashamed of the ugliness of anguish and agony. Many times, I watched an awkward *torero*, unable to kill with that famous stroke of mercy which cuts life off instantly. Such a *torero* hacks the bull's throat, veins, aorta with his sword, and the animal is immobilized. It stands awhile, as if it knew its inevitable destiny; though blood is streaming in torrents from its nostrils, it does not try to escape its doom. Then, slowly, beautifully, it collapses on already powerless forelegs. And—most pathetic and moving—the bull dies *silently*. Every animal with enough power to scream, cry, ululate, thrash about, snuffle, rampage does it; only the bull ends with no sound. He fought, he lost, he accepts his fate with dignity. The contrast between the violent vitality of the mass of muscles a few minutes ago and the sudden, quiet resignation is appeasing. It erases our feelings of guilt, of harm done. If the bull tried to crawl away, if it moaned, jerked, howled like a wolf, we would be overcome by pity and terror. But the bull cares for attitude, pride, immaculate honor, and heroism, and this makes its death *spectacular*, and thus *bearable*, evoking no compassion. We human beings eagerly witness the end of grandeur, but we are rarely very emotional about it. The bull's silence in death was discovered ages ago by the Spaniards; they have used it to create a national pastime.

New Social Awareness and the Shampoo

"I DO not want freedom," a visitor from Eastern Europe told me in Paris. "I'm afraid of it. I feel old and tired. Freedom means choice—the possibility of estimating and the necessity of selecting. It also means a constant effort to judge and evaluate life's ways, attitudes, and stands. It opens the perennial question 'Who am I and where am I going?,' which can receive so many answers that it gives me a headache. In Communist Eastern Europe, I'm perfectly aware of who I am, and of what I can and cannot do, which is the perimeter of my desires. My telephone is bugged, but I know it; it's a blessed certitude, and I'm not exposed to the temptation of improper intimacy. Freedom here is a nauseating multitude of shampoos among which I have to choose. I don't want so many! I want one, under government control—one that is very difficult to find and obtain. My needs and wishes then make sense. This we call peace of mind." I was impressed by his torment. I did not mention, of course, that the multitude of shampoos in America makes the French stock look as if *it* were under government control.

The Saint-Germain-en-Laye Forest

I AM not affected by monuments any longer, but nature remains a source of infinite sentimentality. Trees, moss, dead leaves, bark evoke delicate echoes of familiarity. The color of the sky, the smell and transparency of the air—which created European painting—are, for a moment, so dear to me.

An Elegy

A FRENCHMAN told me the following story: "Late one night, I entered a nearly empty bistro in the Faubourg Poissonnière neighborhood. I slowly drank my coffee next to a little old man, who seemed worn out. Across the street, two adolescents in leather jackets were covering a wall with graffiti: 'US = SS,' and 'Vietcong shall win!!!' The old man sighed, and said, 'Why do they do such things? That's not good, that's wrong and mean. I am an old Jew, a furrier. My father, God bless his soul, came here from Odessa, escaping the Russian pogroms. He wanted to go to America, but we did not have enough money. America, my father used to repeat, is a refuge for the persecuted, the hunted, the oppressed, the poor, the sick, and the weak. It's a promised land. A shield of God against evil. When evil arises, America sends us help. Soldiers or money comes here and rescues us. We look to America with hope as to a land of plenty and of justice for all. Why do those boys defame America? Don't they realize that they are trampling on our feelings? We won't ever believe that the U.S. and the S.S. are the same! Never, never, never.' "

"And what did you tell him?" I asked my French friend.

"I'm an Existentialist," he said, with a smile, "and I did not feel like mediating between an old, sentimental simpleton and two young Communist barbarians."

Optimism

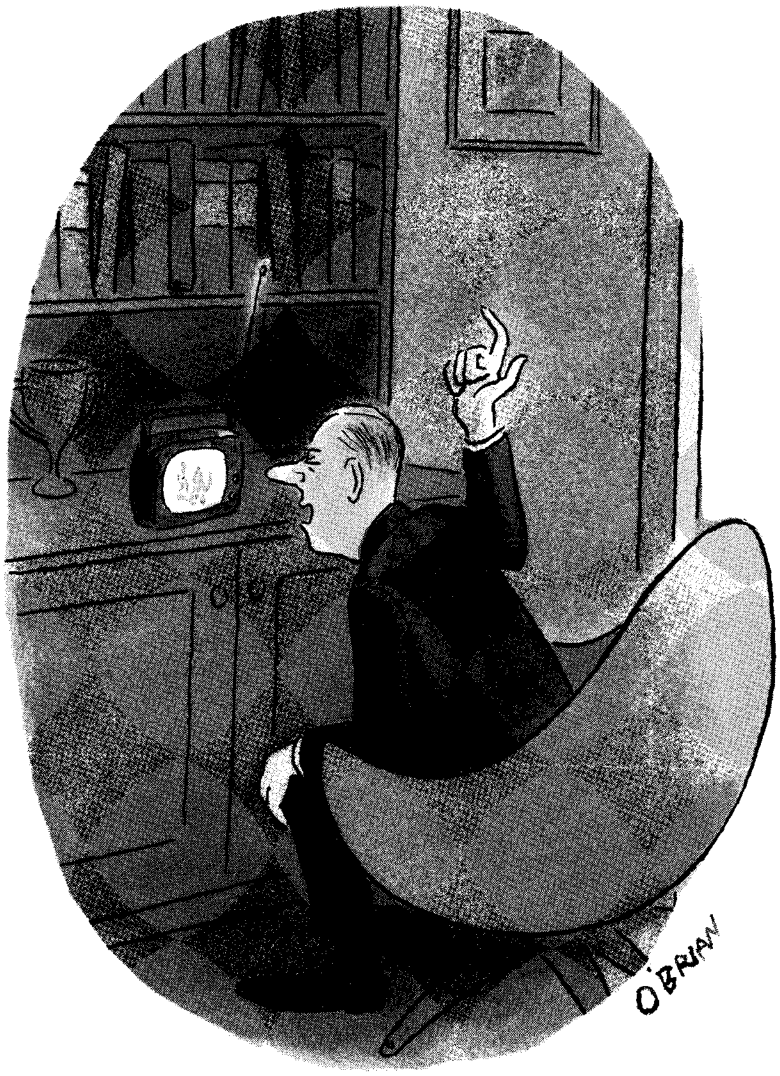
AUGUSTE COMTE once wrote, "Humanity—it is more the dead than the living." When I found and reread this sentence, I experienced an influx of inappropriate good humor. I'm sure I am not the first who has culled some comfort from the notion.

Artists

MEETING European ladies and gentlemen who practice any creative profession, I notice their concern for acclaim in America. This is not only a matter of financial rewards. Simply, success in Europe is no longer enough. During the twenties and thirties, a name acquired in Europe still generated awed sighs in American literary salons. Today, an American artist doesn't mind being acknowledged in Europe. He finds it pleasant. But he intensely needs and seeks acclaim in America.

Feydeau at the Marigny

GEORGES FEYDEAU is a little French Shakespeare *au ridicule*. He created his own universe, filled with precise notions of guilt and virtue. It doesn't matter that his world is constructed upon the arch-principle of universal idiocy; it is still a complete world. It mirrors life, even if its texture is pure, hypernatural ludicrousness. Feydeau's theatre *boulevardier* epitomizes the French passion for what is described in the phrase *"C'est une bonne histoire."* The French are superb—incomparable—when acting Feydeau. It's fascinating what a nation so sober, rationalistic, calculating, so permeated with the worship of dry logic, is able to do for the sake of *une bonne histoire.*



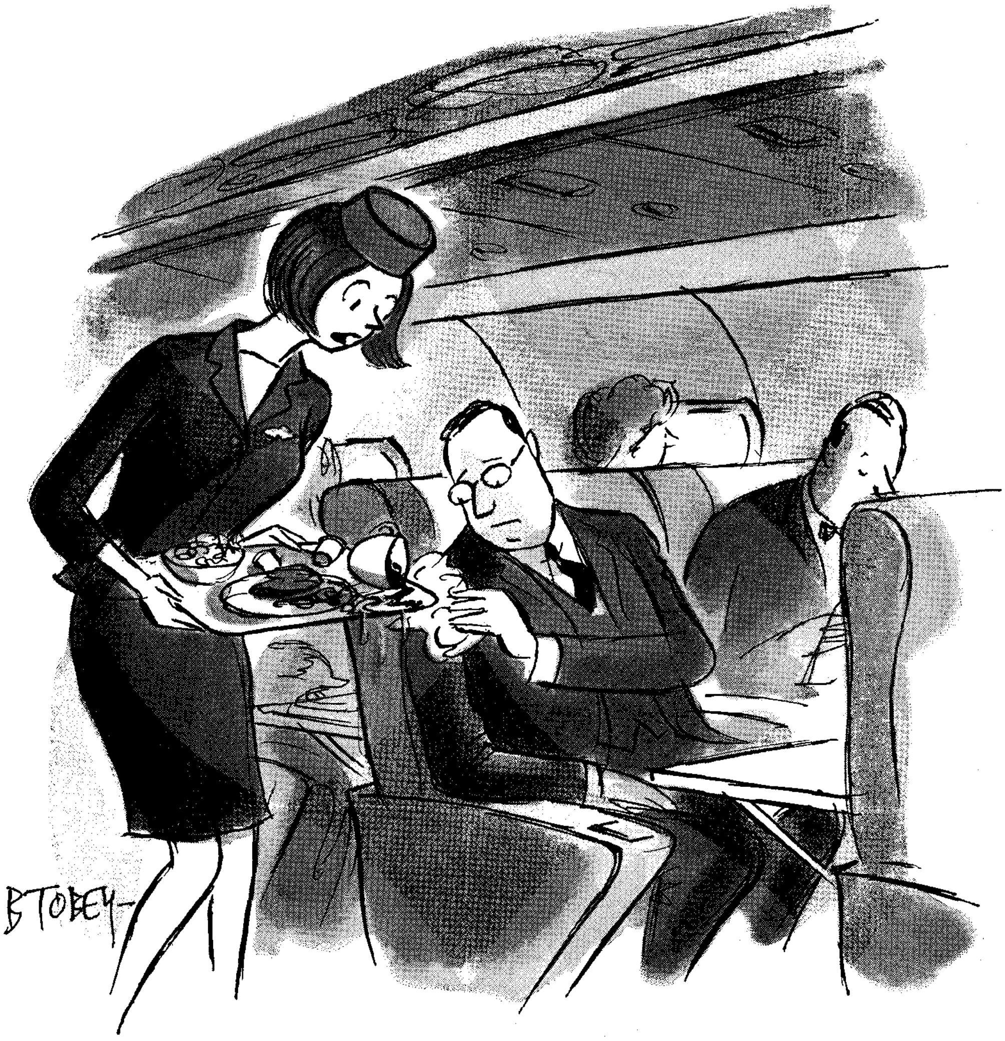
"The news is on, dear. Come take a squint."

Riddles of Geography

I'M sitting before the desk of a French publisher, playing absent-mindedly with a little plastic Scotch Tape set. I read "Made in France by Minnesota de France." What does it mean? Do we have two Minnesotas? Do we export them? Do the French have one? This tiny inscription seems to me more to the point than the famous book of M. Servan-Schreiber entitled "The American Challenge."

Presentiment

I HAVE misgivings that a quarter of a century of calm and peacefulness is all that Europe can hold out to us. Today, Europe is wary, skeptical, meticulous, but, at the same time, abraded and chafed, like an aging woman who, after a life full of pleasure and fulfillment, suddenly realizes that everything is over and never to come again. When I talk with Western Europeans under twenty-five, I'm frightened by their senseless readiness to accept any grim, insipid lie disguised as a remedy, their readiness to destroy liberties they have not fought for, their contempt for an affluence they have not sweated for. I begin to doubt whether the Marshall Plan was in fact a thoroughly successful move. Looking at young German leftists who, having escaped the oppressive totalitarianism of Red East Germany, violently demonstrate against the social system that endows them with the right to express their opinions, I ask myself, "Where do aberrations end?" Aging, embittered beauties are dangerously prone to create any complication for the sake of satisfying their uncontrolled passion, to embrace every flicker of hope that it might be as it was in the past. Kissed by youthful idiots who



"Oh! I'm sorry, sir! None of us girls get much experience. People keep marrying us."

• •

care only about getting them easily to bed, they imagine themselves to possess ageless wisdom of an unbeatable magnitude. And we are already twenty-three years past the end of the Second World War.

Mysteries of Medicine

"England," someone told me in France, "is the sick man of contemporary Europe." "France," someone told me in England, "is the sick man of contemporary Europe." I didn't express my opinion in either case. As far as I remember, both countries are of the feminine gender in their own languages.

France

A HUNDRED years ago or more, France was loved in Europe. "I love France more than my own country!" was an exclamation common in both aristocratic salons and literary coffeehouses across the Continent. For those who dabbled in arts and letters, aspired to elegance, sighed for frivolous hedonism, or cherished popular and revolutionary traditions, France constituted an adopted motherland. It would be rash to maintain that France is still loved today. Yet, in some remarkable way, this country has preserved, in spite of all its failures and meannesses, an unquestionable charm. At a closer look, one discovers that it's the weight of France's history and literature. Anyone sensitive to history and literature is immediately conquered. In these tenements, narrow and deliciously dirty, they all lived—from François Villon, through Manon Lescaut and Emma Bovary, to Rimbaud and Swann. We cannot help thinking of that. In New York, we try to accumulate a similar charm in some parts of the city, but we fall victim to an expanding economy, which does not allow the harboring of a tenant for such a long time.

Pocketbook Structuralism

THE seventeenth-century Frenchman was widely known for his courtesy and his distinguished taste; his amiability was considered a supreme virtue. At the same time, he was the most feared warrior in the world of his time. The nineteenth-century Frenchman lived in a cult of bravado but preserved chevalieresque gestures and a devotion to noble politeness. And still he was highly regarded on the battlefields. The modern Frenchman adores what he calls toughness—a pretended readiness for *bousculade* or *bagarre* at each step. He sees himself as *un dur de dur*, even if in reality he's only a somnolent bookkeeper. If you stop at a gas station, the attendant springs out like a fighting Jimmy Cagney, holding his hose like a gun. In the most serene bistros, everyone talks in the tone of the bad guys at a saloon bar in an early John Ford movie. During the twentieth century, the French have lost all their wars except those in which they were helped by others.

Auto(mobile)cracy

IN America, cars are inoffensive. Save for their annoying numbers, they do not constitute a threat to man's supremacy over objects. Europe is under the cars' occupation. Automobiles are noisy and aggressive, despite their lamentable smallness. They behave as if they were out of human control. They are overtly against men. They rule in a most oppressive way.

Paris

IT is a great city. A superb, grandiose, splendid city. Probably the most beautiful city in the world. But it's also a city where periodicals called *Historia*, *Historama*, *Mirroir de l'Histoire* are sold at newspaper stands on every street corner.

Saint-Sulpice

OF all Paris churches, the church of Saint-Sulpice is the most touchingly meaningful for me. When I am in Paris, I always spend a few minutes sitting in its dark, sombre, powerful nave. I leave it with my nostalgia restored: it is a nostalgia for that kind of Frenchness which dematerializes so quickly in our time. The heavy greatness of this church symbolizes somehow, for me, the congruence of might with suffering. It is also the last witness of the peculiar epoch of the Musketeers, when brute force still mixed well with coquetry.

Morals and Manners

FOR an American, a driver is another human being. So is a pedestrian. For a European on foot, a driver is a murderer; for a European behind the wheel, a passerby is his bloodthirsty

At Christmas

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personal enemy whom he is summoned to kill, injure, or at least deprive of dignity. The holy war between drivers and walkers still ravages the backward European civilization. Until this paleozoic stage is past, any progress toward modern culture is out of reach.

The End of Three Decades

FOR thirty years, from time to time, irregularly but doggedly, I have passed the corner of the Boulevard Saint-Michel and the Rue Soufflot and stopped for a while to muse. For decades, I preserved the serene faith that nothing changes here except a few neon lights. I was wrong; the world changes. Traditionally, I entered a little shop called Chanteclair, stepped down a spiral staircase, picked up a pair of vintage earphones, and listened, blissfully, to a Chick Webb record featuring Ella Fitzgerald in "A-Tisket, A-Tasket." This year, I didn't get the support of the ageless charm of the Swing Era. Downstairs was an ugly boutique, with Pop Art and aggrandized Campbell's Soup cans as embodiments of a new charm.

The Movies

ON the Champs-Élysées, people stand in line in front of two movie houses. One of them is presenting a film described on the posters as the story of a male virgin. I can imagine why people look forward to seeing it. The second line, a longer one, is in front of a cinema presenting "Bonnie and Clyde." What do Frenchmen expect to find? American cruelty? Fun? Their own moral superiority? Or their dreams?

Offices

IT is the sad fate of some old palaces in Europe to be converted into offices. Superbly emblazoned ceilings, walls covered with subtle reliefs, priceless wood panelling must live with metal filing cabinets, Formica-topped desks, and Woolworth coat hooks. But Americans, when they build airy, poetically inspired palaces for offices, are often accused of being tasteless.

American Idealism

EUROPEANS sneer at me when I speak of American idealism. This sneering is a source of bewilderment to me. Future historians will probably call our century a time of giving—America being the giver, and Europe since 1917 an unhappy, embittered recipient. In some remote corners of Europe, people still wear trouser belts from American First World War military equipment, open their cans with openers from Second World War CARE parcels, and sleep on Y.M.C.A. mattresses—melancholy remnants of the tremendous quantity of goods America has poured into Europe during the last fifty years. Certainly one should not confuse political deeds with idealism, but how is one to label the act of giving without any hope of return, or even of gratitude? The sneering comes mainly from the half-educated, helpless news consumers and pub politicians. The more sophisticated among them smile ironically. Materialism and individualism, these argue, have marked the American way of life from the beginning, and these two notions are incompatible with idealism, especially in its social aspect. This blab about materialism and individualism seems to me shallow, obsolete nineteenth-century stuff, a poor cliché having little relevance to the present state of affairs. The American socio-economic system, although it has evolved from a worship of production and an egoistic sense of laissez-faire that were at certain times undoubtedly ruthless, immoral, and chaotic, was transmuted finally into a principle: Help another to establish himself, for you may profit thereby. For an entire century, the old frontier rule—support your neighbor, because his prosperity is your prosperity—underlay the widely displayed idolatry of relentless free competition. If I say this, Europeans may chuckle sarcastically and ask, "But what has all this to do with idealism? The motivation is profit and prosperity, not ideals." Here begin European narrowness and inability to see beyond ossified doctrinairism. The continent that invented pessimism, tragedy, a theory of devouring species, *Wille zur Macht*, and Existentialism, and cradled Schopenhauer and Kierkegaard, refuses to recognize natural links existing between idealism and optimism, especially if the former has some practical overtones and the latter prefers to be cautious, even calculating. European societies have lived for centuries under the heavy burden of such antisocial feelings as envy, jealousy, and malevolence. Initiative, inventiveness, and the spirit of innovation are regarded by men as personal offenses, easily formulated in a hypocritically concealed credo: Why should I help another and let him get ahead of me, make more money, or become more famous? No one claims that these feelings do not exist in America; they form a part of eternal human nature and are as legitimately present in the United States as everywhere else. How-

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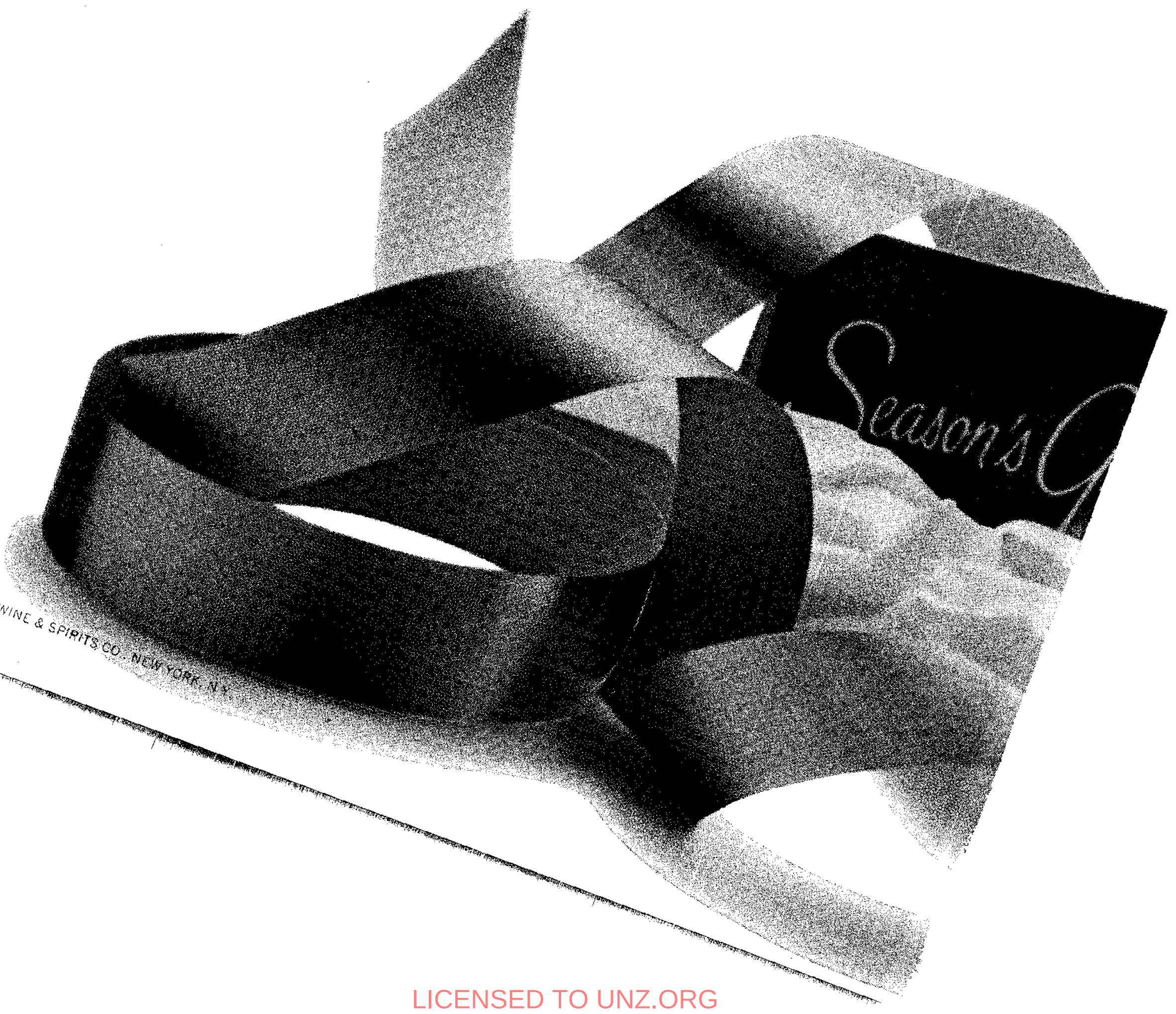
Aristotle, 340 B.C.



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Other Chase banker/technical director teams cover the areas of metals, chemicals, aerospace, transportation, mining, energy, agriculture, electronics and forest products.

ever, they have never determined the social pattern of behavior in America but have been secondary to the troubles of humanness and the human condition. By contrast, in many European countries and among many of its peoples the practice of "pinioning" or "clipping wings" has become part of the very fabric of social reality, and it still emerges with unexpected force in intimate conversation with disillusioned and embittered Europeans. The American unwillingness to cut off initiative may sometimes take an extreme form; after one of the race riots a New York policeman, responding to accusations that the law enforcers had shown an apathetic attitude toward arson and looting, was quoted as saying, "No one will catch me shooting at those poor kids just because they grab TV sets worth some lousy couple of hundred thousand dollars." If this is not sufficiently anti-materialistic idealism, I don't know what is. I wonder how the police of countries as idealistic (with a sense of personal ownership) as France and Italy would react to looters in the Galeries Lafayette or in the Via del Corso. Or what carnage would occur if members of an idealistic Communist nation (with a newly developed sense of the sanctity of state property) should try to acquire some state-owned goods directly from the windows of Moscow's Univermags or Warsaw's Central Department Store. It's true, as America-haters say, that it is possible to sell anything in America. One should add only that this is true of generosity, too. And of the highest moral values. This means simply that this kind of output easily finds customers. One can make an excellent living if one has a good, sympathetic heart to offer, or compassion, or a charitable character, or altruism and helpfulness. Why should idealism overlook the advantages of a perfectly functioning, booming economy? It forms a new social and moral power, difficult for petrified European rationalism to grasp. Maybe someone will try to detect irony in these words, but I honestly consider them an apotheosis.

Sunglasses

SUNGLASSES are a mark of elegance in warm, sunny countries, proving once more that fashion is a form of self-defense.

British Women

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jumped into the ring of history. Led by daring and inventive power-seekers in many fields, they started a struggle for the survival of Britishness in today's civilization. But, having been absent for centuries from the foreground of British culture, they were hampered by the flaws of the newcomer. They made the mistakes and slipped into the vulgarity typical of the *nouveaux riches* and of social climbers.

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE, which determined the past sixty years of British-French relations, has diminished to a relationship better denominated Nonchalance Empoisonnée. There is a tone of venomous, malevolent mockery in what the French say about the British, and vice versa. It evokes the epoch that succeeded the Middle Ages, with its bitter hatreds—the time of Richelieu and Samuel Pepys, who spoke about *le roi d'Angleterre* and the French court, respectively, with superbly accented mistrust and gallant contempt, but who still respected the other country's achievements in philosophy, cabinetwork, cheesemaking, shipbuilding, and fashion. The difference between then and now lies mostly in an essential lack of achievement, except as concerns fashion and cheese.

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION

BRITAIN today reminds one of a person who was well-off nearly all his life but in his last days has learned he is much poorer than he ever imagined anybody could be.

STRANGE SADNESS OF NEO-DANDYISM

LONG-LEGGED, miniskirted, stylishly underfed girls sit or stroll, or browse in boutiques, in Piccadilly Circus or Carnaby Street, looking dully at spaces filled with the blown-up face of Lord Kitchener and other British Camp, and humming along with eunuchoid, amplified rock-group voices. The boutiques contain the cult objects of a new faith, which I call neo-dandyism. Males in grotesque embroidered shirts, serving customers, seem in search of a way of realizing their sacrosanct vision of life. As with every meagre, embryonic set of philosophical axioms, neo-dandyism treasures little but a priceless awareness of its own uniqueness and spirit of innovation. This is its saddest error. Beards, long locks, and nudity are nothing new, and they have never aided any revolution of human culture. The forefathers of these neo-dandies erected a tremen-

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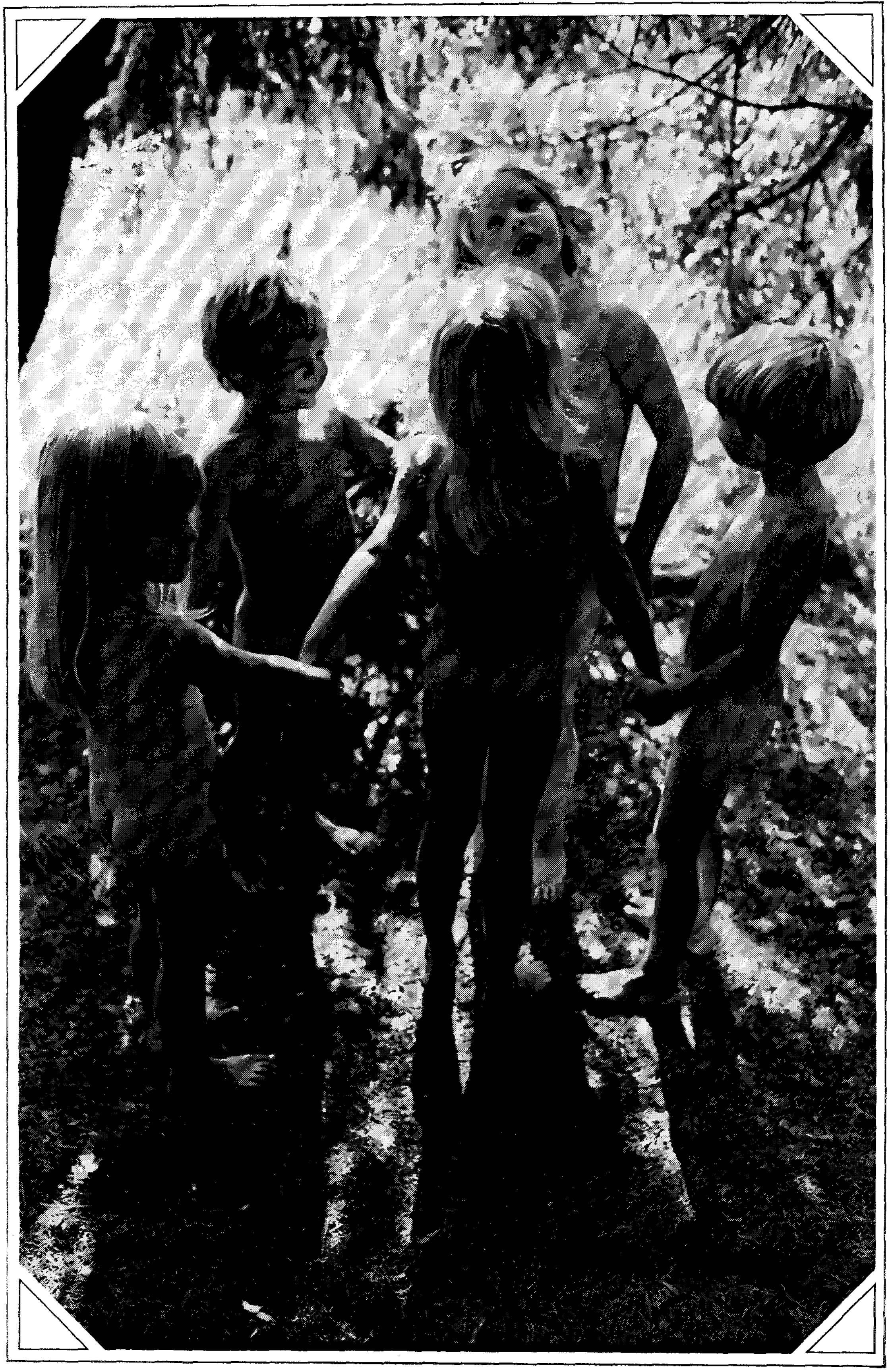

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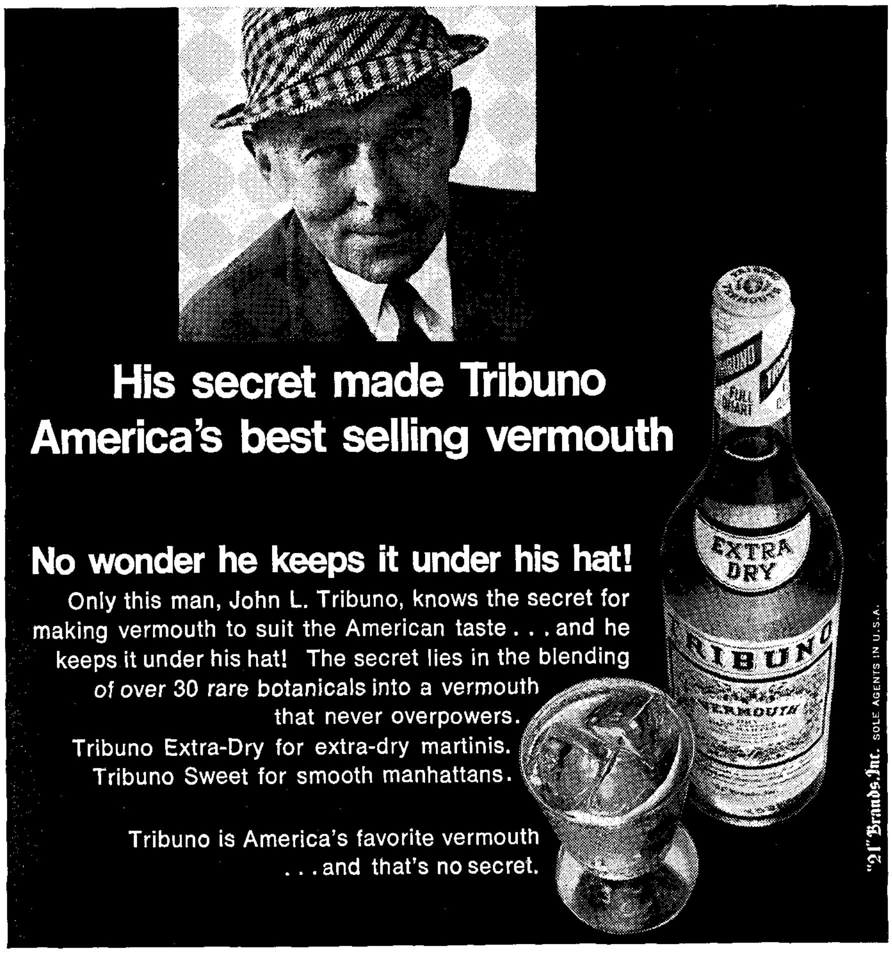

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THE COURT OF ST. JAMES BOND

THE endless flow of spy literature and movies from Britain must have a deeper explanation than the purely commercial one. Probably it is a psychological substitute for the Britons' lost position in world politics—an attempt to replace it with imaginary influence. Five hundred years of involvement in worldwide political intricacies has left a feeling of nostalgia. Being a shaping factor no more, they try to recreate in fiction the sweet delights of that condition. The new Soviet empire fills the empty place left by the loss of Colonel Lawrence's hunting grounds in the Middle East; the K.G.B. and the M.V.D. are a new version of the Bengal Thugs; the complexity and opaqueness of Communist social relations are recompense for the lost African jungle. Dismissing themselves from a position of responsibility in world affairs, the British can afford a total lack of authenticity—it helps with the thriller technique and provides a possibility of erasing old British failures by creating new myths. After centuries of the worst cuisine in Europe and of fame for a splendid indifference to sex matters, the Englishman emerges from the espionage novel of the sixties as a fine gourmet and irresistible seducer. One author has his hero proudly and coquettishly confess to the diseases gluttony and satyriasis. Yet during the effervescently developing plot his wild erotomania is easily calmed by two episodes of intercourse in two hundred and thirty pages.

THE BIG SALE

WE are currently witnessing the sale of an enormous empire. It was the second empire in history to be constructed purely on national qualities. The first was the Romans'. All other empires were won either by one man's genius and will or by a consuming belief that one religion was better than another. The British, like the Romans, were pragmatist conquerors, utterly convinced of their own superiority. The fact that they succeeded in building the vastest of all known empires proves that they were partly right. It looks as if the time of empires built with the support of ethnic values were over. Future empires will be ideological

Why give him a bottle of Scotch when you know he's a Martini man?

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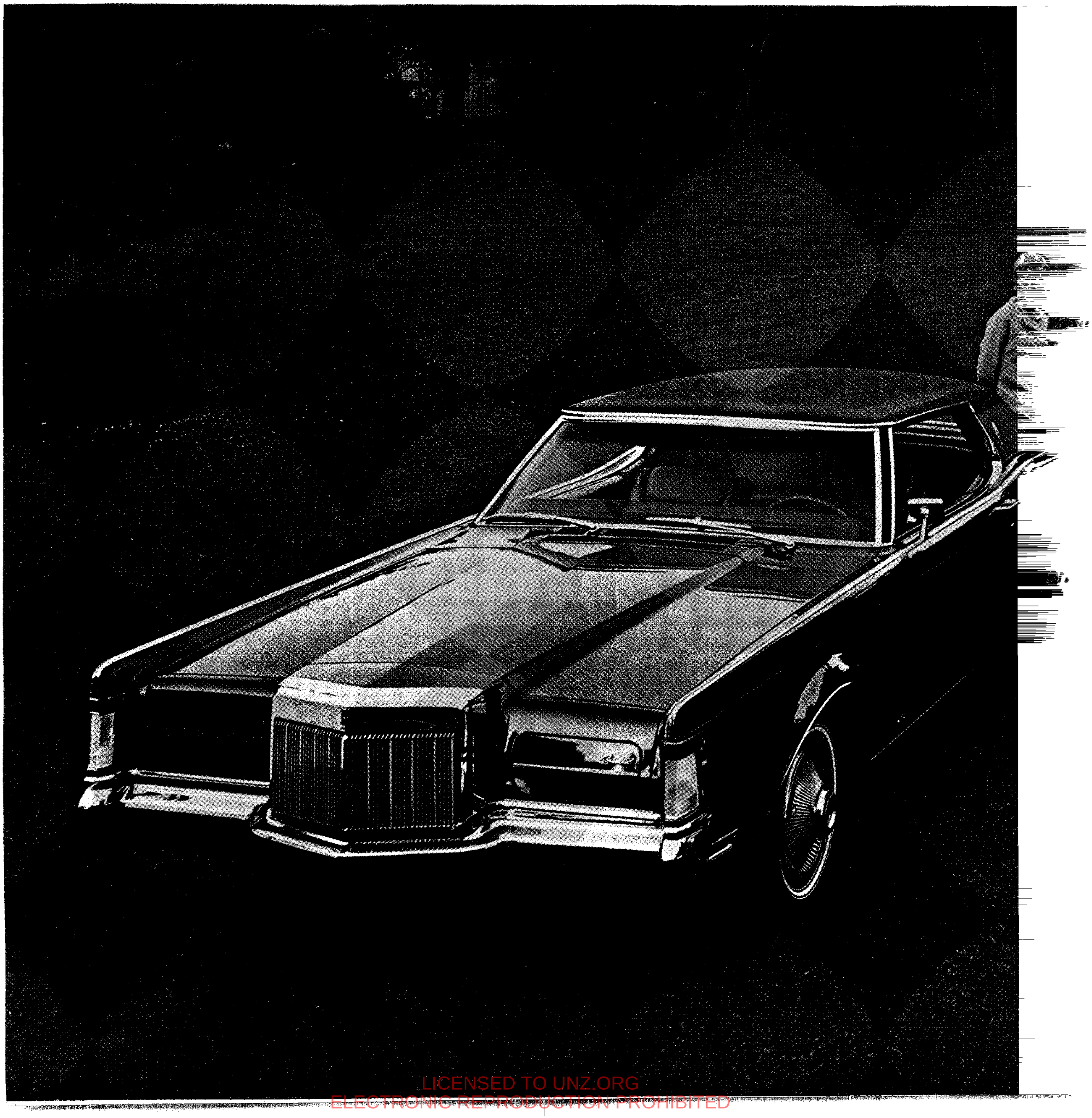

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or scientific. Of course, they will not breed Stevensons, Kiplings, or Conrads, but when the time comes who will care?

JAZZ

THE British have an amazing feeling for Dixieland music. This phenomenon is difficult to explain. An old beggar, in an ageless London cap that brings to mind the first meeting of Professor Higgins and Eliza Doolittle, stands in front of the Tottenham Court Road Underground station with a battered banjo in his hands and swings like mad.

A HAYMARKET ENCOUNTER

AS I stood at the corner of Piccadilly Circus and Haymarket, relishing the quintessential street perspectives, my attention was caught by a sight that gave me a momentary feeling of jubilant familiarity. It was a man walking cheerfully down the Haymarket at the inimitable pace of a country gentleman visiting London. He was all tweed, mustache, ruddy complexion, crumpled wool hat, tartan, porcelain eyes, cavalry twill, and cherry stick. He was an archetype, an embodiment, a symbol, stepping out of the pages of P. G. Wodehouse's collected works—a most poignant glorification of his species. To my generation of Eastern Europeans, he personified excellence—a human being destined by four centuries of literature, horse breeding, and Home Fleet to be envied and worshipped by the rest of mankind, and indefeasible in Western civilization's portfolio of values. Indefeasible? For once, my watchful, admiring look, my instantaneous impulse of appreciation, was somehow uncertain. For the first time in my life, I detected something I wouldn't have dared to suspect. It was shabbiness. A specimen I had always secretly wished to identify myself with looked to me to be shabby-genteel. And it came to my mind how everything English looks superb on Park Avenue and on Fifty-seventh Street—the Burberrys, the Wedgwood, the Rolls-Royces, the bowler hats, Church's shoes. I presume that, these days, even such a British country gentleman would look better in America.

THE MINISKIRT

THE boundaries of the empire shrink and, by some mystic coincidence, the hemline goes up. Men went into enforced retirement, and an astounding number of good-looking girls appeared on the streets of London. Britain had always lacked good-looking girls, the pass-by-and-look-back kind, the charming flora of European cities. Continentals always accused the Englishwoman of masculinity—an accusation that generated thousands of dubious jokes. Currently, the Englishwoman is taking her revenge, but clumsily, in my opinion. By inventing miniskirts and the most modern style of coyness, she doesn't gain the status of sophisticated femininity. Rather, she achieves a new notion of girlishness. It's hard to claim that a miniskirt is not sexy. Certainly it is. But it isn't feminine. And the stripping of an Englishwoman's femininity continues; with every month the hemline is lifted higher, pushing an English girl into the category of a child. In her rapid career, she seems to have forgotten that a female child is more amusing than interesting. As a matter of fact, there is something cheerless and dismal about a miniskirt as it is seen in Britain, the country of its origin. There is an effort to attract which diminishes attraction, an attempt to be gay which compromises gaiety, a striving for liberty which involves getting permission, an endeavor to recover lost fun which stresses intensity where intensity should never be manifest.

A FRAGMENT OF CONVERSATION WITH A CONCERNED EUROPEAN

HE: If we want to give our youth a paradigm, or pattern, of how to live, we have to delve into this century's American literature. Hemingway, for instance. European exemplars from the same period have been proved ridiculous—either the poetic nonsense of Existentialism, without any practical bearing on our daily existence, or the open idiocy of Socialist Realism. We do not have our own valid prescription for the moment.

I: But Hemingway was rather a romanticist, who pointed more explicitly to how to behave in certain situations than to how to live. And you have, for example, a Saint-Exupéry, whose personality and writing are a priceless collection of indications of how to live.

HE: Yes, but do you know the difference between an American refrigerator and a European one? The American one works better and is easier to handle. This is also true of paradigms: they are successful only when they are constructed for common use, are fit for shrewd publicity, and are readily acceptable.

I: Why, then, is Europe unable to produce its own?

HE: We have lost all sense of guilt. That is the origin of any morality, so-

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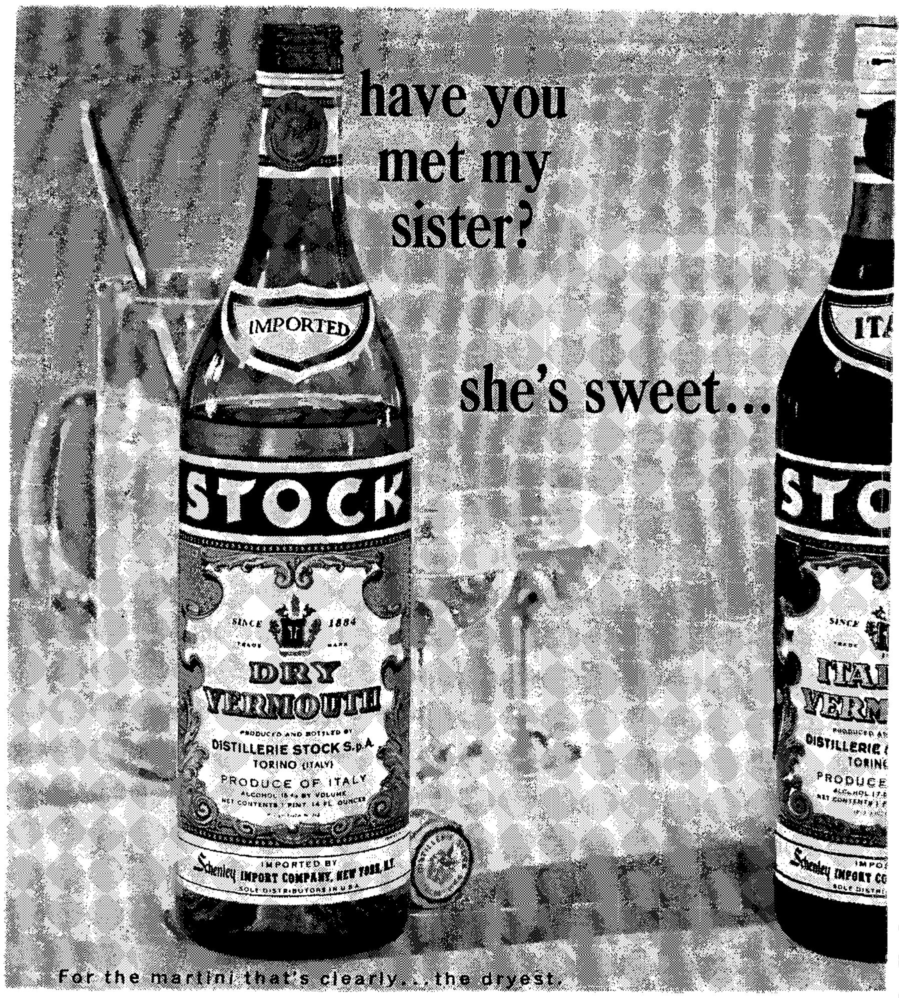
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cial or individual. You at least have your Vietnam and your race problem. Their weight, importance, and complexity make them both global issues, and they give you a precious feeling of real guilt. And what do we have? The Common Market and *la chamade*.

Blue Jeans

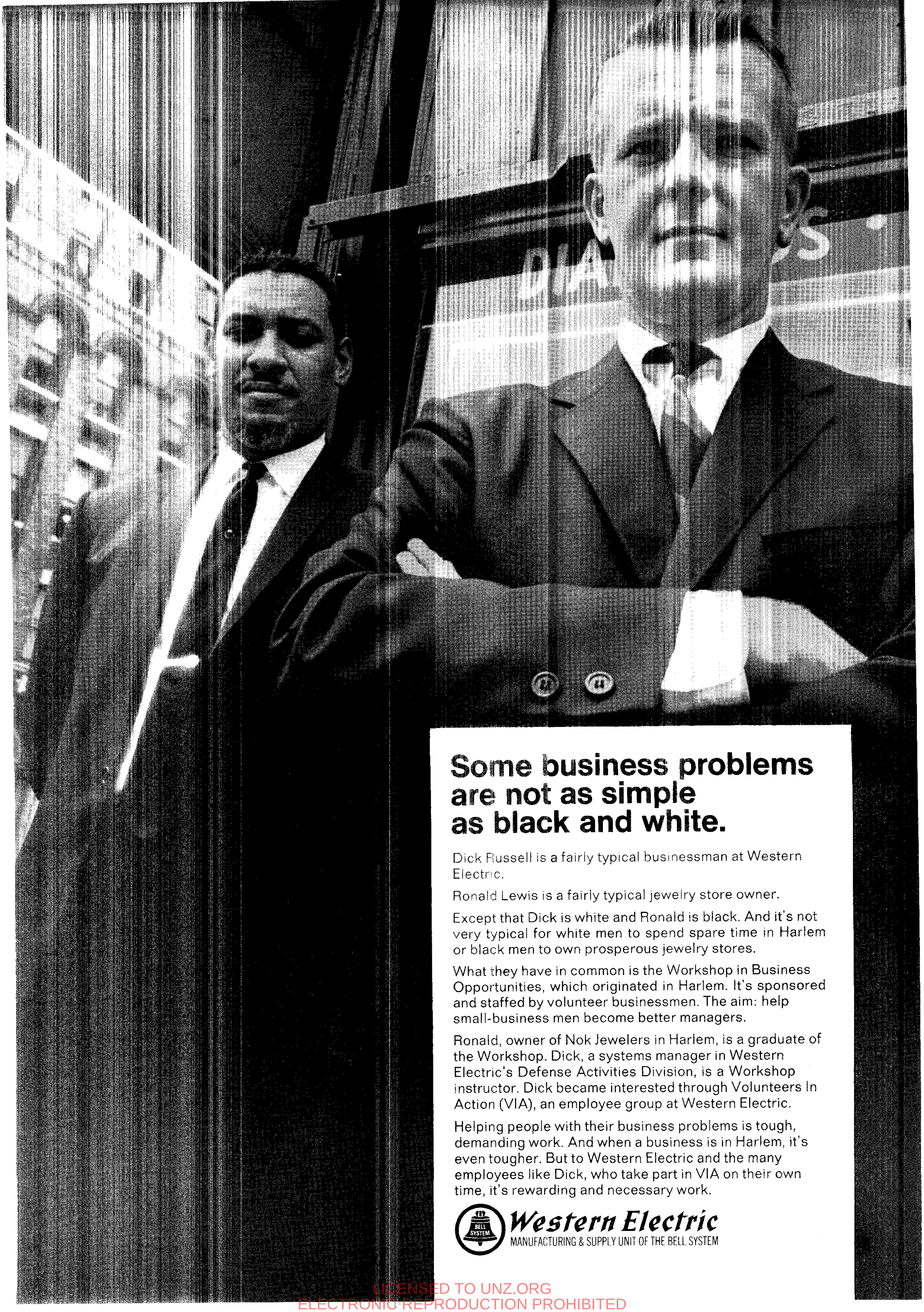
Blue jeans are the dress of the epoch. They are also the most visible evidence of how fundamentally Europe has been influenced, in both culture and civilization, by America. Blue jeans constitute a style of life, and we know how easily ideologies derive from style. A Polish adolescent, on being asked why he paid the total of his monthly allowance for a pair of genuine Levi's—difficult to obtain in Communist Poland—said, "One can imagine living without hope, love, or happiness, but it's thoroughly impossible to exist without blue jeans anymore. You're not accepted as a human being." Blue jeans pass unnoticed in America, as a natural part of the landscape, but in Europe their impact, their distinction, and their particular significance are strikingly noticeable.

America's Charisma

All over Europe, we run across Marx Brothers *à la française*, Italian versions of Pop Art, Finnish answers to William Faulkner, Czech renditions of "Saint Louis Blues," Greek counterparts of Paul Newman, West German impersonations of Wyatt Earp. In the United States, we imitate neither Jean-Paul Sartre nor Fernandel. We read one and watch the other on the screen, substantially increasing their material well-being. This is perhaps the reason for Sartre's eagerness to vilify America.

An Episode

Aboard a suburban train from Maisons-Laffitte to the Gare Saint-Lazare in Paris. According to French social stratification, suburbia equals modesty more than luxury; the cream of the upper middle class lives in town. The train was gently imbued with the smell of garlic, emanating in equal measure from workers and *petits bourgeois*. A drunken clod of a man who had already got on everyone's nerves on the station platform was delivering an obscene soliloquy in which he strove to express his political beliefs and his personal disgust with women. As a rule, I am one of those unfortunates who immediately become repositories of an alcoholic's or a mentally disturbed person's confessions;



Some business problems are not as simple as black and white.

Dick Russell is a fairly typical businessman at Western Electric.

Ronald Lewis is a fairly typical jewelry store owner.

Except that Dick is white and Ronald is black. And it's not very typical for white men to spend spare time in Harlem or black men to own prosperous jewelry stores.

What they have in common is the Workshop in Business Opportunities, which originated in Harlem. It's sponsored and staffed by volunteer businessmen. The aim: help small-business men become better managers.

Ronald, owner of Nok Jewelers in Harlem, is a graduate of the Workshop. Dick, a systems manager in Western Electric's Defense Activities Division, is a Workshop instructor. Dick became interested through Volunteers In Action (VIA), an employee group at Western Electric.

Helping people with their business problems is tough, demanding work. And when a business is in Harlem, it's even tougher. But to Western Electric and the many employees like Dick, who take part in VIA on their own time, it's rewarding and necessary work.

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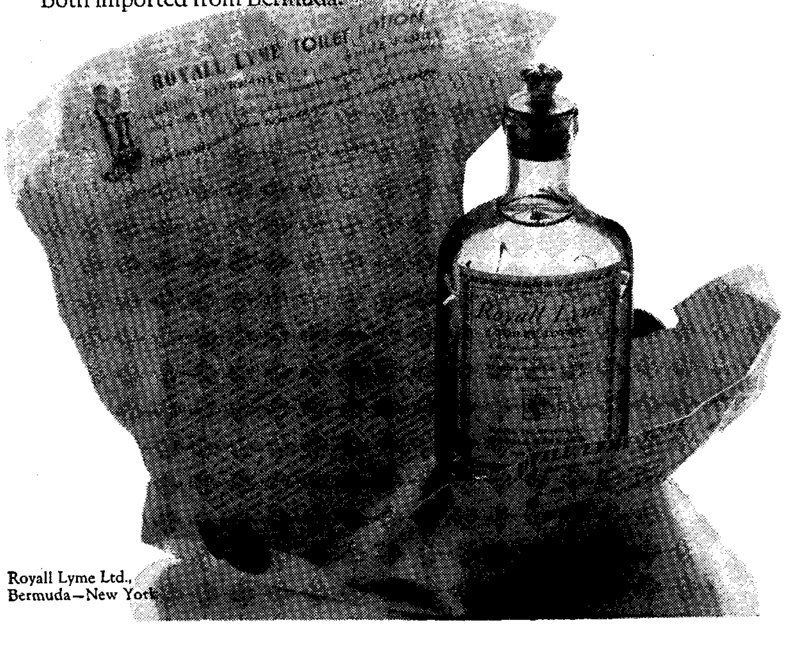

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hence, it seemed quite natural that the man should have taken his place next to me, from which to pour out his grievances and his foul breath. Fate has also made me a compulsive answerer of those who struggle with life's meaninglessness; thus, I pronounced a few words in my not very brushed-up French, which diverted his penetrating mind from the relativity of existence and focused it on the more tangible problem of foreigners in *la belle France*. With new force, he plunged into a monologue about the abjectness of all non-French-born creatures, attributing to them moral and physical filth, and explaining to me, and to the rest of the compartment, what a plague foreigners—*les métèques*—are, and how perversely they poison and destroy the flawless set of values natural to the French. And at the nadir of foreign depravity he placed Americans, who, as shameless tourists, sponge on his country's marvels and, as hideous invaders, murder children in Vietnam. Then, in a thunderous voice, which attracted the attention of everyone in the compartment, he asked, "And who are you? What's your nationality?"

I answered, "American." Now, as a matter of fact, I'm only a permanent resident of the United States, and neither legally nor morally do I have the right to call myself an American. It would have been ludicrous, however, to go into the complexities of immigration regulations; the moment demanded action. Under special circumstances, morality and legality become secondary, and we act according to the legitimacy of emotion. And in this French suburban train, in the midst of the smell of garlic and the mocking hostility, my feelings were unequivocal.

"You crucify people in Vietnam!" the man shouted, and I was beginning to prepare myself for an uneven fight, and humiliation, when the train stopped at the Gare Saint-Lazare and the people rushed out.

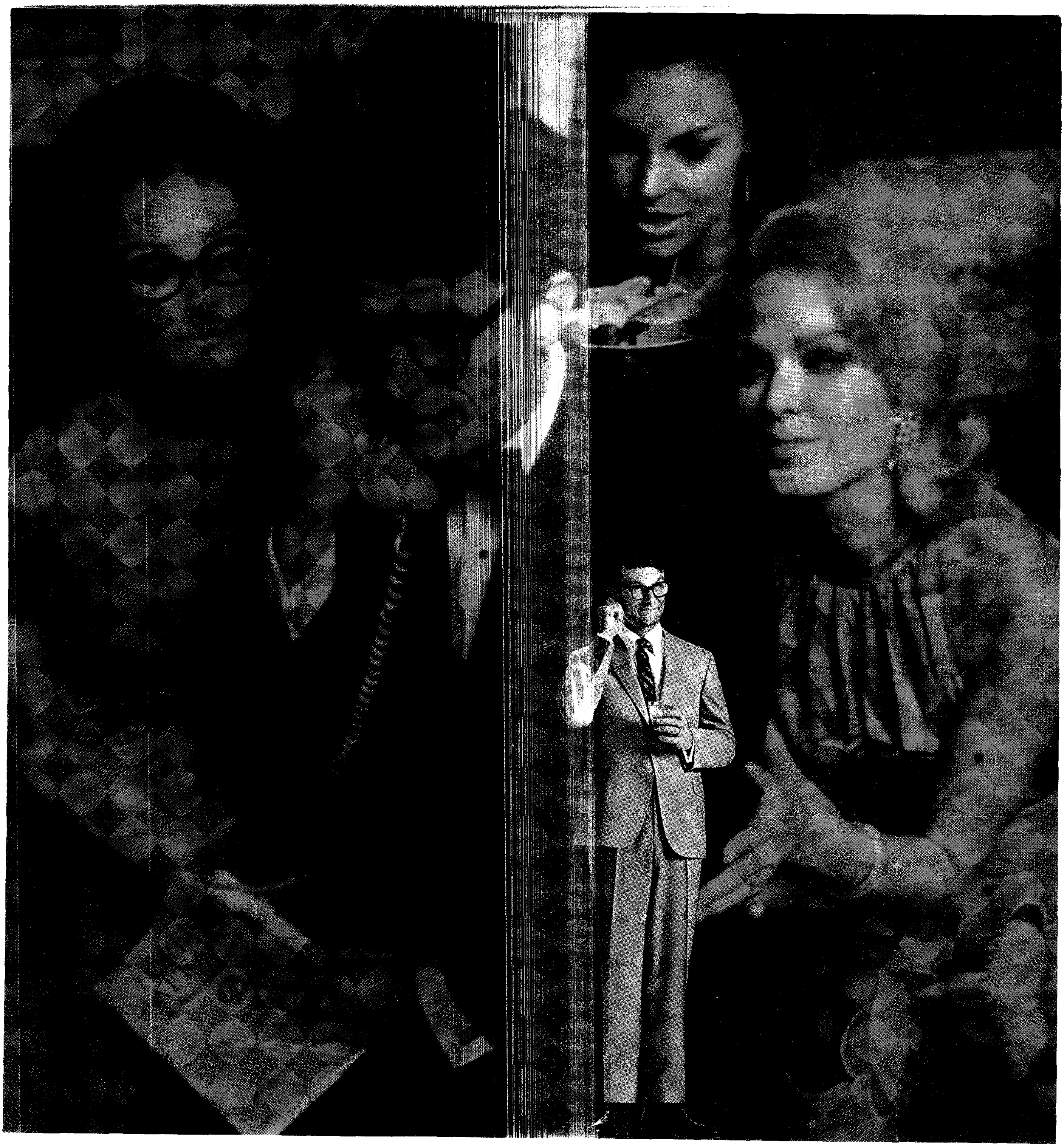
As I was moving along the platform, a short, tidy person in a *béret basque*, whom I had noticed earlier in the compartment, caught up with me and said, "*Excusez-moi, Monsieur*. I just wanted to tell you how sorry I felt. But, as you surely know, there are morons in every country in the world."

—LEOPOLD TYRMAND

•

Tuesday—November 12, Girl Scout Father and Daughter dinner, Pulverizing Machinery.—*Summit (N.J.) Herald*.

You mean they eat first and then start swinging?



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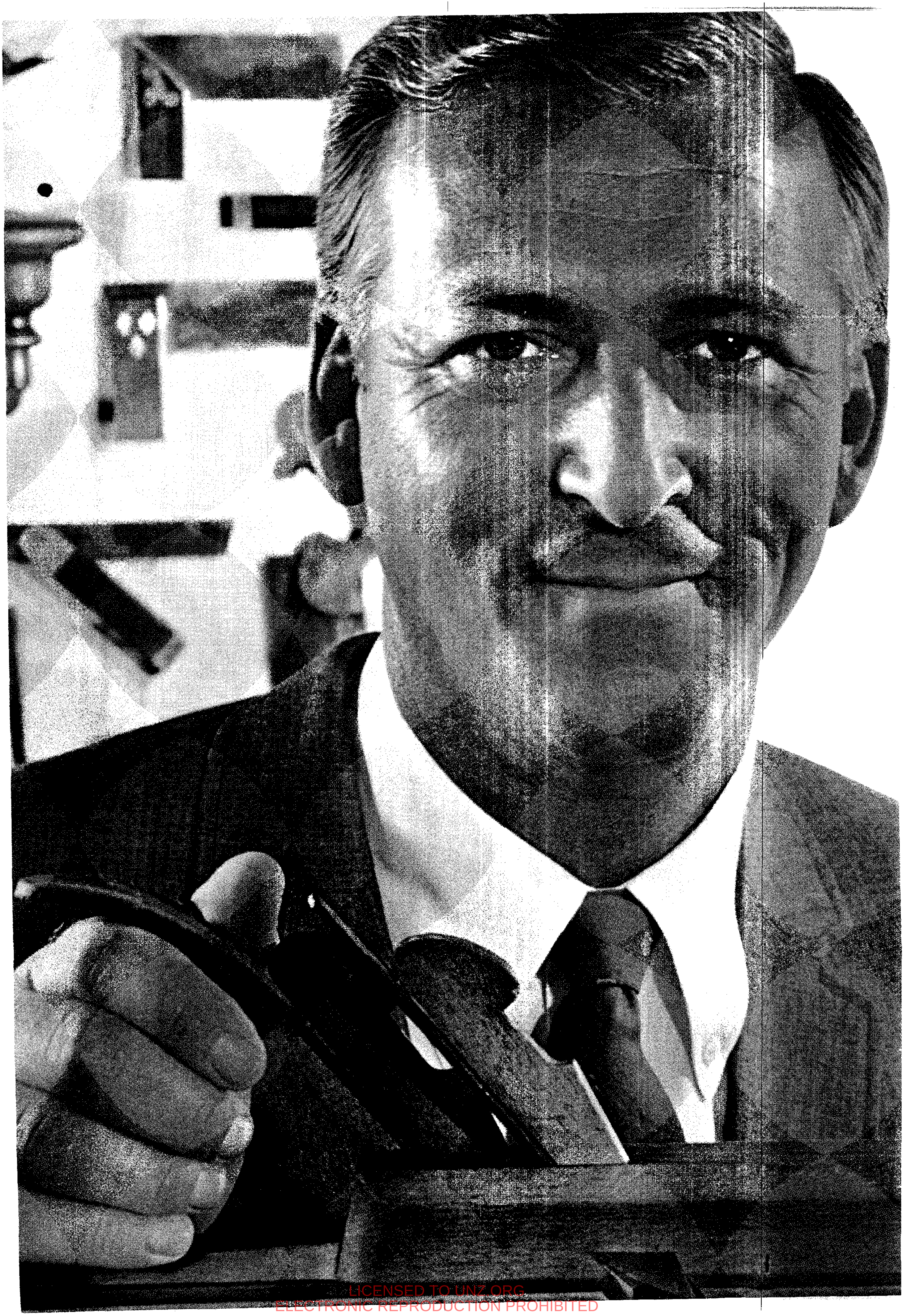

When Bert Simon decided to install a computer, five companies turned out to help him make up his mind.

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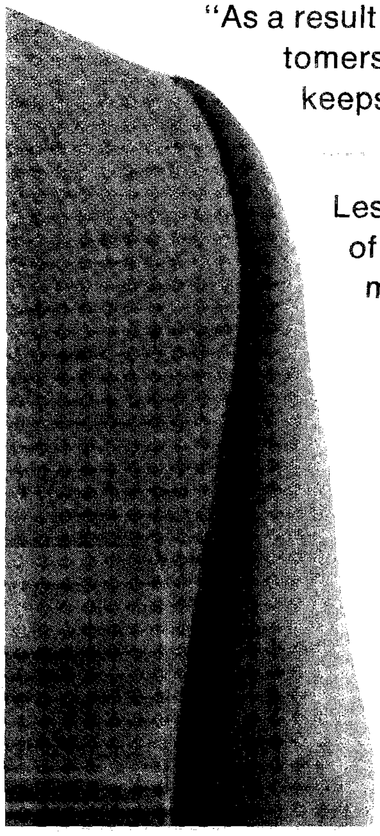

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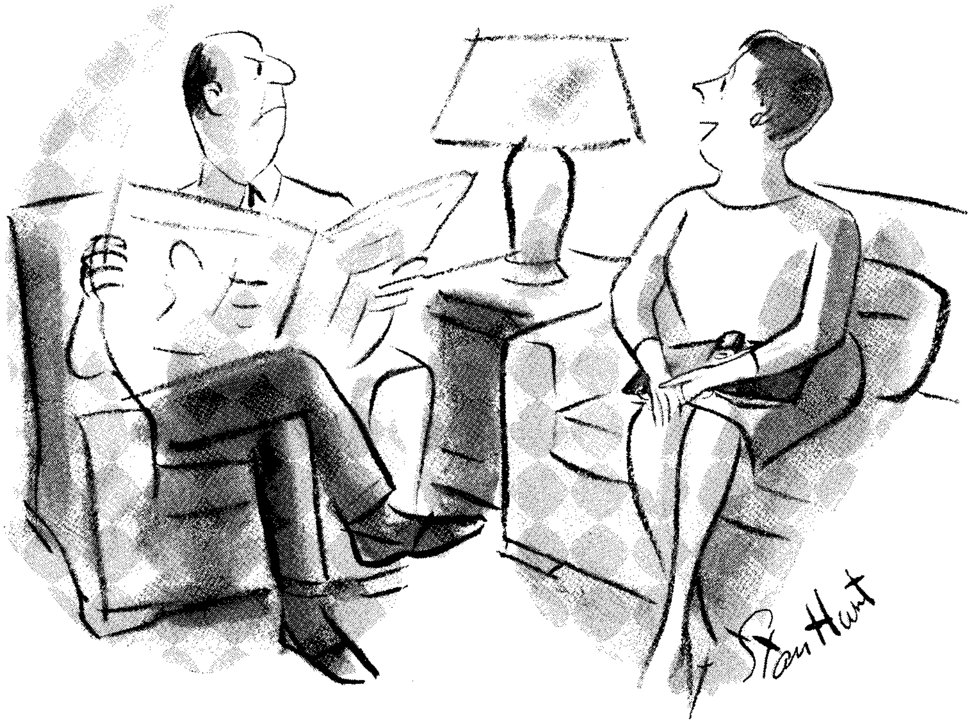
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

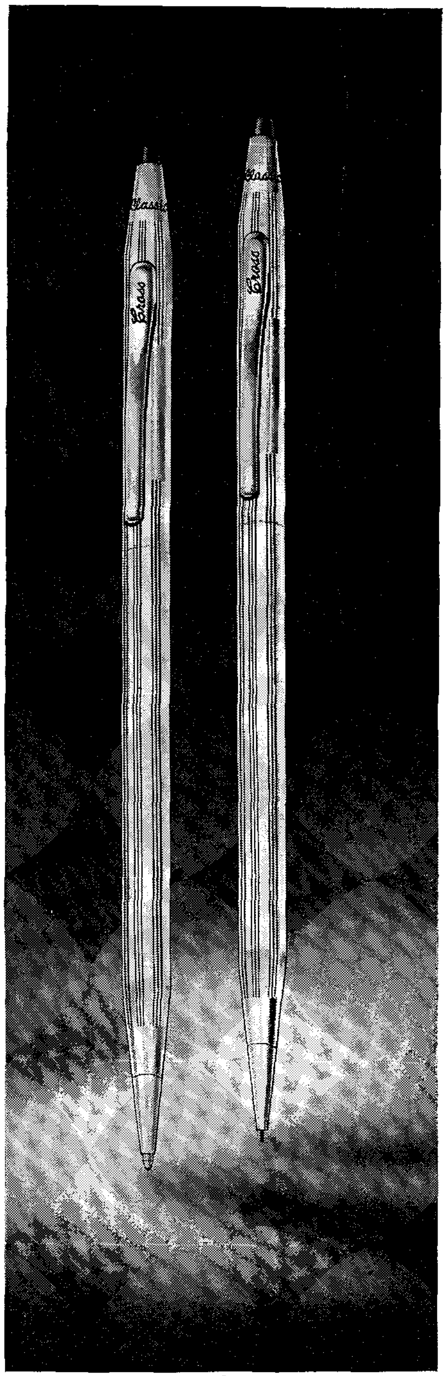
“BIG TIME BUCK WHITE,” which originated in Watts and has been playing in and around Los Angeles for the past three years, opened last week at the Village South with its original and wonderful all-Negro cast. The play was written by Joseph Dolan Tuotti, who is a white man, but much of the comedy sounds as if it could have been improvised by the actors during rehearsals. All the action takes place in the hall of a Black Militant organization called B.A.D. (Beautiful Alleluiah Days), and almost the entire first half of the evening is devoted to preparations for a meeting to be conducted by Big Time Buck White, the spiritual leader of the organization. The stage is a shambles from a wild party the night before, and the petty hustlers and rogues who work for the organization assemble, one by one, in extremely poor shape. They are a comical bunch of lowlifes (played by Kirk Kirksey, David Moody, Van Kirksey, and Arnold Williams), and as they sweep away the empty beer cans and paper cups and set up the overturned furniture and dust it, they quarrel among themselves and goad one another and joke and score off one another, much in the manner of Elizabethan clowns. At one especially funny moment, a hot-blooded little bantam called Hunter (Kirk Kirksey), in an African poncho and beads, starts an anecdote, and someone kills the point before he gets to it. His rage and indignation explode—he is inconsolable. At last, Big Time Buck White enters down the aisle of the theatre—a tall man, dressed all in black, with his long hair making a kind of African halo around his head. Within moments, the mood of actors and audience changes to sobriety. From an upstage pulpit, Big Time Buck White delivers a sermon whose content—four hundred years of servitude, the burning experience in the soul of my black people, the white man’s guilt, the agonies of plantation life, the Negroes’ exhausted patience—is too familiar to have much impact by now, but the delivery is firm and eloquent. The characterization of Big Time Buck White is so strong and cuts so deep that it is almost impossible to believe he is being played by an actor. He is, though—by an actor named Dick Williams. After the sermon, the meeting is thrown open to questions from the audience, with more comic byplay by Kirk Kirksey as a particularly zealous usher in charge of collections (“Tap de plate. Tap de plate”). The night I was there, most of the questions were asked by plants in the house and were answered with make-believe fierceness or condescension, but the few legitimate questioners were answered sincerely. The Black Militant message of “Big Time Buck White” is one that I do not readily receive, but the fervor and humor of the play and the players transcend it.

WHEN the musical “Ballad for a Firing Squad” was called “Mata Hari,” David Merrick closed it before it came to town. Last week, it opened at the de Lys with a new cast and with its composer, Edward Thomas, as its producer. There is enough in the show to make anybody hopeful, I suppose; the music is agreeable, the singing is quite good, a revolving stage is used to charming effect, and a number of the performances are intermittently successful. But these elements don’t combine into much of anything. “Ballad for a Firing Squad” is an anti-war musical. It is, as well, a dim musical (which almost amounts to a contradiction in terms), and it is far too complacent, pat, and foolish to hit its own target. The target is, of course, that well-known sitting (and by now somewhat scuffed) duck the First World War. The principals are Renata Vaselle, as the brave, high-strung Mata Hari, more sinned against than sinning and eventually betrayed by French Intelligence; James Hurst (whose strong, true voice and masculine presence are a great help), as her French lover and the unwitting instrument of her betrayal; Adelle Rasey (whose light, true voice and feminine presence ditto), as his wife; and Bruce Scott (who gives the title song a poignant rendition), as a sensitive young recruit.

A DEPRESSING synthetic called “Americana Pastoral” opened and closed last week. It dealt in bogus lyrical fashion with the inhabitants of a town in the Deep South where a cotton mill, long idle, has been bought by a rich Negro from the North. The characters were all stereotypes, so there was little chance for performance; nevertheless, some of the actors—among them Ron O’Neal, Martin Shakar, Louise Stubbs, and Cashmere Ellis—managed to give their plastic roles a few hints of life. —EDITH OLIVER



“What interested you most about me, Babson, when we first met?”



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Student Power

THE Juilliard School, in preparation for its move to its new building in Lincoln Center, has inaugurated an ambitious operatic program, in the course of which it will present, with what are supposed to be semi-professional casts, a fair number of productions every season. The program is under the direction of Tito Capobianco, the brilliant stage director who has given us so many imaginative stagings at the New York City Opera. All this is very worthwhile. Last Wednesday night, I attended the first production of the new program, at the old Juilliard Concert Hall. It was Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," directed, of course, by Mr. Capobianco, and with sets by Ming Cho Lee and costumes by Hal George. The set for the first act was charming, with an absurd statue of a man waving a sword in the middle of a plaza (a pink dove was sitting on its head), and various buildings, including a hotel as well as Dr. Bartolo's house. The second-act set was more conventional. The conductor was no less a maestro than Alfred Wallenstein, and this fact guaranteed crispness of ensemble and general accuracy of singing. There were several other nice things about this production, too. Nevertheless, this was a student performance, and must be reviewed in that context. There was just one singer of professional calibre—a young man named Alan Titus, who sang the role of Figaro. He is an accomplished actor, able to manage all the busy comedy of the role with grace and conviction. His voice is a powerful one—a rich baritone—and he sang with style. Undoubtedly we shall be hearing him again. If I were a local impresario, I would sign him up immediately. The rest of the cast was attractive, eager, quite skillful, as students go, and at times (owing to expert direction) rather striking in what it did. It was a special pleasure to see Dr. Bartolo (a role sung by the able young Robert Termine) made into a real character instead of the clown with a peruque who usually meets the eye. The Rosina was a mezzo-soprano named Anita Terzian. I thought she overdid her acting a bit, but she is pretty, fairly agile in voice, and promising. Much the same can be said for Grayson Hirst, the Almaviva—a light tenor with a pleasant quality of voice but, again, only a *fairly* agile one. Alan Ord was the Don Basilio, and he comported himself quite acceptably.

On the whole, this made a fairly enjoyable evening. Young singers who are just beginning to blossom are a little like kittens or puppies; they are fun to watch and listen to. Mr. Capobianco's direction became somewhat confused at the end of the second act, where the entrance of the Guard entailed a throng that the stage of the Juilliard auditorium is not large enough to accommodate. For a while, things got so crowded that people were bumping into one another and knocking off one another's hats. But this is a small point. The point that disturbs me is why "Il Barbiere" was chosen in the first place. I think that I can surmise the answer—Mr. Capobianco's discovery that Mr. Titus is such a fine Figaro. In other respects I think it was an unfortunate choice. "Il Barbiere," with Teresa Berganza, is at the moment the star attraction at the Metropolitan, and it is also in the repertory of the New York City Opera. That's pretty stiff competition. I hope that from here on the Juilliard Opera Theatre will concentrate on works that are less familiar, offering the public a taste of what it does not already know backward and forward.

WHAT I wish the Juilliard Opera Theatre had done was done memorably by the Opera Theatre of the Manhattan School of Music last Friday night in its modest auditorium. This was a performance of Mozart's early *opera seria* "Lucio Silla." The work has recently been revived in Europe, but, except for a performance by the Chamber Opera Society of Baltimore earlier this year, this was its first hearing in this country. "Lucio Silla" was written before Mozart had attained his seventeenth birthday, and, like so many of his youthful scores, it constitutes an utterly unbelievable feat. The music is simply drenched with sublime beauty, and the vocal parts are written with incredible canniness. There are many passages that prefigure the mature Mozart of "Don Giovanni"—passionate arias that one would think totally beyond the emotional experience of a sixteen-year-old—and there is everywhere the stamp that says clearly, "Nobody could have written this but Mozart." Like all

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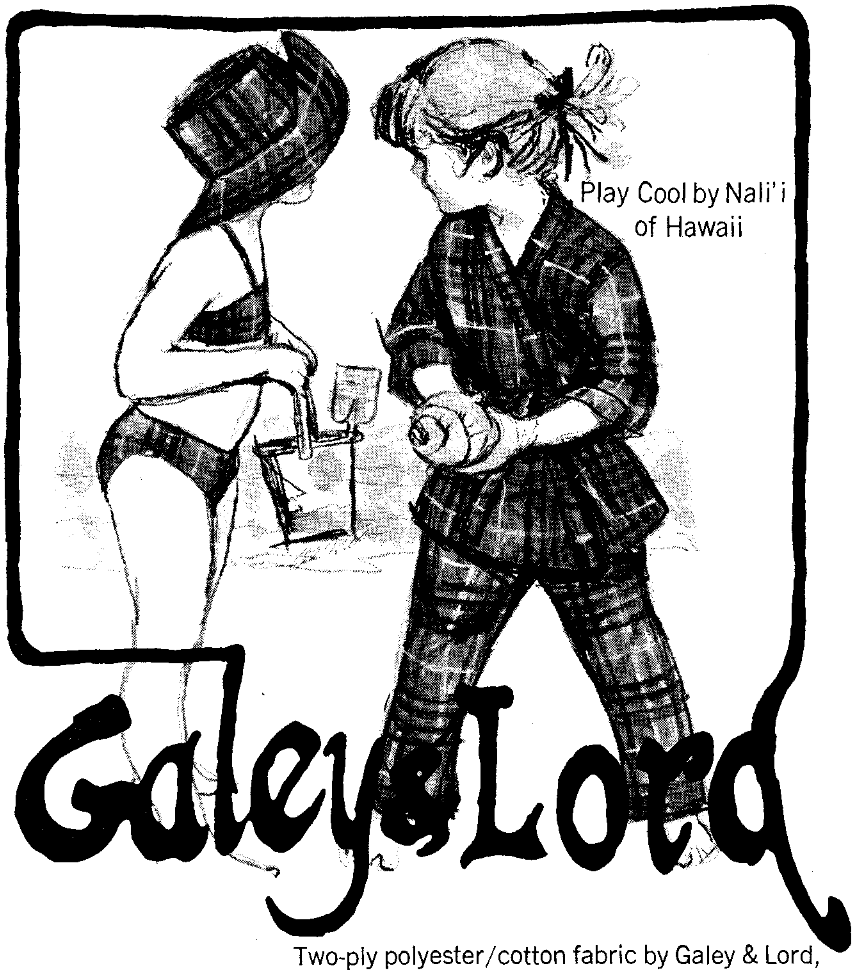

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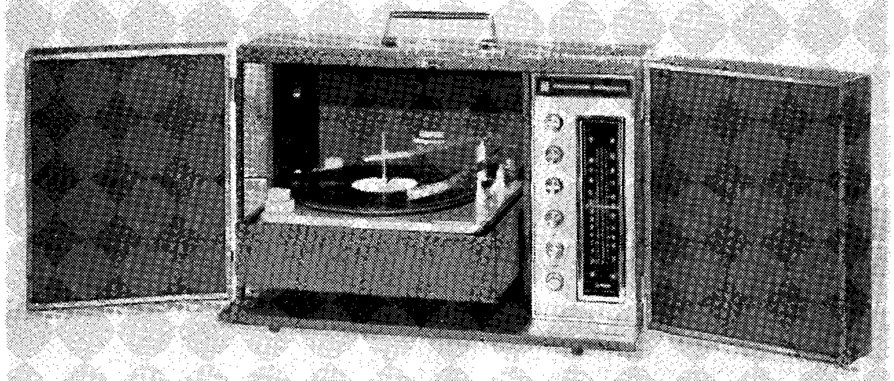
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works of its period, it is rather static from a dramatic point of view. Its characters just come onstage and sing arias and ensembles about their inner feelings, without attempting anything much in the way of action. Nevertheless, "Lucio Silla" does not contain a dull moment. The music is of such magnificent quality that it alone holds you on the edge of your seat. The plot is a formal thing about a Roman tyrant (Silla) who is attempting to swipe the betrothed (Giunia) of a senator (Cecilio) who is in exile—presumably because this furthers the tyrant's aim. Cecilio secretly returns. A second couple (Celia and Cinna), friends of the unfortunate Giunia and Cecilio, try to help them thwart Silla, and there is a fellow named Aufidio, Silla's henchman, who helps his master to woo Giunia. Giunia is obdurate in her devotion to Cecilio, and spurns Silla's advances. Silla throws Cecilio into a dungeon, where Giunia visits him. Finally, Silla turns out to have a heart of gold. He frees Cecilio, endorses his marriage to Giunia, and helps wind up everything with a splendid and happy ensemble. All this is, of course, typical of *opera seria*—the sort of thing that Handel loved to write a generation earlier. Nobody needs to act. The problem is to sing, and the singing that is called for is of a quite spectacular sort, with arias ranging through two octaves or more, and an unlimited amount of *fioritura*.

In order to provide some drama, the director, Carlton Gauld, placed what action there was on a stage within the stage, with a stage audience dressed in eighteenth-century costume, chatting and applauding at appropriate moments. The orchestra, under the able direction of Anton Coppola, was placed behind the stage, and it is a mystery to me how the excellent ensemble was maintained, since the conductor was obviously invisible to the singers. The ensemble, however, *was* virtually flawless, and the young singers tackled their extremely difficult roles with astonishing polish. Not all of them were students. Anna Giancotti, who sang the leading female role, Giunia, turned out to be a singer of some professional experience and of sterling accomplishments. Her Mozart style is that of a specialist—superbly phrased, deftly colored from an emotional standpoint, and altogether a joy to hear. The Silla was also a professional—Dan Marek, who has frequently sung lesser roles at the Metropolitan and who made a fine, robust tyrant. Here the distinction between professionals and students begins

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'Twas the week before Christmas, and all through the place
Every creature was stirring at a furious pace.
Stockings were carefully hung side by side
In hopes that Kahlúa would be tucked inside.

There came from the kitchen the continual clatter
Of the mixing of brownies from Kahlúa batter.
Kahlúa was poured on roast turkey, for basting,
And poured into small cordial glasses, for tasting.

Some whipped up bowls of Kahlúa Parfait,
While others cracked eggs for Kahlúa Soufflé.
(All drank Kahlúa in coffee. Olé!)

Yet this was but part of their holiday fixings,
Kahlúa was used for their spirited mixings;
Kahlúa Sour! Brave Bull on ice!
Then, after dinner, Black Russians are nice!

They drank K&B (that's Kahlúa and Brandy)
From Kahlúa Kups (made of chocolate candy).
Celebrations continued well into the night
(With Kahlúa cocktails, that were, like, out of sight!)

'Till each one exclaimed
with a cry of delight,
"Merry Christmas to all,
and to all a good night!"

"Bar Humbug!"

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to break down. Mr. Marek is a professional, but he is back studying at the Manhattan School for a degree. The members of the cast now to be described are all students but serve frequently as professionals in churches or elsewhere. Among them: Marzetta Jones, a soprano with a powerful voice and a large range, who sang the role of Cecilio (one written originally for a *castrato*); Mary Lesnick, also a soprano, with power and range plus considerable *fioritura* technique, who sang the other *castrato* role, Cinna; Patricia Guthrie, soprano, very agile and very pleasing as Celia; and Price Browne, a virile tenor, as Aufidio. Altogether, I found this one of the most rewarding events of the season.

THE first appearance of Carlo Maria Giulini at the head of the New York Philharmonic, in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday night, was, I thought, an occasion for only moderate enthusiasm. He presented an all-Mozart program of a sort that almost plays itself, and he presided over it with a light, lyric approach. It included the Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in D Minor, K. 466, with Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli as soloist, and the great G Minor Symphony. Mr. Michelangeli played elegantly and coolly, without much involvement. On the whole, the symphony was well performed, but, probably in search of expressiveness, Mr. Giulini had directed his first violins to accent the first, fourth, and seventh notes in the anacruses of the opening theme—something that resulted in rhythmic distortion of a very unpleasant kind.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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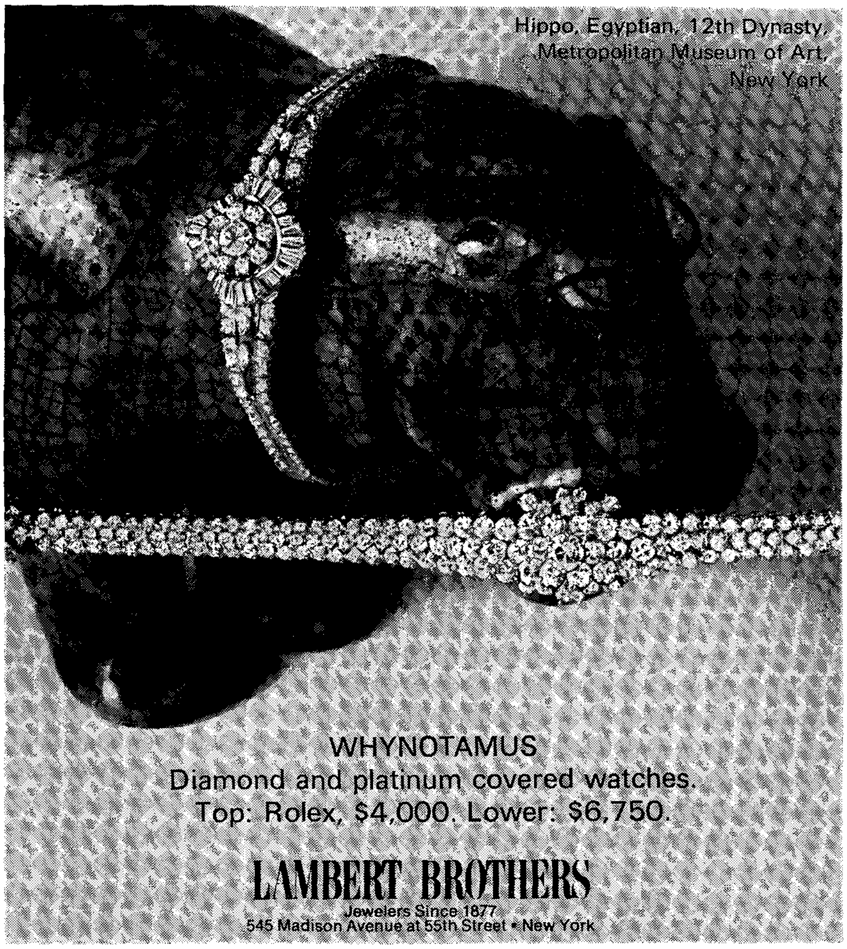
Time will tell, Baby. We're certainly off to a rotten start.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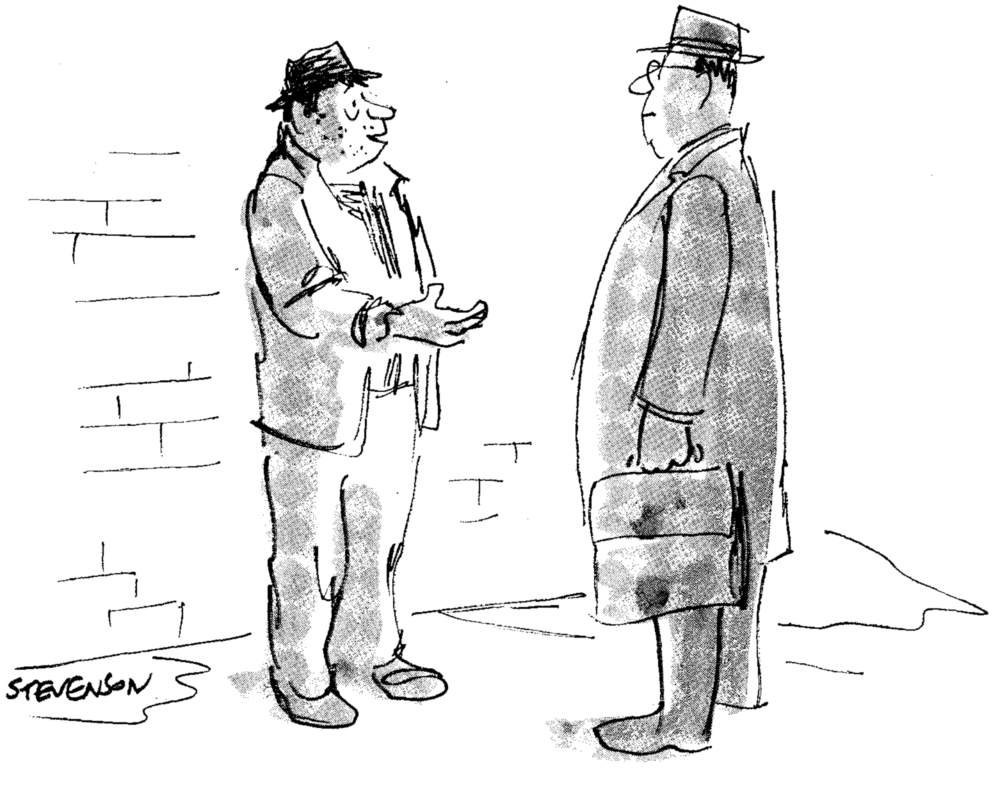
ONWARD AND UPWARD IN THE GARDEN

WINTERTHUR AND WINTER BOOK FARE

GUIDEBOOKS and field guides sound like dull fare, but this year it happens that some of the best books for those interested in flowers, whether wild or cultivated, come under this heading. One of them is among the most beautiful and readable of all the 1968 garden books. It is "The Gardens of Winterthur in All Seasons," by Harold Bruce, with photographic illustrations in color and in black-and-white by Gottlieb and Hilda Hampfler (Viking, twelve dollars and ninety-five cents). The printing and all the plates, both the black-and-whites and the exceptionally fine color ones, were done in Switzerland, and with near-perfect results. Unless you are lucky enough, though, to turn up an unsold copy in a bookstore, you will not be able to get the book at once, for it turns out that the Viking first edition, of a meagre thirty-five hundred copies, has already sold out. There is always, however, the handsome paperback edition, which I describe later, and one can hope that a second printing of the more durable Viking book will soon be available.

As almost every reader must now know, Winterthur is the name of the great du Pont estate three miles from Wilmington, Delaware. Over a century old, Winterthur is now an estate of nearly a thousand acres, of which sixty comprise the present gardens. They are open to the public from April through June and for about six weeks in the fall, and are visited each year by many thousands. When one considers the photographs of the gardens in winter and summer, it seems too bad that one cannot wander along these lovely paths all year long. The museum, once the family mansion and still within the gardens' boundaries, houses the du Pont collection of decorative objects and furniture made in or imported to America during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; it began as a family collection of fine antique American household furnishings, acquired generation by generation, but was enormously enlarged by the present owner, Henry Francis du Pont. He was the first du Pont to open the gardens to the public, in 1951. The museum may be visited all year long, but arrangements for a ticket of admission must be made beforehand.

The book starts with a brief foreword by Mr. du Pont and a short "History of the Gardens" by C. Gordon Tyrrell, their present director. From this history one learns that Winterthur came into existence in 1839, when James Antoine Bidermann and his wife, Evelina Gabrielle, the daughter of E. I. du Pont de Nemours (born in France but settled near Wilmington in 1802), acquired four hundred and fifty acres of land near the estate of Mrs. Bidermann's father. After clearing the woods, the young couple built *their* own home in the New World and named it Winterthur, for the town in Switzerland where Mr. Bidermann's family had lived. The sunken garden Mr. and Mrs. Bidermann started near their home no longer exists, but the gardens were enlarged in 1875 by Mrs. Bidermann's nephew, Colonel Henry A. du Pont, the then owner, and from then on, under the Colonel and his son, came the miracles of landscaping and planting and planning that only good taste and vast money could have created. In effect, the du Ponts have given to the United States, for at least part of the year, a huge privately owned park, with an arboretum, research buildings, greenhouses, a pavilion, and a museum. If you can't get to Winterthur, Harold Bruce's book and the Hampfler photographs will make you feel you have been there.



"May I help assuage some of the guilt that you, sir, as an affluent American, must necessarily feel at this season?"

The book is also published in a paperback edition as "Winterthur in Bloom," sold at Winterthur and a few other museums for eight dollars and fifty cents, and at the Doubleday shops in New York for nine-fifty. The one thing I prefer about this slightly cheaper edition, which is identical with the Viking one except for the binding and cover, is the photograph chosen to decorate its glossy, hard-paper cover, which shows in brilliant color the very early *Iris reticulata* Royal Blue, its green stems and blue blossoms rising, undaunted, through a light spring fall of snow. I like paperbacks, but this book is too heavy and too enduring in value to be put into paperback; already the spine of my copy is torn and weak, and, like human spines, it will crumble with use.

The Viking edition is jacketed by another remarkable Hampfler color photograph, showing in the background a narrow vista of pond, road, a harvested field, fields of very green grass, and, in the far distance, green hills and trees. In the foreground, and dominating the scene, are two ancient russet-brown trees—a beech and a hickory, their leaves just starting to fall. To my New England eyes, used to a blaze of

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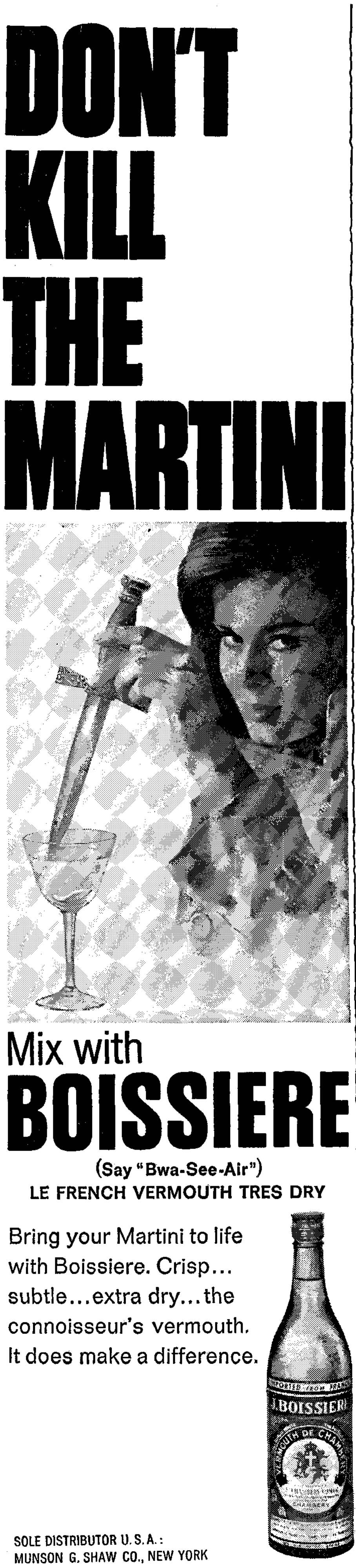
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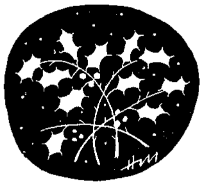
gold and red in late October before the killing frosts, the picture seems a bit melancholy. It reminds me of our very-late-fall russet-and-evergreen Maine landscape, when the deciduous hackmatacks are losing their yellowing needles, the brilliant maples and the elms are bare of leaves, and the long-lasting mulberry-red foliage of the pear tree and the mulberry-pink patches of low-bush blueberry on the hills of late October have turned to a dismal brown. To a Maine resident like myself, this means that the beautiful long cold white winter I used to look forward to, in spite of its problems and hardships, is about to set in, bringing suffering to our sick or elderly neighbors. This is, of course, purely a personal, emotional reaction; gold and brown are right for autumn in Delaware and the Zone 6 climate of Winterthur. The temperatures—cold in winter, hot in summer, and midway between northern and southern conditions—are one reason for the extraordinary variety of trees, shrubs, and flowers that can be grown there.



All in all, the photographs of the Hampflers are, as Patrick Synge writes in the *Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society*, "absolutely superb and have given us one of the finest illustrated garden books that I have seen for a long time." I agree entirely. (There is, by the way, no way of knowing which of these remarkable pictures were taken by Gottlieb and which by Hilda.) Mr. Hampfler and his wife spent a year at Winterthur making five hundred prints, from which a hundred and sixteen black-and-white and thirty-two color photographs were selected. My favorite page of all—not in color—is of a clump of single white Japanese iris just coming into bloom; its slim, elegantly pointed buds and strong stems are of varying height, and its two first flowers rise above narrow, rush-like leaves.

For lack of garden space, I have never grown Japanese iris (*Iris kaempferi*)—and, too, because the nurseries now seem to offer only the double variety, which to me seem less like iris each year, as they get further and further away from the purity of form and exquisite delicacy of the singles. If there is a nursery that has tucked away but does not list roots of the single whites, I hope it will speak up, for at last I have a place to plant two big clumps. A year ago, we dammed a small brook on our farm, and we now have a small, rather deep pond at the edge of a wood where alders and wild apples overhang. We want to keep the pond simple and plant very little—a native cattail or two, perhaps, and a few wild flag from our swamp—and leave the rest to nature, and, we hope, to trout. However, I had had my heart set on those two stands of single white iris (planted not *in* but *near* the water, on the south side of the pond), if only because they would be visible above the vegetable garden and north hayfield from our house and terrace. Our only planting around the pond so far has been of crown vetch, to hold the steep banks at the sides of the cement dam. Next spring, I may try to sneak into the grass on the steeper north bank of the pond some of the violets that spread like weeds under my shrub roses. They might help retain the bank if ever again we get a thoroughly wet summer.

To return to the book, the Bruce text, like the photographs, is superior. Mr. Bruce was the taxonomist at Winterthur when he started his book—i.e., a specialist in plant classification and nomenclature—but his prose is far removed from the turgid writing of most horticultural scientists. He has divided his story into four sections—Winter, Spring, Summer, Autumn—and he leads one through the seasons at Winterthur in a flexible, non-botanical, easy prose style, obviously written *con amore* and with a deep appreciation of what the natural world and the world of the landscaper and gardener are all about. He hasn't attempted to write a botanical handbook, and, as a taxonomist, he has had the courage to change the rules of the gobbledygook of current botanical Latin, when he must use it for identification, by capitalizing the lower-case botanical adjectives based on proper nouns—such as *smithii*, *sargentii*, *tomasinianus*. Where it seems called for, he tells us who Smith and Sargent and the others were. He also often translates the Latin names of species and explains their origin, and thus his story of Winterthur is full of history, mythology, and legend. Common English names get the same attention on origin, and he is careful to point out the regional character of these names; "Spring Beauty" and "bluebells" mean quite different plants in different parts of the country. Along the way he gives expert advice on mass planting, and practical advice for the less ambitious gardener on the horticultural requirements of each tree,

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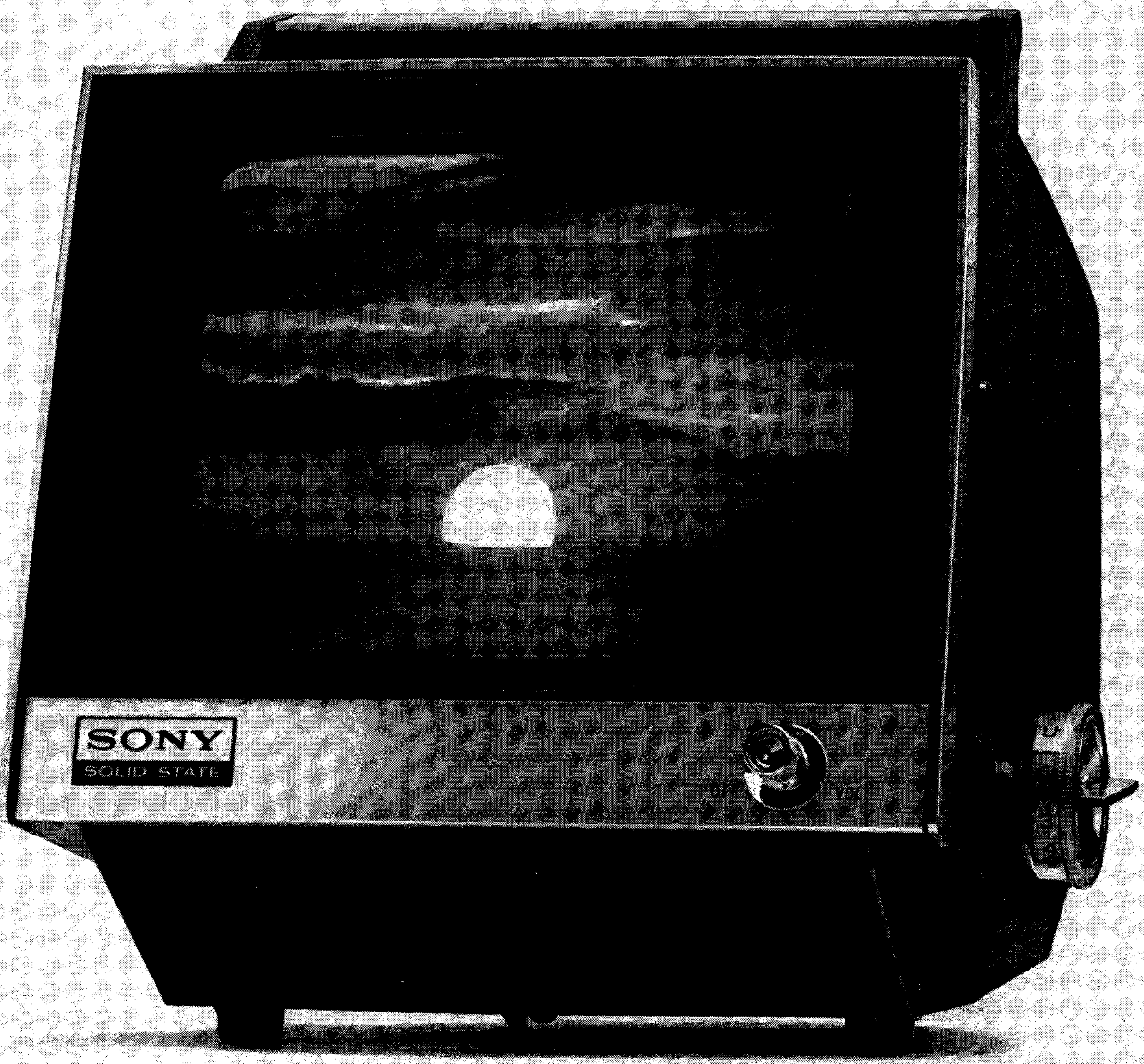

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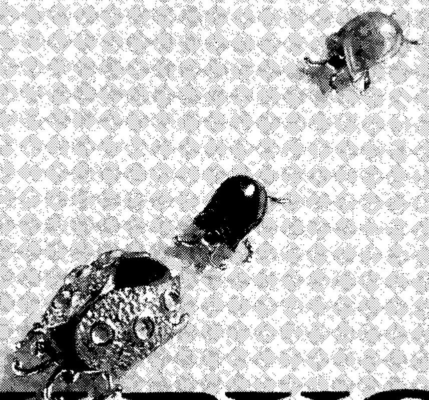

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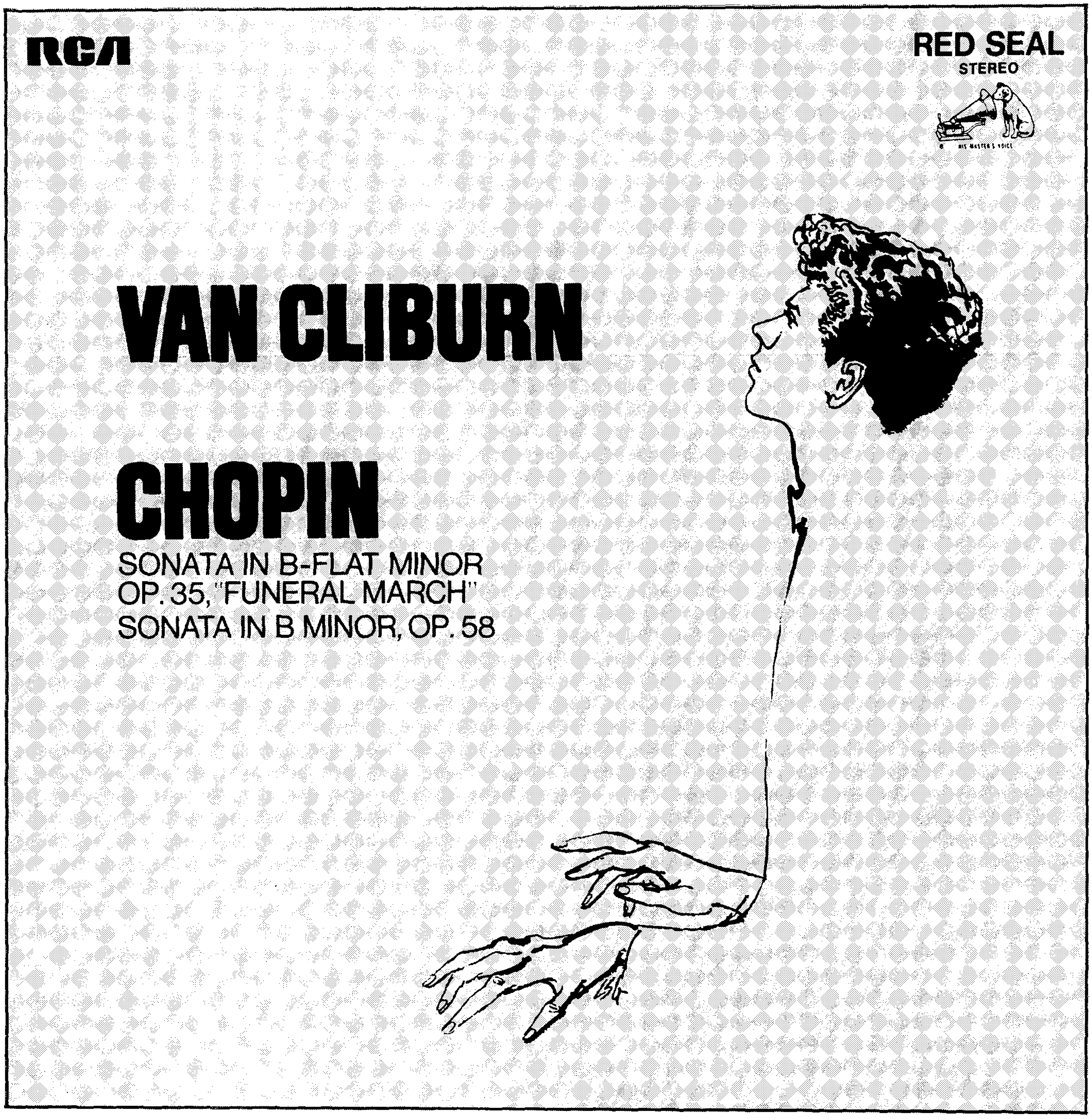
bush, plant, bulb, and corm he describes. I have learned a lot about the small home garden from Harold Bruce, and I am especially grateful for his notes on hardiness, for I have been nursing along plants that will never flourish in our own Zone 4 to 5.

My fear for the Winterthur of today is that zeal, experiment, and expansion may lead to overplanting. Enough is enough, and a few of the photographs seem to me to point to too much, especially the one of the golf course on the estate. If I were a golfer, I would be distracted by all those naturalized daffodils following the elegant curves and making patterns of irregular spheroids all over the edges of the fairway; how could a pull or a slice be retrieved without ruining the flowers? And what was once a quarry seems in its photograph to show little sign of a natural quarry, because so many new rocks have been added, to turn the quarry into a floriferous rock garden. It is now completely filled with plants, and it has ornamental iron fences and resting outlooks to make it safe and pleasant for throngs of visitors. The author says, "None of these views is accidental." How sad, I thought—not a natural vista left, not a natural quarry, with its cattails and spooky walls, dripping water, and its deep pond. But I am only an armchair visitor, and if I had followed the many walks (there is a map) I might well feel differently.

Among the great charms of the du Pont estate are its age, its ancient trees, and—in many of the earlier plantings in the Azalea Woods and elsewhere—the now nearly lost beautiful early varieties of azaleas and cherries, lilacs, crabapples, and so on, obtained by Colonel du Pont and his son through their close friendship, in the early days of Harvard's Arnold Arboretum, with its trio of great plantsmen: Charles S. Sargent, E. H. (Chinese) Wilson, and Karl Sax. Later, in the thirties, quantity buying for Winterthur was done through private sources, and whole nurseries and private gardens were purchased. Many of the varieties so acquired are now also unobtainable. This means that the book cannot offer that helpful ingredient in a volume of this sort—a list of nurseries and other sources of supply. It explains, of course, why I cannot get my single white Japanese iris roots. Well, one can't have everything.

A WELCOME volume in the Peterson Field Guide series is "A Field Guide to Wildflowers of North-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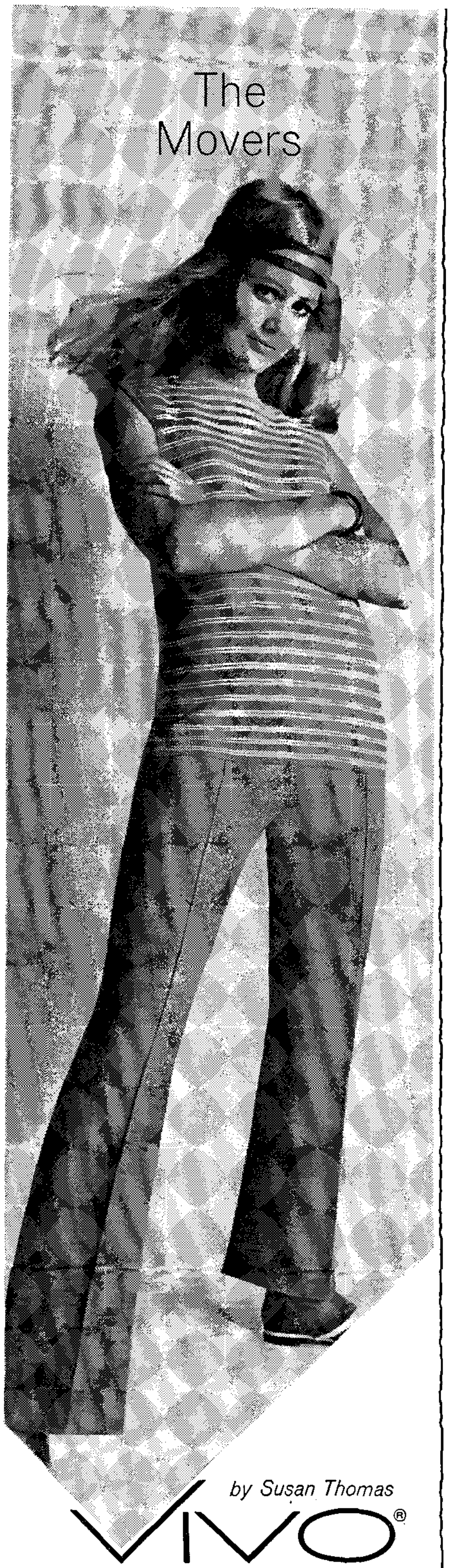

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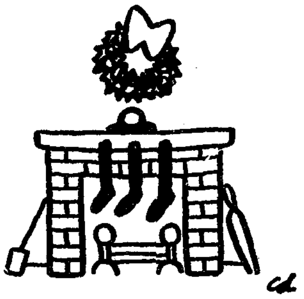
eastern and North-Central North America," with text by Roger Tory Peterson and Margaret McKenny and illustrations by Mr. Peterson in color and line drawing (Houghton Mifflin). It is the best try yet, perhaps, at a pocket, fairly comprehensive, compact volume covering a large region, but it is less compact and comprehensive than Peterson's famous "Field Guide to the Birds," which covered the United States east of the Rockies. This was inevitable, since wildflowers are more complex and numerous than birds. The subtitle of the new volume is "A Visual Approach, Arranged by Color, Form, and Detail." Like Mrs. Dana, of our childhood, in "How to Know the Wild Flowers," Mr. Peterson, to help the amateur, groups his flowers by color rather than by family, and attempts to provide for instant visual recognition by his illustrations. Unhappily, only a small percentage of the illustrations are in color, and not very good color at that. Unlike the flowers themselves, this book does not charm the eye or, like Mrs. Dana's book, the mind. The very first flower I tried to look up in it—a big, dandelion-like Goatsbeard, sent me from upper New York State—is missing, but I did find it under *Tragopogon major*, with exact description and two illustrations, in Harold W. Rickett's huge "Wild Flowers of the Northeastern States," sponsored by the New York Botanical Garden. Such omissions are inescapable in compact guides. Mr. Peterson, who had agreed merely to edit this book and write the legends for the illustrations, ended up by having to write half of the text and do all the illustration himself—a major labor of love. His hundreds of line drawings are excellent. His introduction and particularly his page called "Survival" were especially interesting to me. To save space, the flower families are designated by symbols, but there are thirteen pages of these tiny complex symbols. I, for one, could never learn to recognize them at a glance; some are too fancy and others are too similar. Most amateurs, though, don't care very much about flower families, and almost thirteen hundred species, covering both the Northeast and the North Central states, is enough for a pocket field guide. The book should be in every household or library, but because it is fat it will stretch many a field-jacket pocket.



The University of Tennessee Press last year brought out two really handsome hard-paper-cover *little* spiral-bound books—an enlarged edition of its earlier "Great Smoky Mountains Wildflowers" and a new edition of "Rhode Island Wildflowers." The illustrations in both books are delightfully good color photographs; the flowers covered are very limited in number, but what there are are so alive that they seem to be growing on the page. This is the first time I have found myself actually *liking* color-photograph illustrations of flowers—aside from, of course, the Winterthur book, and a few other de-luxe books, such as some of the Sierra Club series.

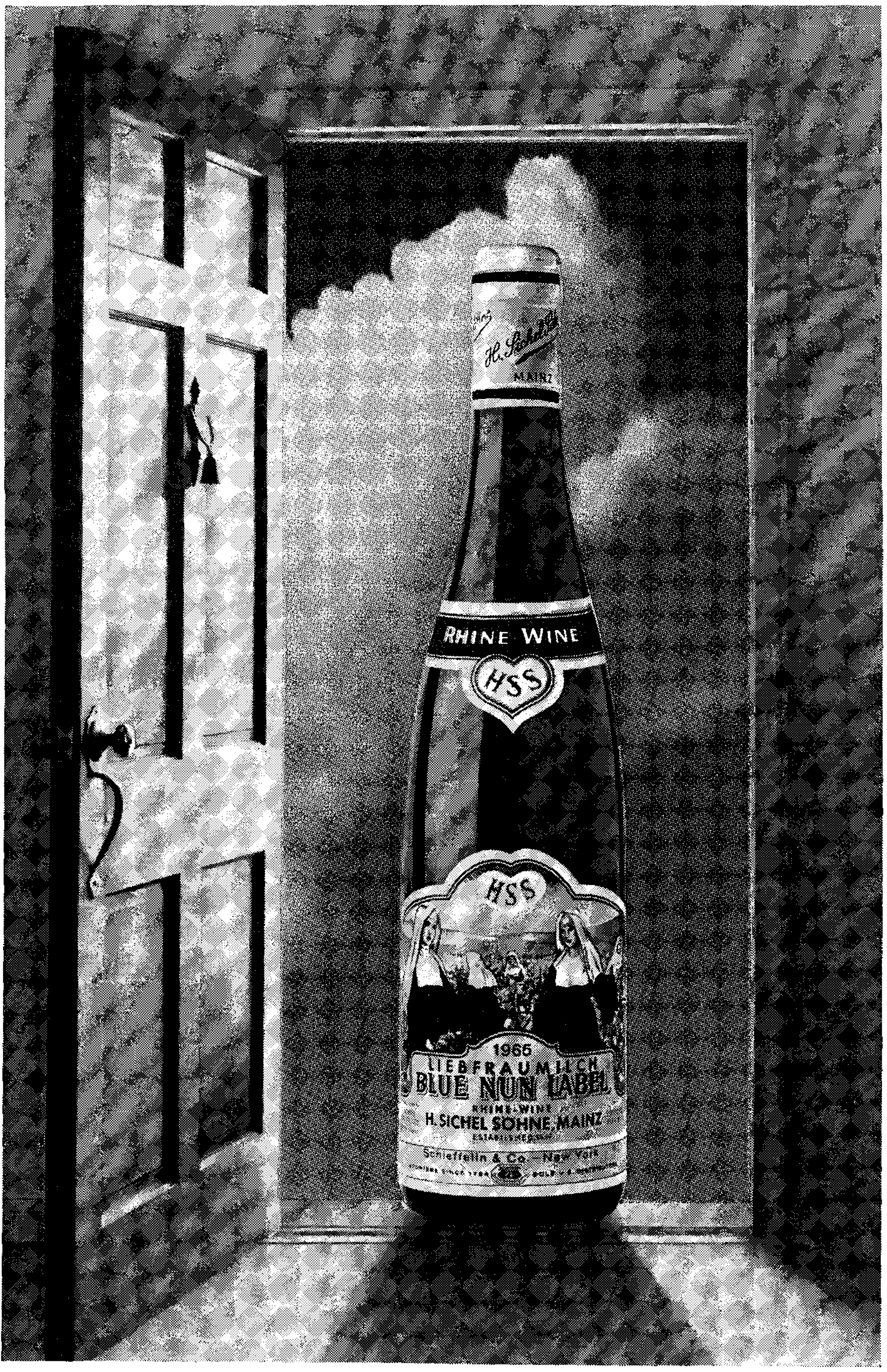
Another new regional guide for wildflowers is "Wildflowers of Cape Cod," a paperback by Harold R. Hinds and Wilfred A. Hathaway, illustrated by clear line drawings by Hathaway and a few none-too-good photographs in color by the authors. (The book is published by the Chatham Press, in coöperation with the Cape Cod National Seashore Park.) The guide has an interesting and helpful scheme: the flowers are grouped not by color or by plant families but by eight habitats—woodlands, dunes, boglands, fresh-water meadows, etc. Six hundred species are covered. Warnings are given about the most poisonous wildflowers. For Cape Codders, this should be a useful if not handsome local handbook.

The third volume of the New York Botanical Garden's vast work-in-progress, "Wild Flowers of the United States," is not to be issued until the fall of 1969. Each volume comes in two huge books, as you will remember, and Volume III, says its publisher (McGraw-Hill), will be on the state of Texas alone, and will be less weighty and easier to read. The editor, Harold Rickett, is the senior curator of botany at the New York Botanical Garden. Listing every known wildflower in the fifty states is bound to bring delays. However, it is the only guide that really deserves the adjective "comprehensive," at least in the two regions covered thus far—the Northeastern and Southeastern states.

"Rock Gardening: A Guide to Growing Alpines and Other Wild Flowers in the American Garden," by H. Lincoln Foster, with line drawings by Laura Louise Foster (Houghton Mifflin), is not really a guide at all; it is an authoritative, four-hundred-odd-page reference book on this subject. Mr. Foster explains the uses of and methods for establishing rock gardens of all sorts in our climate, but the body of the book is an alphabetical list of suitable plants, with directions for growing each of them. The book makes a useful American adjunct to the classic work in this field—Reginald Farrer's two-volume (over a thousand pages) "The English Rock-Garden," which, unobtainable in this country, is still available in England, where it is a standard reference book, even though it was first published in 1919. It is delightful to read anywhere. Farrer was many things—a scholar, a versatile and exciting writer, an eccentric, and, above all, a plant explorer, who collected all over the world, mostly in snow and ice. He was also a practical gardener and a designer of rock gardens during his later years in England. His explorations and collecting were mostly done at the end of the nineteenth century, but he has forever left his mark on gardening by his plant discoveries and travels and by his rock-garden book.

My own attempts at rock gardening are minimal: two small patches of plants around and in the crevices of the two low outcrops of granite ledge that pop up in our north lawn, where we set up the croquet wickets in summer, but the low rocks and the plants—one near the final stake and one near the third wicket—just make our kind of casual croquet the more amusing. Many of my plants are not alpines or rock plants at all—simply what I happen to have handy. Thus far, I have not succeeded in having much color after June, when the moss pink and the miniature bulbs have stopped flowering. In early spring, the tiny wild tulips and wild daffodils are a joy, if they have managed to survive the cold winter and the depredations of the field mice. Allwood's Alpine Pinks bloom well into midsummer and bloom again if I cut them back, and Johnny-jump-ups continue to bloom until frost if I continue to cut them back and tend them—a big "if" nowadays. My plantings have grown too numerous to be well tended, now that labor is scarce and I have less time to work in them.

ALL gardeners who like to get down on their knees and grub enjoy reading books by others who do, especially if the authors write well and are good gardeners. Buckner Hollingsworth's new book, "Gardening on Main Street," with drawings by Eva Cellini (Rutgers University Press), is, of necessity, as we shall see, not as



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substantial and solid a book as her earlier historical and biographical garden books (“Flower Chronicles” and “Her Garden Was Her Delight”), which were based primarily on research. Even so, the new book makes pleasant reading. Ten or fifteen years ago, the author and her artist husband moved from Rockland County, where she had struggled for twenty-five years with a garden on stony ground, to a house and lot seventy-five by two hundred feet, behind a low picket fence on the busy main street of a Vermont town. There were only seventy-six inches of weedy lawn between the house and the picket fence, and at the east side of the house a partially shaded spot of thirty by twenty feet. This problem area she made into her garden, with a small pool under an apple tree. The book is an entertaining blow-by-blow account of how, by trial and error, she turned this unpromising ground into a garden so full of bloom that it is now the pride of the community and a magnet for sightseers. She could have used her big back yard or part of the two-acre hayfield at the back of the lot and had the pleasures of privacy, but though she gives other reasons (drainage and soil and the fact that she was over sixty when she began), it seems to me that she really gardened where she did for the delectation of the town as much as for herself. Later, she turned the tiny front lawn into a garden with stone paths, and, finally, planted the sloping eight inches between the fence on Main Street and the sidewalk. She likes people; her neighbors and even the tourists wander in and out of her story. A lot of talk goes on over that fence.

Mrs. Hollingsworth is a scholar and researcher with a bookish turn of mind. Toward the end of her research for “Her Garden Was Her Delight,” she had a series of unsuccessful eye operations, and this ended for her all books of this sort—books based primarily on research. However, she barely mentions this misfortune and never complains or indulges in self-pity, nor does she say that reading must now come to her by ear. Luckily, she *remembers*, and her new book is full of literary and historical allusion as well as of practical and aesthetic advice. To me, it is a miracle that she can write at all now and can still garden.

I particularly relish the chapter on “Garden Gadgets and Gimmicks,” and I plan to use her ingenious suggestion on how to turn those dry-cleaner’s wire dress hangers that keep accumulating in every home into invisible plant

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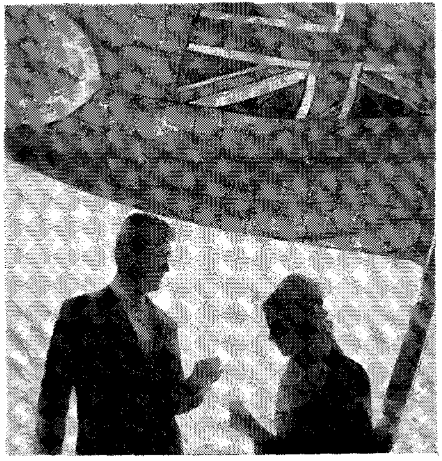

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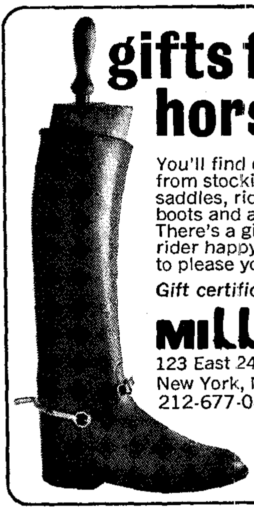

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supports (I never seem to have enough stakes or bamboo poles). I am with her on most of the flowers listed among her dislikes in the chapter on "Horticultural Horrors," but I take exception to her attack on Golden Glow. We had a fine stand of this hardy, carefree perennial when we bought our farm in Maine, many decades ago. It grew just outside our barnyard fence and was very gay against the gray shingles of the barn until the sheep, learning to lean through the fence, chewed it up. I replaced the plant with a prickly firethorn that grew to be a handsome sight, but one winter our by then well-established *Pyracantha kasan* was destroyed by field mice, who ringed the bark. Now I plant Burpee's huge Climax marigolds in the small square of soil, but they mean work and replanting each year. Golden Glow is an old-fashioned, leggy plant of somewhat inferior quality, but it seems *right* for early New England houses, and I enjoy the ones that flourish in our neighbors' yards. The clumps of yellow are cheerful as one drives along the highway, and are a time-honored spot of color in the New England scene.

MY best news of the year is that Elizabeth Lawrence's distinguished first book, "A Southern Garden," is again in print. I am lucky enough to own a first edition, now a collectors' item, which was published in 1942 by the University of North Carolina Press. This year the Press has brought out not a reprint but an updated illustrated edition that seems almost a new book. All the chapters of the old book have been kept, but much new material has been added. Miss Lawrence was living, writing, gardening, and practicing landscape architecture in Raleigh when she wrote the first version. She now lives in Charlotte, where she started a wholly new garden and began her excellent garden column for the Charlotte *Observer*. The new book adds a chapter of notes on the new garden, and photographs of her particular favorites among her shrubs and plants. Most charming of all the illustrations, though, is the frontispiece—an unintentionally romantic picture of young, pretty Miss Lawrence in her Raleigh garden, dressed in a flowing, long-skirted, short-sleeved summer dress, with her big dog beside her. The modest subtitle of both editions—"A Handbook for the Middle South"—is sound, but the book is far more than just a reference for gardeners in the mild climate of Zone

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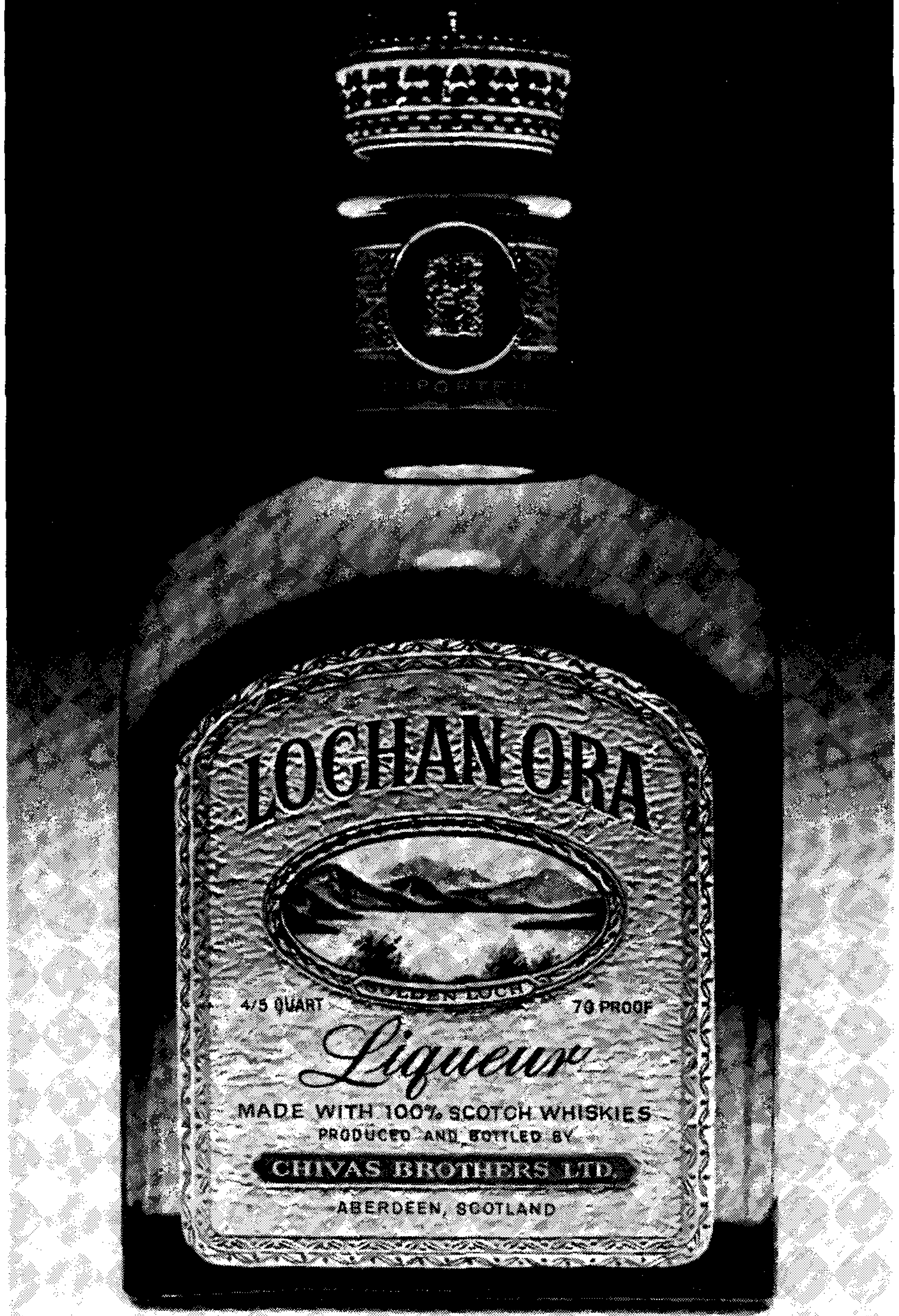

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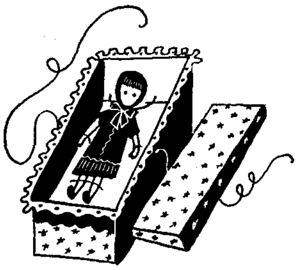
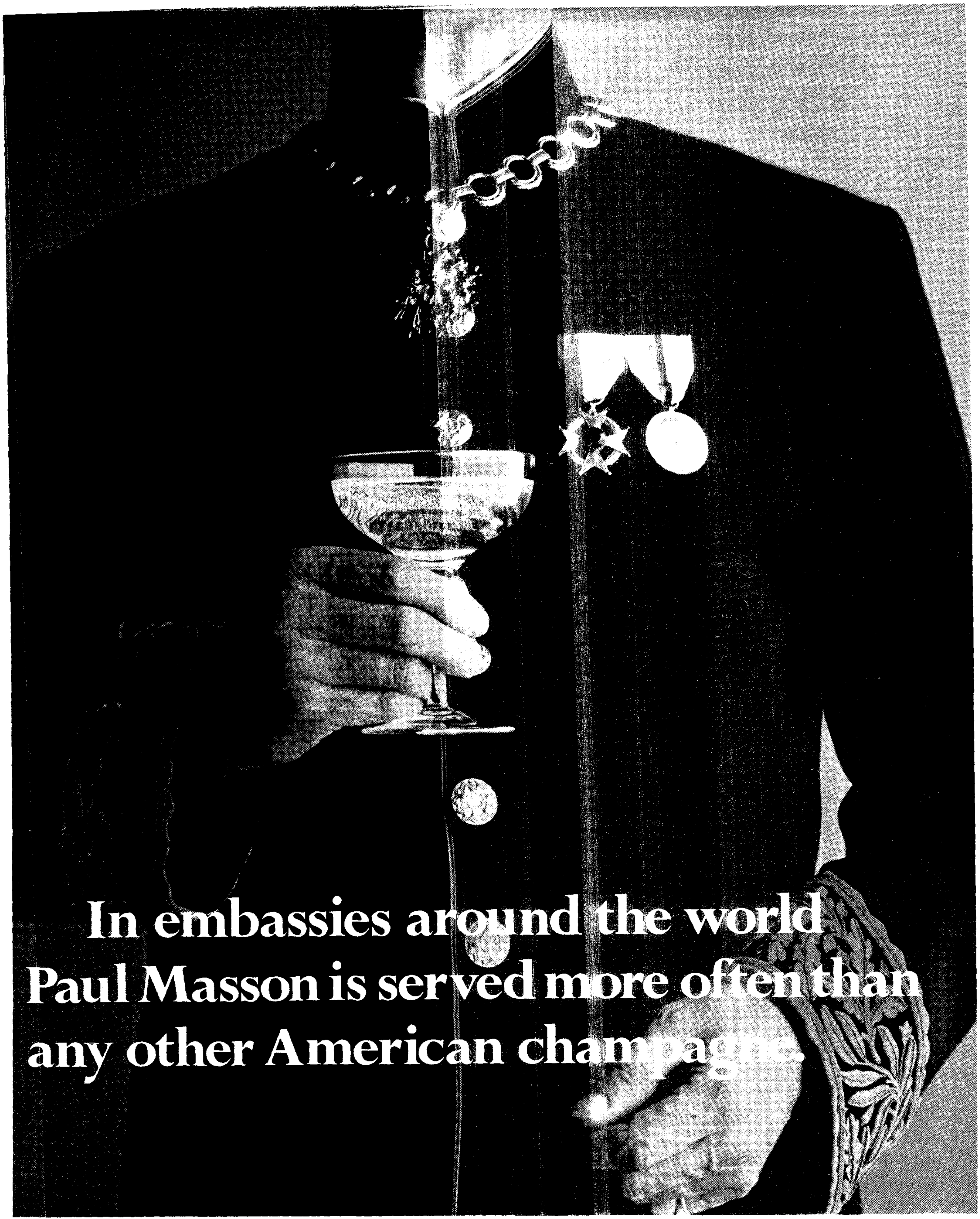
8; it is a literary yet scientific book by one of our best and most knowledgeable writers on gardens. Miss Lawrence writes with meticulous professional and scientific care, and, like the best English garden writers, she writes with humor and in simple, literary prose. To the new edition she has added a twenty-two-page chart of blooming dates—the earliest and the latest—of all the annuals, bulbs, perennials and biennials, shrubs, and vines she mentions, and a list (updated to September, 1967) of recommended nurseries that carry material for her part of the South. (These reliable sources of supply are situated all over the country, and therefore many of them carry plants for other climates.)

"I think of a garden," Miss Lawrence writes, "not as a manifestation of spring (like an Easter hat), nor as beds of flowers to be cut and brought into the house, but as a place to be in and enjoy every month of the year." This, of course, is not the way I can use a garden—in our Zone 4 to 5 strip of Maine coast, there are only a few days when winter garden living is possible—but I, a Northern amateur, come lately to any real knowledge of what gardening is about, have learned more about horticulture, plants, and garden history and literature from Elizabeth Lawrence than from any other one person. "A Southern Garden" is far more than a regional book; it is civilized literature by a writer with a pure and lively style and a deep sense of beauty.



"THE ART OF FLOWER ARRANGEMENT," by Beverley Nichols, a luxurious Viking Studio Book (twelve dollars and fifty cents), was published in the last month of 1967, but it is so beautiful and interesting that I mention it for any who have not seen its seventy-odd brilliant color plates, most of them reproductions of ancient paintings, illuminated manuscripts, early flower paintings, etc., and, to wind up Mr. Nichols' historical narrative, its excellent color photographs of early-modern to present-day flower arrangements. He is a prolific writer on many subjects and has written many lighter books on garden themes—mostly drawn from experience. In the garden-book field, this volume is his magnum opus. The text pleases me to an extent, I must admit, because his opinions coincide with mine, with one big exception: he seems to blame the low estate of modern flower arrangement, at least in part, on the modernist French and European painters. (See the chapter headed "Chaos.") I think that any good artist has much to teach the flower arranger, especially on the matter of simplicity, even if the flowers he paints are not like any flower on earth. The author, who is also a lecturer and authority in garden circles in many parts of the world, has apparently run afoul in this country of some of the absurdities created by the rigid rules for the "standard" flower shows that are put on by the Federated Garden Clubs. As he points out, flower arranging is now Big Business, and he doubts that an art—or sub-art—can be mass-produced. I agree. His big book covers more than flower arranging—such interesting subjects as ceramic artificial flowers (which are often delightful, especially when they do not pretend to be natural) and the miniaturists, starting with Fabergé's exquisite flower jewelry. He also pays proper tribute to the influence of Constance Spry in England and this country as a semi-modern arranger.

ANOTHER new big de-luxe volume of this year, on a highly specialized subject, is "Table Decoration: Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow," by Georgiana Reynolds Smith (Tuttle, fifteen dollars), which is outstanding for its hundred and seventy illustrations, a few of them color photographs of modern flower arrangements by the author. The most interesting are the black-and-whites, taken from ancient engravings and line drawings and photographs of objects used as table decoration (or pictures showing the lack of it) from the distant past to the present. Mrs. Smith, better known to the garden world as Mrs. Anson Howe Smith, is a lecturer and a gifted flower arranger, and she arranged most of the period flower bouquets used to illustrate Margaret Fairbanks Marcus's enduring "Period Flower Arrangement." Mrs. Smith has been a lifelong student of design, and for many years she has been doing research and making card-catalogue notes on table decoration and table habits over the ages. It was Mrs. Marcus who encouraged her to turn those notes into this book. Mrs. Smith is less well organized, as a writer, than Mrs. Marcus, partly because instead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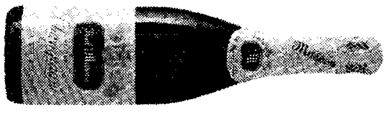

of writing a progressive historical narrative she has chosen to write on themes, and has a tendency to hop about from century to century within the theme of each chapter. Take the chapter on "Garlands, Chaplets, and Strewn Flowers." You find yourself first in Melanesia with a Polish anthropologist in 1922 (garlanded canoes). In a trice you are in ancient Greece and Rome; then, after passing through the Dark Ages, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance, you surprisingly soon are in Cairo, under the Khedive, in the eighteen-nineties, at the garlanded banquet table of a party given in honor of our consul, until you wind up, breathless, in the present and a discussion of contemporary Christmas-table decorations. Six pages further on—in the block of illustrations that separate this chapter from the next and illustrate both of them—you are attending, thanks to the English painter William Salter, one of the famous annual Waterloo banquets at the Duke of Wellington's London residence. The ornamental centerpiece is a silver-and-gilt surtout presented to the hero of Waterloo by a grateful Portugal. Not a garland is in sight in the photograph of the big surtout, but the author points out that the hands of the carved nymphs who dance around the surtout are outstretched to *hold* garlands. In Salter's painting, the survivors of Waterloo have grown old and portly; ribbons and decorations cover their expansive chests. After you get used to the jumpiness, the book is a lot of fun, for the author avoids the well known, in both art and fact, and leads one into new territory.

Mrs. Smith has, for example, taught me a new word—"nef," a noun from the Middle Ages, though still in Webster's Unabridged. A nef was a golden or silver table piece, usually in the form of a ship, used to hold utensils or merely as an ornamental centerpiece. (Table decoration was by no means always flowers or fruits. It involved non-floral ornament from the very early days, and drew on the skills of the silversmith and the goldsmith, the maker of fine porcelains, the glassblower, even the confectioner.) One full-page plate shows the famous Burghley Nef; the ship is a nautilus shell, mounted in silver and resting on a silver mermaid's back. Another nef, made in Germany in the sixteenth century, is mechanized; set in motion, its sailors manipulate the rigging of a three-masted ship, and on the deck a band plays and courtiers bow before Emperor Charles V. All in all, this is

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an unusual book, and a beautiful one. (It was designed and printed in Japan.) It contains much social history and much knowledge of eating habits through the centuries and throughout the world. The captions for the illustrations are informative and were probably once card-catalogue notes. I especially liked this one: "Herbaceous flowers '*en chemise*,' recommended in an early 19th century cook-book. The flowers first had to be dipped in white of egg and then rolled lightly in powdered sugar to give a hard, glistening surface resembling the fashionable porcelain flowers." These real flowers—*en chemise*, I take it—were for those who could not afford the then fashionable porcelain ones. They *look* like porcelain in the color photograph, for which the author must have dipped the flowers herself before she arranged them. It gives me ideas for next summer. Chemised cosmos, rose, larkspur, verbena, nicotiana, and salpiglossis might be less irritating to a husband who suffers from pollinosis than the naked flowers. Certainly they would be more durable.

—KATHARINE S. WHITE

•

MACON, Ga. (UPI)—In front of the station there rose such a clatter, police ran to the door to see what was the matter.

And what to their wondering eyes should appear, but Carl Wilson Nobles in a moment of fear.

The front of his car and the rear of another, had met with a bang that sent pedestrians to cover.

Nobles pushed back his gear and slammed in reverse, and a second car felt the Wednesday curse.

Now forward again into four motorcycles, now backward again into another vehicle.

Now forward, now backward, now crash-away all: eleven cars and a utility pole.

Then to the horror of all who could see, the car went zooming into the town's Christmas tree.

Down came the tree in shattered splendor and off went Nobles with tinsel on his fender.

Across the town square and back into the street, a blockading firetruck he by no happenstance did meet.

Into the truck he crashed with a jar, then he opened the door and jumped out of the car.

Off he went in a flurry of feet, chased by bluecoats equally as fleet.

On Nobles, on policemen, now dash-away all.

The arms of the law reached Nobles at last, and into city jail went a man with a past.—*Brockton (Mass.) Daily Enterprise-Times.*

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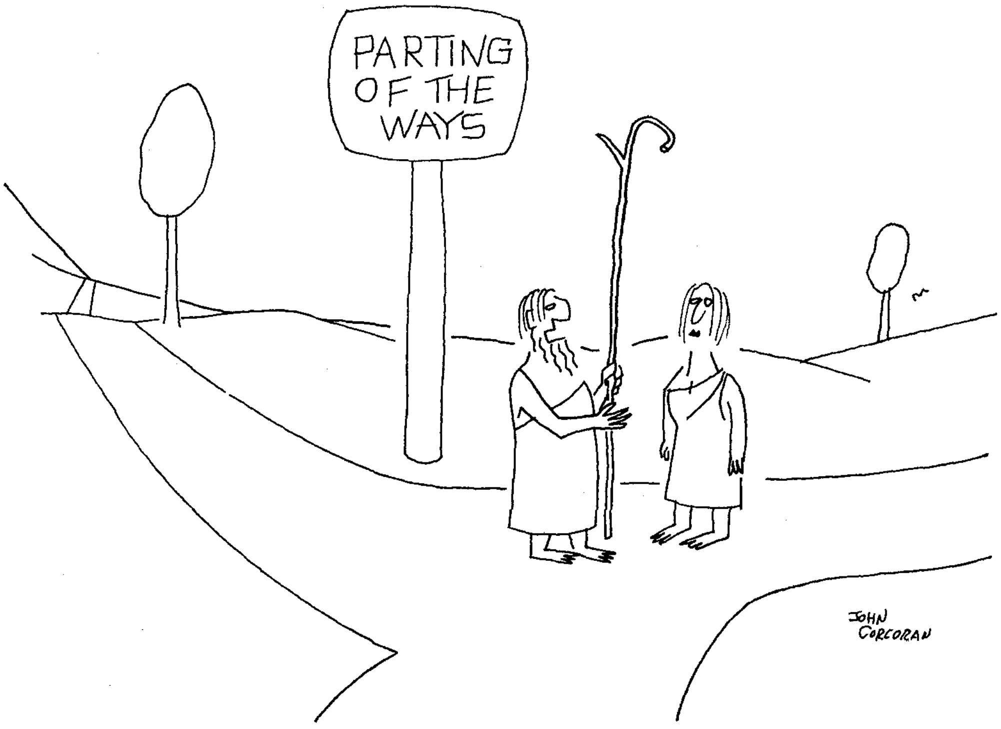
HAVING just seen “The Killing of Sister George,” “The Fixer,” “The Girl on a Motorcycle” (half), “A Flea in Her Ear” (half), “The Magus,” “The Birthday Party,” and “Greetings,” I have to report that the only one I *enjoyed* was “Greetings.” Not that “Greetings” (a cheaply made little exploitation film for the youth market) is anything special, but it has some fresh humor—like a new-life-style college revue—while most of the others, except “Sister George,” suffer from aspirations.

Robert Aldrich’s “The Killing of Sister George” has low intentions, all right, but it’s as fresh as Joan Crawford’s smile. It isn’t difficult to see the remains of Frank Marcus’s play—the screen is full of stage business—and it’s obvious that what the movie has done is scarcely desecration. Here’s the mechanism. Start with pathos in the form of an actress who is going to be killed in her television soap-opera role; add the irony that this sanctimonious soap-opera heroine is a butch lesbian; compound the pathos by having her lose her girl-friend to a chic rival. And since all that would in itself be too much like a soap opera, add grotesque touches: the girl-friend playing with dolls, sadomasochistic rituals, etc. And, to be sporty and tolerant, make the actress (played by Beryl Reid) an earthy, twinkling darling of an overgrown baby boy. It’s hearts and flowers, sixties style, with swelling strings for fetishism. This clumpingly archaic piece of moviemaking is forties emotional stuff, from the period when the ladylike emotions of movie queens became a travesty of human feelings. To convey a flicker of expression, Aldrich sends a messenger bicycling across the screen; after a while, the screen is so covered with grooves that the messengers sink in their tracks. In the guided tour through a London lesbian bar, every shot is locked in with significance, so that there is nothing we can see for ourselves; the obvious supposition is that we’re going to be shocked and wowed. But the gay-bar sequence has already ranged from the response of the horrified innocent in “Advise and Consent” to the satire of “P.J.,” with so many permutations that one could put together a season of it for the Museum of Modern Art Department of Film (which has been doing rather less amusing programming). This just looks like the beginning of a new cycle, with girls.

All this nonsense about how liberal the screen is getting. Doesn’t anybody remember anything? A year or so ago, “Loves of a Blonde” was widely discussed as having the first nude love scene in a Czech movie, as if no one had ever heard of “Ecstasy.” Such movies as “Mädchen in Uniform” (1932) and “Pit of Loneliness” (1951)—both directed by women—were sympathetic studies of lesbianism. The general opinion was that American directors—trained on action films—wouldn’t have the right, “delicate” touch for the psychology of sex, and Aldrich seems determined to prove the general opinion correct. Bluntness can be liberating, but Aldrich’s attitude is reactionary. His is the leering view that the others were trying to break away from; he wants us to be horrified and excited by what he shows us.



“Well, it looks like this is it.”

When Robert Aldrich is being overt, it’s best to clear the streets, because he’s enough to frighten the horses. He starts out in that overwrought style of his and keeps pounding away at us. Coral Browne plays the seducer like Basil Rathbone at his most villainous—hooded cobra eyes, cruel mouth, and all. I’ve always heard that there was no such thing as a happy lesbian, but I assumed that was male propaganda. Don’t lesbians ever have any light moments? Not in an Aldrich movie, they don’t, and neither does anybody else. In his entire repertory, I can’t remember a single scene that could be described as deft or debonair. “Kiss Me Deadly,” “The Big Knife,” “Attack!,” “Autumn Leaves,” “What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?,” “The Dirty Dozen,” “The Legend of Lylah Clare”—his range is from nagging to screeching, from hysteria to violence, and he has the grace of a diesel. Aldrich directs like a lewd tourist (Would you *believe* it? They’re all *girls!*); he tries to get his camera in as close as he can, and he comes back with pictures that reveal nothing. His big scene (Coral Browne kissing Susannah York’s breasts) has about as much relevance to this movie as such a scene would have to any other movie. Aldrich simply picked up the ball where Preminger dropped it in “Hurry Sundown,” and ran like hell. What’s ironic is that this kind of scene has reached the big screen in a lesbian movie before it has been put into a heterosexual movie—skipping a stage, as it were.

COMPETENT, professional American directors are generally at their worst when they become serious and ambitious; when they reach for mighty themes, they fall for banalities. They become clods who think they can turn into important artists by the simple expedient of not being entertaining. John Frankenheimer’s “The Fixer” crawls along on its intentions, and will no doubt be revered by those who believe that movies are being ele-

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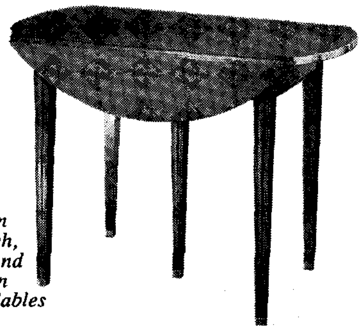

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vated when a picture is based on a prestige-laden prize-winning novel with a "universal" theme. Frankenheimer, who has demonstrated a talent for pace and pyrotechnics, for melodramatic suspense and showmanship (in "The Manchurian Candidate," and even when working with less, in "Seven Days in May"), abandons the skills he has, and trusts in his new nobility to carry him through. One would think that Frankenheimer, who was confined to a cell for "Bird Man of Alcatraz," would avoid being trapped again, but he's more heavily shackled than his hero. He forgets how to stage the simplest actions. A book that won both the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award, that has a pre-revolutionary Russian setting and a Jewish hero falsely accused of crime, a man who refuses to confess and becomes a symbol of human dignity—what a set of chains! Do all the directors in Hollywood long to become respectable in the eyes of their old high-school English teachers? Does each have to make his own version of "The Life of Émile Zola"? Don't they know what a drag it was?

There is a kind of classic inevitability about Dalton Trumbo's doing the adaptation of Bernard Malamud's novel. Last year, in Hollywood, I asked a group of ten veteran screenwriters who in their opinion was the greatest living writer and who the greatest living screenwriter. To the first, *all* of them answered Arthur Miller; to the second, eight answered Dalton Trumbo (two said Carl Foreman). Miller and Trumbo, who both refused to turn informer for the House Un-American Activities Committee, have something else in common: dialogue as flat as unleavened bread. Trumbo, the screenwriters' hero, is the leading exponent of the dictates-of-conscience and the dignity-and-indomitable-spirit-of-man school of screenwriting. He rarely has to write those terrible lines—he has a knack for finding them in the novels he adapts. This is what is called "construction." In the movie of "The Fixer," some of the lines that stand out as true, vintage Trumbo come straight from Malamud; the trick is to take them out of the rhythm and context in which they sound (reasonably) alive and irrational, and even comic, and stiffen them into the banality that will make them seem important enough for a timeless movie about human agony which is supposed to make your spirit soar.

Frankenheimer is apparently so sure that exaltation will take place that he doesn't cover his bets by developing

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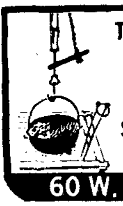

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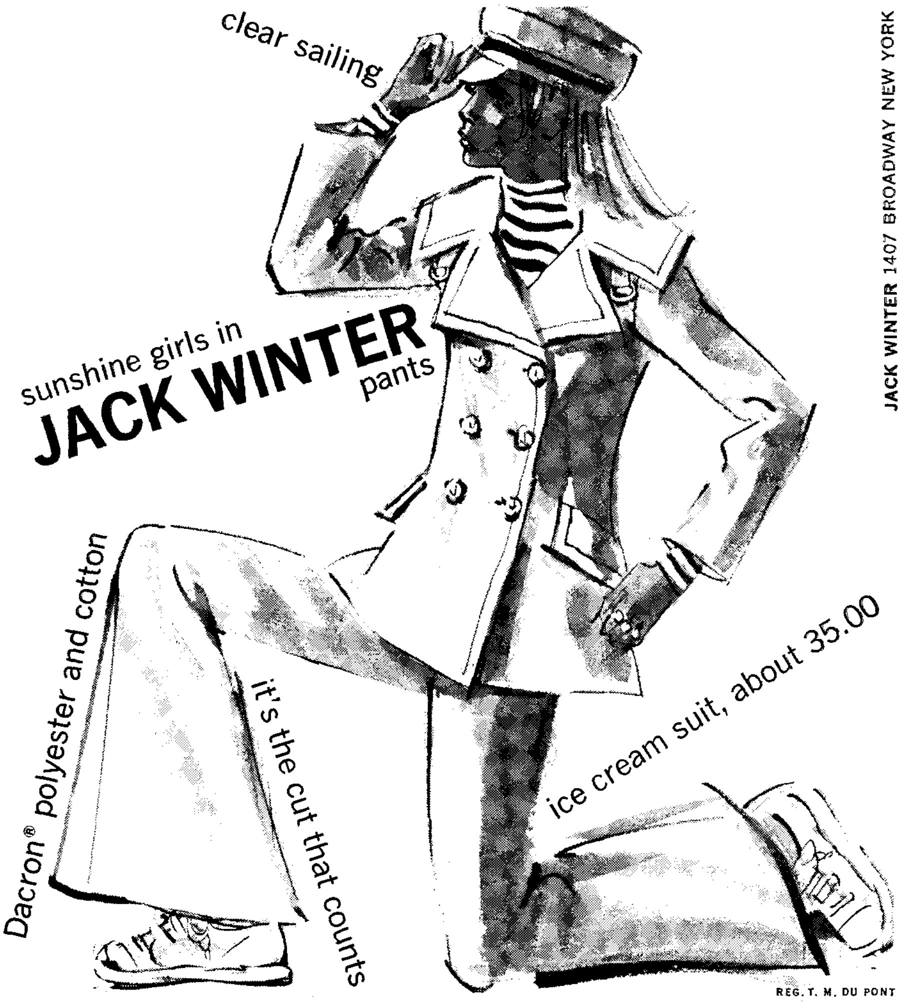
any other possible sources of interest; the movie is unrelieved suffering. Borrowed grandeur can make a movie look awfully seedy (and in Malamud the grandeur was maybe already a little tattered). The movie of "The Fixer" flogs you—not because you're watching a man being beaten and tormented but because you're seeing an incompetent movie about a man being beaten and tormented. In the opening pogrom sequence—a try for power and intensity like Eisenstein's and Kurosawa's—when Frankenheimer does go in for some pyrotechnics, he demonstrates only that his are inadequate for "serious," "epic" material. For the rest of the movie, his staging and his handling of the actors are almost incomprehensibly solemn and inept, unless one recalls other Hollywood essays in sublimity. Scenes like the rescue of the merchant from death in the snow are so implausible that one simply doesn't know how to react, and as scenes like this mount up, one becomes a detached observer. The movie was made in Hungary and the principal actors are English, but it's as American as George Stevens' version of "The Diary of Anne Frank." Frankenheimer gives no hint of knowing what is needed to realize his aspirations—except in bits of Alan Bates's performance. If the script and the direction had given him some help, Bates, in the title role, might almost have carried the picture by sheer intelligence and determination. Although he doesn't get a chance to take hold of the part until late in the movie, he very nearly brings the character to interest, if not to "life." His scenes with Dirk Bogarde, as the decent, melancholy magistrate, make the movie seem promising, but then the magistrate dies (and his death is so confusingly staged it's impossible to figure out what is supposed to be happening). I might have thought Ian Holm impressive as the odious anti-Semitic prosecutor if I hadn't been seeing him give that performance too much lately. It is kinder not to speak of the ladies. And as for David Warner, playing a decadent aristocrat with a Machiavellian-Marxist point of view—well, he'd frighten the horses, too.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL, nude, zips on her Lanvin black leather jump suit, climbs onto her Harley-Davidson, and, after many miles of sub-Fascist, high-toned, literary stream of consciousness, arrives at the home of her lover (Alain Delon) and says "Skin me." That's a pretty good line, but after an hour of "The Girl on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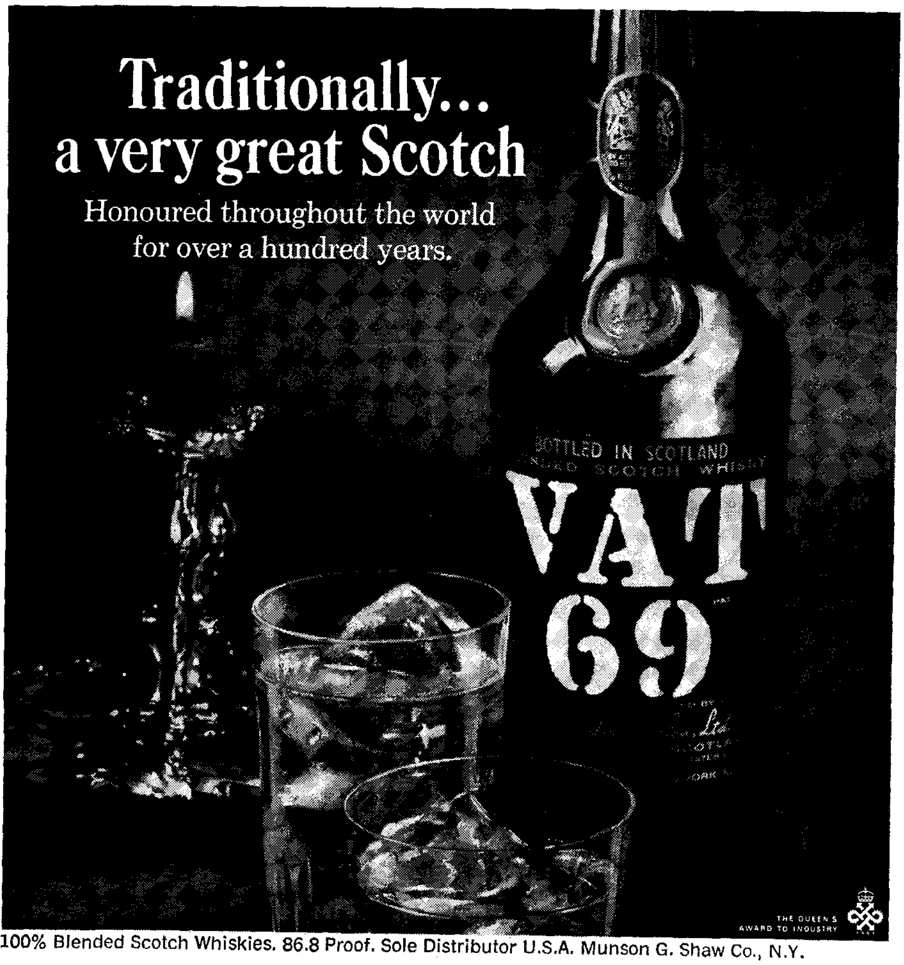
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a Motorcycle" I had a strong feeling there wouldn't be another one. . . . Whenever a movie version of a French farce fails, as the new movie "A Flea in Her Ear" does, and as "Hotel Paradiso" did recently, there are always critics with neat little formulations about the incompatibility of stage farce with the screen, which are supposed to explain why farce can't be done successfully in the movies. But it has been done successfully *many* times—by René Clair ("The Italian Straw Hat"), by Claude Autant-Lara ("Occupes-Toi d'Amélie"), by Pietro Germi ("Mademoiselle Gobette"), etc.—and although Ernst Lubitsch's comedies may have derived more from Viennese operetta than from French farce, he solved similar formal problems, as, of course, Ingmar Bergman did in "Smiles of a Summer Night" and Bellocchio in "China Is Near." "A Flea in Her Ear," a first film by Jacques Charon, is an unfortunate failure, but I hope it won't discourage other attempts to bring the pleasures of this genre to the screen, or discourage Rosemary Harris, who is charming in it, from other screen roles. . . . As a movie, "The Magus" is an elaborate, trashy literary conceit that should be fun but isn't. . . . "The Birthday Party," directed by William Friedkin, is remarkably well photographed, by Denys Coop (considering that, except for the beginning and the ending, it's all in two rooms), and well played, especially by Sydney Tafler, as Goldberg; and although Patrick Magee, as McCann, seems to be suffering from the delusion that he's Boris Karloff, this seems as plausible an interpretation of the character (who is obsessed with tearing strips off newspapers) as any other. Despite its virtues, the movie is an unendurably ponderous exercise in transferring early Harold Pinter to the screen. The trouble, I am afraid, is in the original: it looks like drama, it sounds like drama, and the actors play it like drama, but the most important ingredient has been left out, though not *completely* out, as it is in his later plays. One can see Pinter's digestive processes at work here. There are remnants of so many plays about mysterious strangers that those who don't know his later style may understandably try to follow the mystic hints and look for allegorical interpretations, and think the movie must be deep even if they can't understand it. Pinter is the actor as dramatist, and his plays are a kind of actor's conceit, an actor's view of what people come to see at the theatre; that is, actors playing juicy roles and skillfully

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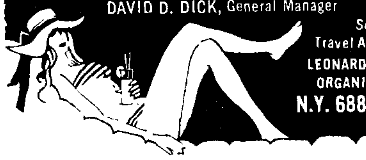

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building up scenes. Holding the stage becomes the drama. Onstage, Pinter plays so well that one can get involved in the "pure theatre" of the actor's exercises, but on the screen "The Birthday Party," with its ominous suggestions of retribution and the supernatural, is thumpingly rigid in its pauses and trivia and repetitions and pathetic revelations and nameless fears and sudden climaxes. Lacking the finesse he later developed, this early Pinter is a caricature of its author, and all too revealing. . . . The title "Greetings" is from a draft-induction notice, and the movie is fairly consistently funny when it follows three boys around New York City as two of them advise the third on how to stay out of the Army. But the director, Brian De Palma, and the producer, Charles Hirsch, who wrote this movie together (and shot it in two weeks—in color—on a budget of under forty thousand dollars), apparently didn't have enough confidence in this theme, or possibly couldn't provide enough invention, because they threw in another plot, about a computer dating service, that is very low-grade stuff. Structurally, the movie is a mess, but the actors are young and talented (especially a tall boy who tells a long, euphoric sex fantasy, his eyes glazed with the ecstasy of it), and there are charming, funny girls who keep turning up (especially one, reminiscent of Gloria Grahame, who chatters as she strips). De Palma has staged a good Village-party sequence, and though many of the scenes in the movie go on too long, and it's all fairly tawdry, it's tawdry in such a good-humored, casually obscene way that Robert Aldrich should take a look. The difference in movies between what is called "good taste" and what is called "bad taste" is often a fraction of a second in the timing, and although De Palma's timing is often bad, Aldrich's timing isn't off just by seconds. More like aeons.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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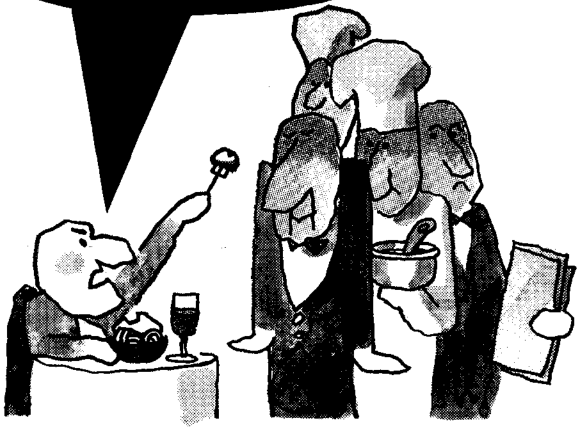

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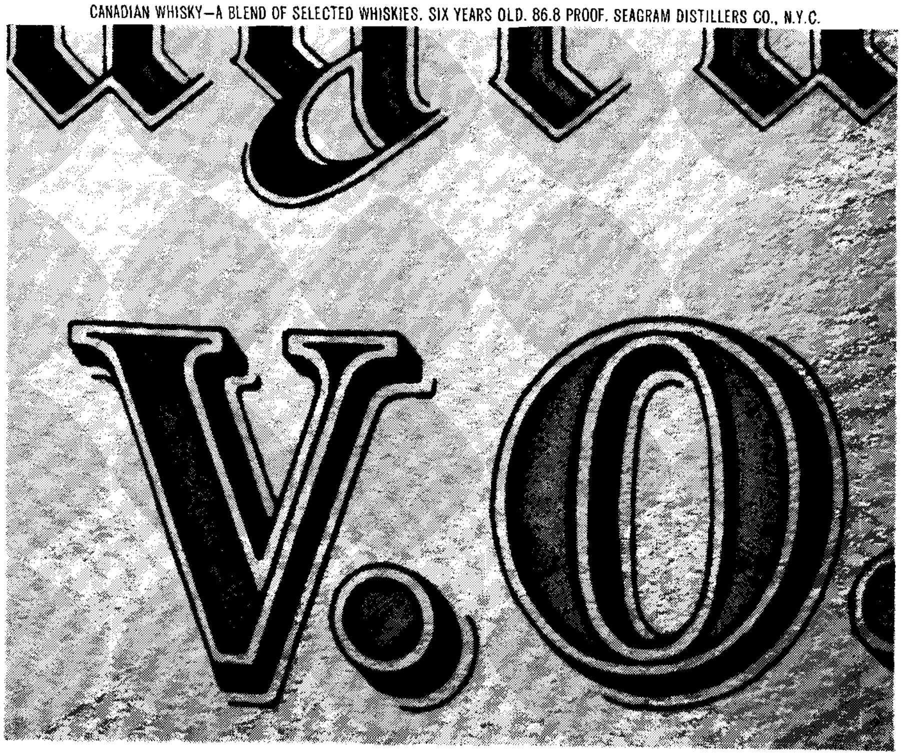

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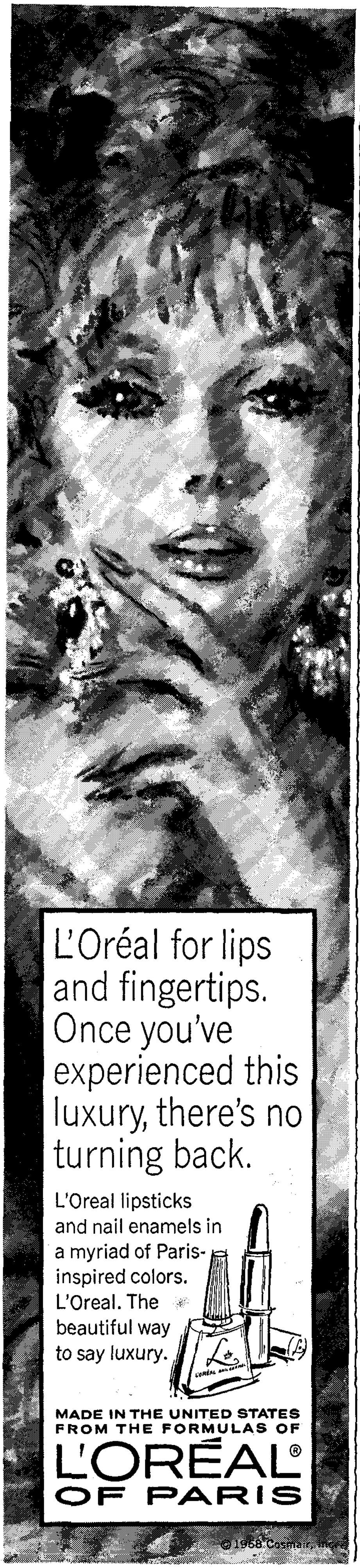
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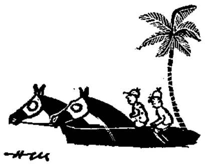

WELL, racing on Long Island came to an end for 1968 at Aqueduct early last week with six claiming races and three events for horses who hadn't won much else. It was the coldest day we'd had so far, and, hippity-hopping around and about, I thought there were more of the 25,112 faithful on hand in front of the closed-circuit television outlets in the grandstand than there were outside, down along the rail near the finish line. I must say, though, that there was plenty of zip-and-go to the contests. I suppose the horses and jockeys wanted to keep warm. Since it was the last chance for horseplayers who weren't going to Maryland or Florida to get even, the betting was high and handsome, $3,439,671 being tossed into the tote in the course of the afternoon—wagering that was well above the season's average. Incidentally, it was no day for backers of favorites, since only two of the nine first choices won. Nor was it a day for long shots; the longest was something named Sudden Sunrise, who paid $15 in the mutuels. The big winner, of course, was the State of New York. Its revenue from the racing at Aqueduct, Belmont Park, and Saratoga this year was $78,141,000. For the record, attendance at the New York Racing Association tracks was 6,600,989, and the pari-mutuel handle was $688,332,664.

In retrospect, this wasn't the best of seasons; still, it had its high moments. Between now and next opening day, there will assuredly be times when many of us will remember Dark Mirage's brilliant performance in winning the Triple Crown for fillies at Belmont Park last spring, and the performances of Dr. Fager, especially his last one, in the Vosburgh Handicap at Aqueduct in the autumn (which I didn't see but wish I had), and those of Damascus, who wasn't the horse he was in 1967, but who always made a gallant try—even in his last race, the Jockey Club Gold Cup. Another race that I, for one, shall not forget was the one run by Dancer's Image in the Kentucky Derby. Away last, and apparently hopelessly out of it with less than a quarter of a mile to go, he cut loose with a burst of speed that carried him past the winning post first by open daylight. Too bad the aftermath can't be effaced.

LOOKING toward 1969, I'd say that the two-year-olds of 1968 (they'll all be three on New Year's Day) were an evenly matched but hardly a vintage lot. Top Knight was the best, and undoubtedly will be top weight in the Experimental Free Handicap. I'm not sure, though, that he's a stayer. The three-year-olds—or what's left of them—will move up into the handicap division, where they are badly needed. As you've probably heard, the schedule for the season in New York has been announced. There will be two hundred and thirty-four days of racing—the same number as this year—beginning on March 10th and ending on December 6th. Aqueduct will open the show and continue through May 31st. The Belmont Park spring meeting will follow, from June 2nd through June 28th (a fortnight shorter than the one this year), and then it's back to Aqueduct again, from June 30th through July 26th. Saratoga will run from July 28th through August 23rd, and after that Belmont Park will have a long meeting—from August 25th through October 18th. The final meeting will be at Aqueduct, from October 20th through December 6th.

With the closing of Aqueduct, attendance and betting picked up at Laurel. Last Saturday, despite the weather, wayfarers from the Big A went to Maryland by bus, train, and motorcar, running the attendance up to 14,642 and the mutuel handle to $1,628,210. Fair enough. As for me, I think I'll go out and have a look at Santa Anita.

COLONEL MARTINGALE joins me in wishing you three hundred and sixty-five lucky days in 1969.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

THAT CUBAN TOUCH—Marty Ramos, a Cuban exile from Havana, demonstrates his ability to style hair as he works on Linda Emens in a beauty salon in the southwest section of Miami. Ramos has been in this country two and one-half years and is one of 14,000 Cuban hair stylists in Miami.—*Photograph caption in the Baton Rouge Morning Advocate.*

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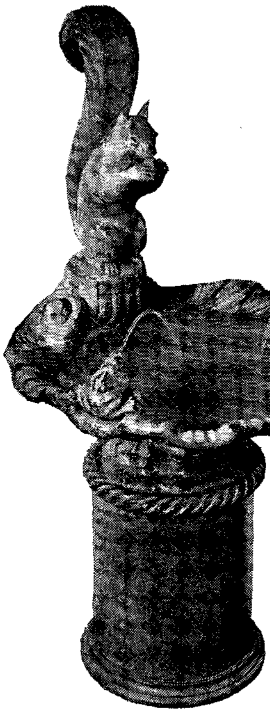
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DECEMBER 14

THE President-elect has found it impracticable, which in politics generally means impossible, to organize the kind of “national” government—“made up of Republicans, Democrats, and independents,” as he put it—that he so frequently talked of forming during the campaign and in the weeks since his election. As of the moment, there will be a Democrat or two on his White House staff, and a spokesman has said that if Sargent Shriver does not become the United States’ representative at the United Nations some other Democrat will—though not Vice-President Humphrey or Senator McCarthy, who have already been sounded out and have declined. But all twelve men he introduced to the nation on television a few evenings ago are certifiable Republicans, some more fiercely partisan than others but none (with the possible exceptions of Governor Romney and George P. Shultz, who will be Secretary of Labor) who can be described as anything but a loyalist. No one here is tempted to look upon this circumstance as an instance of Mr. Nixon’s going back on a campaign promise. He tried, and in at least one case he got a nibble. Senator Henry M. Jackson has let it be known that he was offered the position of Secretary of Defense soon after the election and might have taken it if the terms had been more attractive and if Nixon had assured him, as Nixon could not conceivably have done, that he would be succeeded in the Senate by a Democrat of his particular persuasion. Nixon sought the services of several other leading Democrats, and also of Negroes and a woman or two. But in each case there was a hitch, and he has ended up with twelve white male Republicans whose primary loyalties are to him and to his party. This, in the view of most people here, is not at all a bad thing. It seldom happens that party unity is strengthened by giving important jobs to members of the opposition. Robert McNamara had been in office only a few days when people ceased thinking of him as a Republican, and his party affiliation has had no bearing on the kind of judgments—increasingly unfavorable, it would appear—that are now being made of his stewardship. Lyndon Johnson got some credit for integrating the Cabinet by his appointment of Robert Weaver as Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, but the precedent he set was of no help to the Department and its programs. If it should turn out that Nixon cannot govern effectively with a Cabinet of white male—and predominantly Wasp—Republicans, there would be little reason to suppose that he could have done better with a different political, racial, and sexual mixture.

What may in time be a cause of quite serious distress—to the new Administration and to the country—is the fact that Nixon failed to draw as fully as he had hoped on the resources of his own party. Though he talked on television somewhat as if he were a coach fielding the most talented squad that institutional prestige and scholarship money could attract, it was already a matter of record that this Cabinet was not even the Republican varsity. Senator Brooke had been offered some job or other—probably a choice of two or three—and had said that he preferred to stay on in the Senate. William Scranton was wanted in the government but proved to be available only for temporary assignments. It is no doubt true, as some journalists have been informed by Nelson Rockefeller and Douglas Dillon, that Nixon tendered no offers to either. But this simply means that they chose not to press any claim for consideration, and that Nixon (probably for a variety of reasons, some having to do with their egos, some with his) did not go out of his way to meet with rebuff or to compel—as he might have been able to do if he had used all the formidable powers that are now his to overcome resistance—a col-



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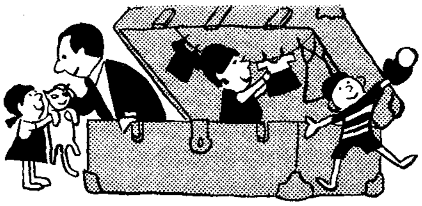
laboration doomed by the nature of its inception to be difficult and probably in the long run unworkable. It is not now known how many rebuffs Nixon either anticipated or received outright. What is known is that he was unable to get active collaboration from many people who are looked upon in the Party and outside it as its most gifted leaders. This is not to say that the country would be much better off if all or some of the men who chose to stay out of the Nixon Administration had decided to serve it with enthusiasm. William P. Rogers may lead the State Department with quite as much ability as Douglas Dillon or William Scranton might have brought to the job. John W. Gardner is a man of enormous intellectual prowess and would ornament any administration he served, but the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare is a bureaucracy that no recent Secretary has been able to organize or reorganize effectively, and it is altogether possible that Robert H. Finch will go down as the finest Secretary of the Department since Oveta Culp Hobby.

But Nixon's need to rely on what must for the most part be adjudged—even by him, on the evidence of what has been made public about his first choices—a second or third team is a real source of concern in many quarters here. The concern is not over the competence of the men he has chosen—some are demonstrably able, others may have abilities yet to be demonstrated—or over the administration of particular agencies. It is, rather, a concern about the President-elect's personality and about the political base for his Administration. It is clear from what has gone on in the last few weeks that a good many talented people simply do not want to go to work as agents of this particular President. This means either that they do not have confidence in him as a man or that they do not wish to be associated with an enterprise they look upon as unpromising or unsound. These are, of course, their personal judgments, or misjudgments, and there has probably never been a Chief Magistrate in any reasonably free country who was able to win the respect and support of every man whose respect and support he wanted. But in the recent history of American politics Nixon has been uncommon for the misgivings he has stirred among those who know him and among those who do not. Before he was elected President, this was his problem, not the country's—or even, most of the time, the Party's. Still (and



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here is as neat a paradox as can be found in modern American politics) this man who attracted so much personal hostility proved himself to be the most effective evangel of Party unity, and on the strength of his work in this field won the nomination and the Presidency. But now it is clear that while he made a brilliant success of uniting the Party as a political instrumentality, it remains divided—thanks in part, at least, to the fact of his leadership—as an instrument of power.

Had Nixon been able to unite the country as he united the Party for its 1968 campaign, it would not matter greatly that the Governor of New York chose to serve his state rather than the nation or that a senator from Massachusetts could not be induced to give up a Senate seat to help make a success of the Administration he supported. But Nixon starts out as a minority President and the first in a century to begin his term with an opposition Congress. He will govern at the sufferance of Democrats, and a Republican in such a position needs, at a minimum, the full support of his own party and particularly of those of its leaders who are most widely known and respected outside the Party. What he distinctly does not need is criticism and opposition inside the Party. Yet it now appears clear that Nixon will have to prove himself not only to many who did not support him but to many who supported him with reservations too serious to enable them to go beyond support to collaboration. Once in office, he may be able to do this. Policy will then come to seem far more important than personality, and from the little that is now known of what he hopes to accomplish, it seems likely that he will not choose courses that will offend the leaders who have declined to put their talents at his disposal. But unless he charms them in ways he has never yet exhibited, he may have within his party but outside his Administration what will amount to an opposition faction of considerable strength.

AS far as can now be judged, the men who will serve Nixon are about as able as those who might have served him but won't. But it is far from invariably the case that competence and such related qualities as energy, dedication, and tact have weighed very heavily in the balance for Cabinet officers. A Cabinet officer is customarily a man controlled from above by the President and harassed, manipulated, and very often sabotaged from below by bureaucrats of middling rank but rich in power to

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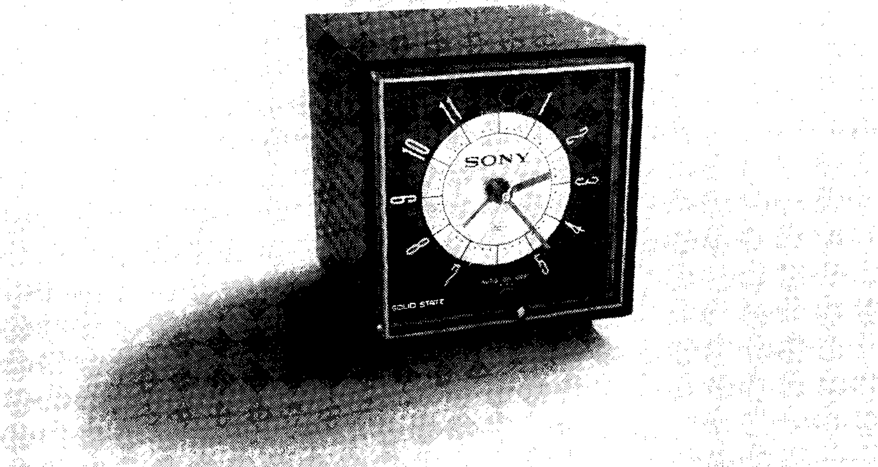

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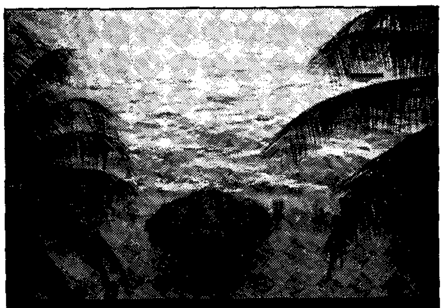

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hamstring and frustrate their superiors. The executive branch, as someone once said, is a battlefield on which the armies loyal to the king almost everlastingly meet defeat at the hands of the barons. What can happen is that occasionally a man with certain other qualities—or "extra dimensions," as the President-elect likes to put it—can reach out to the public or to some particular segment of it and gain a kind of strength that is not specified in his Secretarial mandate. Robert Kennedy and Ramsey Clark were impressive in the Justice Department because a large number of people across the country were persuaded that justice was really what they intended to administer. Harold Ickes thirty years ago and, to a lesser but nonetheless measurable degree, Stewart Udall in recent years managed by force of character and will to advance from inside the Department of the Interior the cause—conservation—that the Department exists to advance. Much remains to be learned about Nixon's men, *but nothing* that is currently known suggests that any one of them possesses the kind of passion that was plain to be seen, often in a highly abrasive form, in men like Ickes and Robert Kennedy. (Daniel P. Moynihan, who will be in the White House advising on urban matters, has passion to spare, and his, too, is often abrasive, but he has been taken on less for that than for the quality and reach of his knowledge and intelligence, and in any case he will not be given much public exposure.) Such figures are always in short supply, and it is doubtful whether any of those who decided against enlistment would in this sense have added much to the incoming Administration.

The qualities of mind and spirit that may enable a man to rise above the ordinary in certain of the domestic agencies are not considered of high utility for the men who conduct our dealings with the rest of the world. The tendency here is to think that in putting together what is often called the "national-security team" the President-elect has done very well indeed. The Secretary of State-designate was, in the late Eisenhower years, an Attorney General of a sort quite different from Kennedy and Clark, yet a very superior one, and as highly respected a man as any in the last Republican Administration. He can be faulted, as the present Secretary of State cannot be, for lack of preparation and experience in diplomacy, but this lack has been an asset to many diplomats here and abroad, and Dean Rusk's critics sometimes ascribe our present plight largely

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to his long and impressive preparation and experience. Many uncharitable things have been said of Representative Laird since he was chosen to be Secretary of Defense, and some of them can be supported from the record. Politically, he has ridden the prevailing winds, or what have appeared to him as the prevailing winds. He lent powerful support to Barry Goldwater in 1964, and four years later was backing Nelson Rockefeller. Once a loud and insistent hawk, he is not yet a dove, but his movement has been in that direction. His powers of flexibility have been developing rapidly of late. He is a shrewd, ambitious man and a remarkably capable politician; not exactly admirable in themselves, these characteristics can—provided there is sound guidance from above—serve a man well in the post of Secretary of Defense. Little but praise has been heard for the appointment of Henry A. Kissinger as the man in charge of the Administration's think tank on foreign affairs. In the élite corps that has come to be known as the "defense intellectuals," few are held in higher regard. He speaks and writes with lucidity most of the time, and has become increasingly skeptical about most of the dogmas and doctrines that have governed this country's foreign policy for the last decade or two. It is surely something of a tribute to the President-elect, who spent a good part of his campaign talking about "parity" and "superiority" in nuclear armaments, that he could appoint as his resident adviser on foreign and military policy a man who had just written—in an essay commissioned by the Brookings Institution and published in a symposium entitled "Agenda for the Nation"—that "slogans like 'superiority,' 'parity,' 'assured destruction' compete [among themselves] unencumbered by clear definitions of their operational military significance, much less a consensus on their political implications."

We can have no assurance that the problems we face in the world could be solved by the most skillful of diplomats and the most innovative of political philosophers. The Vietnamese—South and North, ours and theirs—have reserved certain powers of decision that can be little affected by William Rogers' skills as a negotiator or by Henry Kissinger's deepest thoughts. A détente with the Soviet Union and China can be arranged only if the Soviet Union and China are amenable to one. Yet unless we disengage in Vietnam, and—even more important, at least in terms of financial resources—unless we can come to some kind of understanding on

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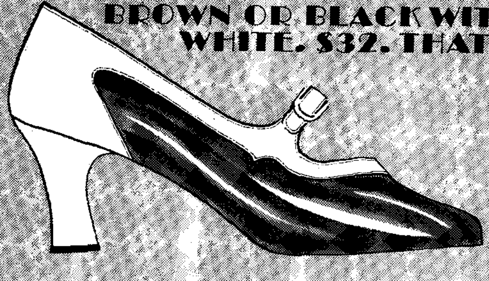

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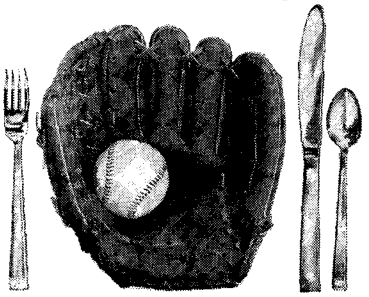

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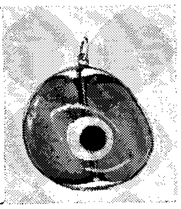

limiting nuclear weaponry, it will not matter much whether the Nixon Administration's domestic programs are good or bad, or whether the men selected to direct them are capable of doing so. Getting out of Vietnam may be a political and psychological prerequisite for mobilizing our resources for major reforms and transformations in our own society, but the savings in terms of money will be unimpressive. (Charles L. Schultze, who was for some time the chief of President Johnson's Bureau of the Budget, has estimated that a cease-fire in mid-1969 and a troop withdrawal in early 1970 would yield a "fiscal dividend" of only about seven billion dollars in 1970 and approximately thirteen billion in 1971. If these moves were accompanied by tax reduction and reduction of the national debt, which the President-elect favored in his campaign, the impact of peace on domestic programs would be zero.) A renewed arms race in which we pursued an illusory and therefore endless quest for "superiority" would far exceed the costs of Vietnam and could not be financed by the growth of the economy even if the rate of that growth exceeded the most hopeful of present estimates. It could be financed only by heavy reductions in domestic spending, which, most people here believe, is a way of saying that it would have to be paid for in increased alienation and disintegration inside the United States.

Whatever Nixon has said in the past, he is believed to understand all this as well as the next man, and if he does not he will be reminded of it by some of those he has assigned to focus his attention on what they regard as the highest priorities. Kissinger, Moynihan, and Paul W. McCracken, who will be chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, are specialists in different disciplines, but the defense specialist and the economist are no less aware than the urban specialist of the disrepair of our society. As has generally been true through most of this century, the new Cabinet officers charged with essentially domestic affairs command somewhat less respect than those who will deal with foreign affairs. People who have worked with David M. Kennedy, who will be Secretary of the Treasury, an office involved in both external and internal policy, hold him in high esteem as a banker who is as concerned about national economic policy as he will have to be about the government's financial policy. A similar view is held of Robert P. Mayo, an associate of David Kennedy's, who will be Director of the Bureau of the Budg-

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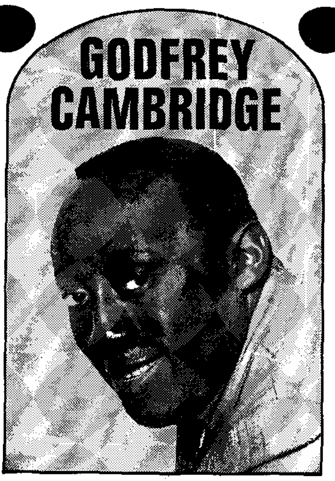

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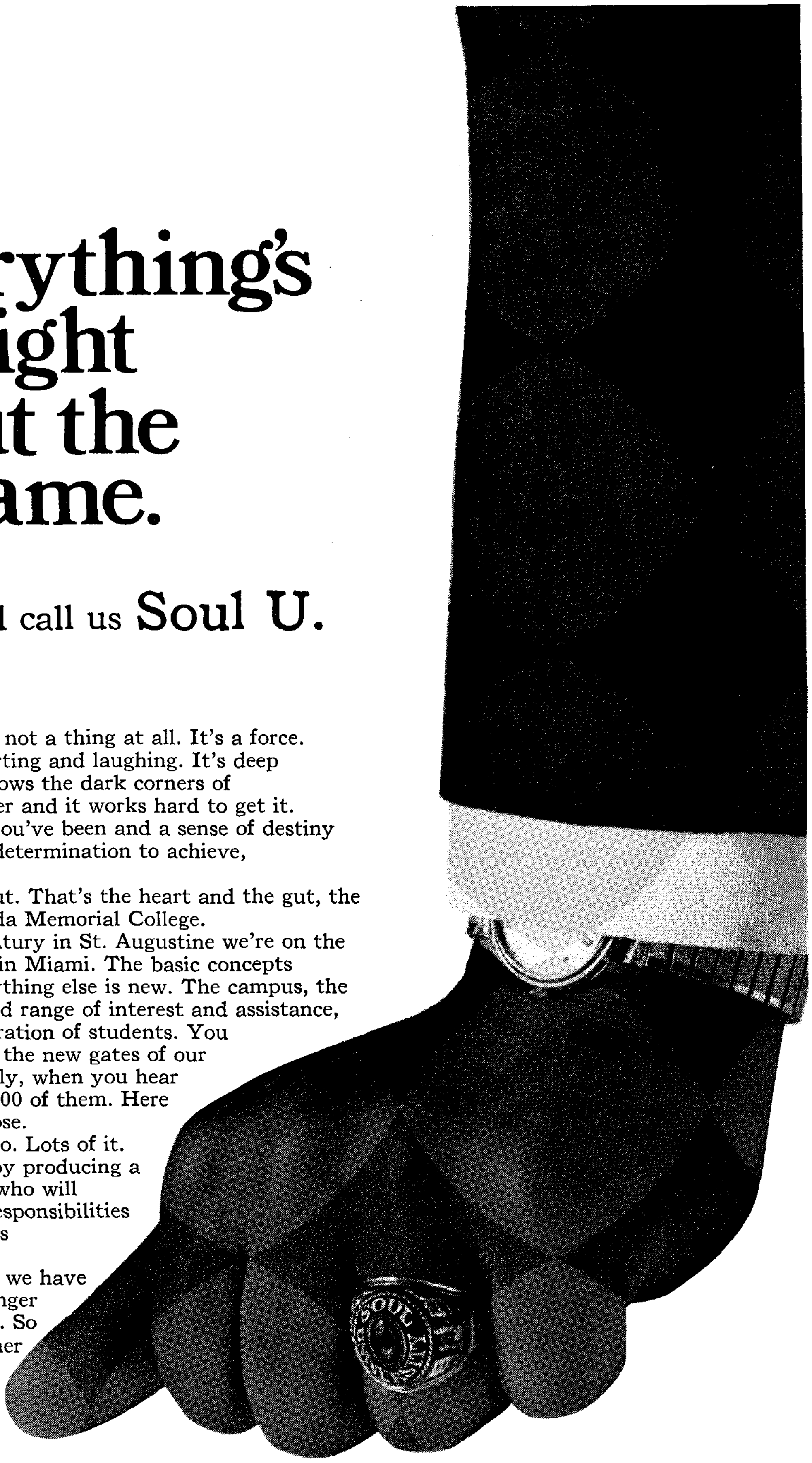

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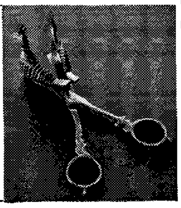

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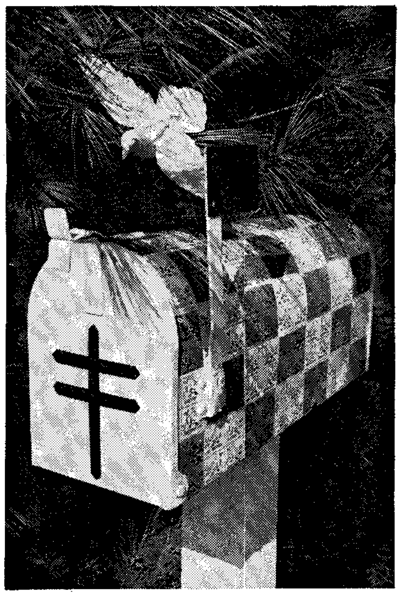
et—a job that most government people consider as important and influential as any in the federal service. It was felt by many and feared by more than a few that this office or the Treasury would go to Maurice H. Stans, a banker of far narrower vision, who had won a right to favor by being the Party's chief money-raiser. Stans, who directed the Bureau of the Budget in the Eisenhower Administration, has been rewarded instead with the Commerce Department, where it matters rather little whether he believes, as his past would indicate he does, that whatever is good for trade is good for the country. John N. Mitchell, the new Attorney General, is scarcely known at all in these parts. A friend and law partner of the President-elect, whose campaign he managed with evident success and with a no doubt commendable reluctance to draw attention to himself, he is reputed to be one of the country's leading authorities on state and municipal bonds—a field remote from the major concerns of the Department of Justice in recent years. However, it may be that, to perform to Nixon's satisfaction, he will have only to master the techniques of bureaucratic housekeeping, for Nixon announced in Miami last August that he intended to direct the Department's policy and operations himself. (He told what he thought—erroneously, as it turned out when the Miami *Herald* printed a taped transcript—was a secret conference of Southern delegates that "I personally am going to take charge of this, because I am a lawyer.") Of the rest, only Governor Romney, in Housing and Urban Development, has anything like a national reputation, and while his experience as Governor of Michigan has surely been relevant, it may be that his principal usefulness to Nixon will be as a bridge to the more liberal wing of the Party and to those of its leaders who turned down offers to be part of the new Administration. The incoming Secretaries of Agriculture, Clifford M. Hardin, Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, and of Labor, George P. Shultz, Dean of the Graduate School of Business at the University of Chicago, are men whose credentials, though primarily academic, seem properly in order, as do the political credentials of Nixon's former aide and constant ally Robert H. Finch, who has taken on, in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, what must be just about the most dispiriting job in this or any other government. The best-represented business or profession in the Cabinet—aside, naturally, from law—is contracting. John A. Volpe, who will



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be Secretary of Transportation, is—fittingly in Nixon's view, unfittingly in the view of many others—a former builder of highways. The new Postmaster General, Winton M. Blount, trained for the job as a builder in Alabama, and the new Secretary of the Interior, Walter J. Hickel, worked his way out of poverty in Alaska—whose governor he currently is—in the same trade. All three may turn out to be titans of public administration and bold defenders of the public interest, but at the moment no one here, even in Nixon circles, is confident that this will happen.

IN fact, no one here is confident of anything about the future. The talk is of hopes rather than expectations. The hope is that the Nixon Administration, seeing the folly of recent foreign policies, will alter them as best it can and then do for the Republican Party and the country in domestic affairs something like what the Eisenhower Administration did in foreign affairs in the fifties. Someone once said that Eisenhower's greatest service as President was to win, or to force the consent of, the Republican Party to an internationalist policy, thereby killing off isolationism in the United States. There may be many who now feel that he succeeded all too well, but it seemed important in the early fifties that the United States continue with the reconstruction of Western Europe that had begun under the previous Democratic Administration, and there is no doubt that Eisenhower broke down most Republican resistance to that undertaking. In the years since, the Republican Party, joined by the Southern wing of the Democratic Party, has, with the exception of a few of its leaders in the urbanized states, resisted most efforts to undertake at home a rather similar kind of reconstruction. This country is not the heap of rubble that most of Western Europe was twenty years ago, but there is rubble enough around, and much of the country can be described as being in a pre-rubble state. If Nixon can somehow forge a coalition of the Republican Party with the Northern Democrats, his accomplishment could be a larger one than that of the last Republican President. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Driving south along Sixth Avenue, Armand recalled the one time he had been arrested for burglary.—*The Times Magazine*.

Never mind that—is he O.K.?

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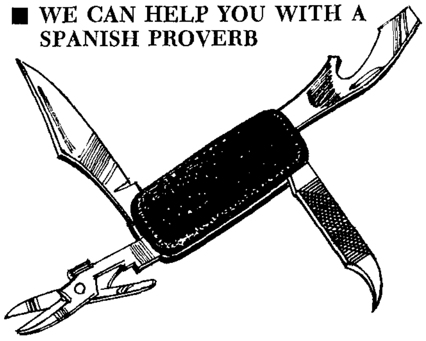

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BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE SHADOW OF BLOOMING GROVE: WARREN G. HARDING IN HIS TIMES, by Francis Russell (McGraw-Hill). This excellent work (it is careful, thoughtful, and well written) manages to change one's opinions and feelings about a disparaged figure—attitudes one would have thought unchangeable. Mr. Russell is not out to place Harding in the front rank of American Presidents but to place him against his Ohio background and give him the credit due him. His Harding is indeed the good-natured, idea-less figure we know, but Mr. Russell shows that the good nature was genuine, and that the possession of a speculative, original intellect would have been of no use at all to a small-town newspaperman ascending the difficult, dirty ladder of Ohio Republican politics. Mr. Russell's book has comparatively few villains: some thoroughly but outspokenly dishonest bosses, some statesmen concealing their egotism and venality from themselves, if not the world, and the cheap grafters who infested the lower levels of the Harding bureaucracy. What Mr. Russell has found—and in quantity—are unhappy people and failed lives. The simplicities and pieties of village America were not, apparently, any more productive of happiness and fulfillment than the secular disorganization of the modern city and suburb. But it would be wrong to suggest that the author has done no more than factually validate "Winesburg, Ohio," because "The Shadow of Blooming Grove," superb in every way, handles the larger national scene with great sureness, too. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Ten dollars.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: POWER AS DESTINY, by Peter Bamm, translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn (McGraw-Hill). This is an original and, for the most part, successful experiment in combining history, art, and biography. Mr. Bamm, a well-known European classicist, retraced the path of every one of Alexander's expeditions—no small feat, for the conqueror covered well over ten thousand miles in his journeys. The book provides a really lavish array of illustrations, including not only reproductions of paintings, sculptures, mosaics, and so on but also photographs of temples, fortifications, battlefields, ruins, and strategically important passes that Alexander encountered on his way. The text, for all its epigrammatic flavor, is a trifle too barebones factual, but this is not enough to detract greatly from the book's value and appeal. Over two hundred illustrations and maps, plus sixteen color plates.

SECRETS OF THE GREAT MASTERS: A STUDY IN ARTISTIC TECHNIQUES, by Madeleine Hours (Putnam). A carefully prepared and richly produced volume. The author, who is the director of the laboratory at the Louvre, is a longtime expert on the various techniques of the study of paintings and their history. The appraisal of pictures has by now, of course, acquired a sort of science-fiction atmosphere that only adds to its glamour—X-rays, ultraviolet and infrared rays, chemicals, and other tests. Complex though these methods may have become, Mme. Hours describes them with urbanity and clarity, and the illustrations are admirably chosen to complement the text. A thoroughly engaging and informative work, with a number of witty asides that add to its charm. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

INDIAN PAINTING: THE SCENE, THEMES, AND LEGENDS, by Mohinder Singh Randhawa and John Kenneth Galbraith (Houghton Mifflin). This covers the two centuries or so—from around 1600 A.D. to the early eighteen-hundreds—when Indian painting was at its height, and it covers them in a thoroughly workmanlike fashion. Indian art reached its zenith in this period, and—cajoled as we are by the charm of the paintings, and seduced by their technical beauty—we can only speculate about the underlying causes of the renaissance. And what then caused the school to wane? Perhaps the decline was the result of what might be called developing emotional inertia, for, appealing as the paintings are, they are also, in the aggregate, more than a little cloying. The themes become more and more ritualized, depicting a superficially idyllic but quite likely pretty dull life—the king returning from the hunt to his waiting lady; the ceremonial dinner *à deux*, with the attending dancers and musicians; the rhapsodic ride (again *à deux*) across verdant meadows. Can it be that the school simply smothered itself with sweetness? From our distance, however, the sweetness is beguiling, and the thirty-four full-page color plates, plus some fifteen maps, photographs of sites, and so on, are well chosen to present its enchantments. Thirty-five dollars.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND ITS TREASURES, by John Harris, Geoffrey de Bellaigue, and Oliver Millar, with an introduction by John Russell and photographs by Lionel Bell, Kerry Dundas, and Sidney Newbury (Viking-Studio). This splendid, not to say royal, pictures-and-text book shows and describes the beauties of the Queen's London residence. The building has been remodelled and expanded many times through successive reigns, and the palace's treasures were assembled by such dissimilar personalities as the scandalous Prince Regent and the good Prince Consort Albert. Nonetheless, one sees a sort of unity; almost everything at Buckingham Palace is an example of the grand style of its particular period. For some reason or other—British understatement, maybe—the authors keep insisting that the place is really homelike. Nonsense. It is palatial, and that is as it should be. Twenty-five dollars.

A PORTRAIT OF JAPAN, by Laurens van der Post and Burt Glinn (Morrow). Two magnificently complementary views of Japan—one, by Mr. van der Post, descriptive and the other, by Mr. Glinn, pictorial. Mr. Glinn's photographs—sixty-four of them, all in color—are comprehensive and impersonal, and they depict, as only pictures can, the Japanese essentials of color and light. Mr. van der Post's contribution is the fruit of three unusual visits to Japan—as a youth, as a prisoner of war, and as a recent Japanese-speaking sojourner. He presents his personal experience of the country: a night in a mountain inn (wonderfully evocative of Yasunari Kawabata's novel "Snow Country"), an anti-American demonstration in Tokyo, an earthquake in Kumamoto, a visit to a crater of boiling mud that had just been the scene of one of Japan's numerous suicide pacts, a

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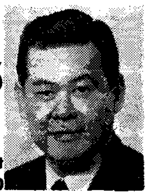

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pilgrimage to the Zen Buddhist Temple of Eastern Happiness, where he saw carved on a rock near a mountain stream the haunting Bashō *haiku*, "An ancient pond/ A frog plunges/ Then sound of water." An admirable book. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

The Sears, Roebuck & Company Consumers Guide: Catalog No. 104, for 1897, edited by Fred L. Israel, with introductions by S. J. Perelman and Richard H. Rovere (Chelsea House). Professor Israel, who teaches American history at City College, tells us in his foreword that he decided the best way to give his students a "sense of the period" was to assign them an eighteen-nineties Sears, Roebuck catalogue as required reading. However, he was able to find only one copy surviving from the whole decade. Here it is, reprinted for students and non-students alike. Mr. Perelman, in his introduction, offers humor and nostalgia, and Mr. Rovere points out that the catalogue marks a high stage of economic development. Every reader, depending on his interests, will find his own fascinations in the work. Corporate longevity is certainly one. Today's customer is buying the same kinds of things from many of the same companies whose products Sears, Roebuck was proudly selling then, and, considering the wars and depressions that have intervened—not to mention fallen dynasties, vanished political parties, and redrawn maps—the survival of a corset manufacturer becomes truly impressive. Advertising portrayals of ladies' lingerie have scarcely grown more graphic in seventy years, but other advertising art and advertising prose have changed out of recognition—from 1897's relentless massing of realistic detail about a product to today's expressionistic evocations of the romance of possession. Fourteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

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McLean said the FAA requires three miles vertical distance between planes, even planes at the same altitude.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

No wonder the pilots are going crazy.

•

In South Carolina a few years ago half the people lived on farms but today only 50 per cent do, he said.—*Greenville (S. C.) News.*

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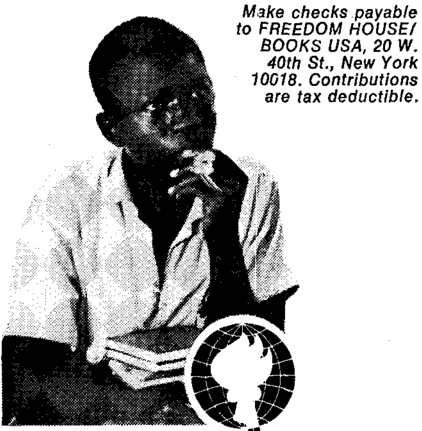

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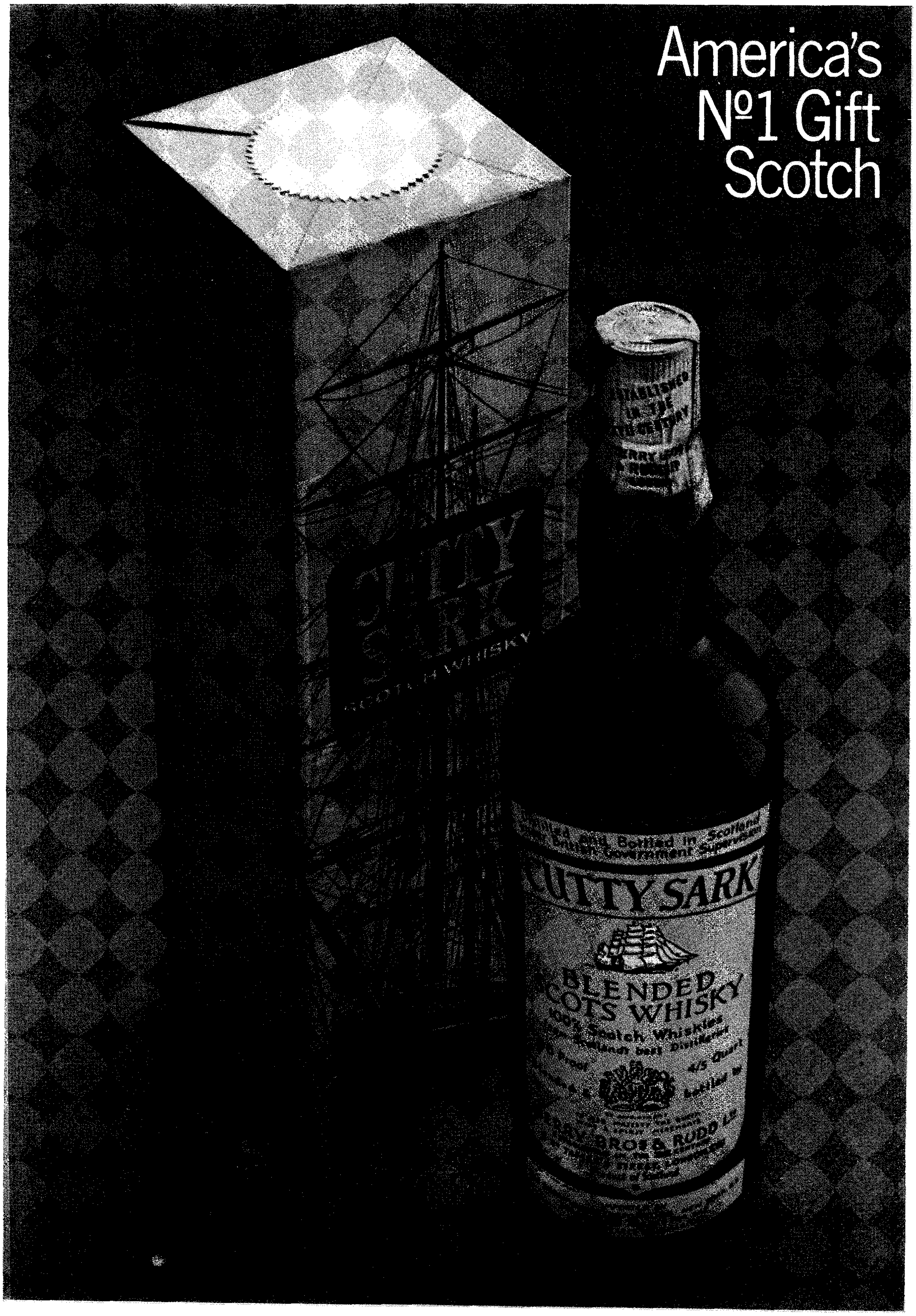
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